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RUSHLIGHTS IN DARKNESS

By CHARLES A. BEARD

Panaceas have done no good, politics and economics have failed, even engineering and dictatorships have not succeeded in putting the world to rights. Doctor Beard suggests a new-old tack which the world must take.

By general consent, the world is full of troubles. Even the stoutest optimist is daily refuted by the headlines bearing sad tidings from all parts of the globe. India stirs with menacing restlessness, filled with dangerous thoughts and yet dimly aware of impending domestic disasters should the might of Britain be withdrawn. China is still in revolution after eighteen years of turmoil and, instead of finding unity, sinks steadily downward in dissolution, while merchants, robber captains, bandits, and communists contend for possession of the fragments. On the opposite side of the sphere Europe totters on the brink of another ruinous conflict as it becomes increasingly difficult to enforce the piratical terms of the peace which concluded the piratical war. From day to day armaments are piled higher, grievances are multiplied, and irritations are aggravated, with millions in Central Europe and Great Britain unemployed and kept from revolutionary outbursts only by doles from the state. To the east the Bolsheviki, with their hearts set on world revolution, rejoice in the troubles of capitalism, and drill red soldiers for their "day." Southward, in Africa, rumblings are heard among dark folk—in French possessions where soldiers are being recruited for the armies of the Republic and filled with flaming ideas about liberty, equality, and fraternity; all down along the coast where peons of European industries learn the secrets of organization and the formulas of unrest; in South Africa where the lines of whites and blacks become tauter. In the mighty, rich, and magnificent America cotton, corn, wheat, and other commodities sink, dividends are passed, bonds are defaulted, banks close, millions walk the streets in search of bread. Across the Pacific, Japan sits enigmatically on her island throne, surrounded by battleships, turning first to Asia and Russia and then to the West, with her prisons full of communists and her universities in ferment with Hegelian and Marxian ideas, watching how the veering flaw blows now east, now west, waiting, as in

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1914, to see where the flames will burst out.

Looking upon all this turmoil, the pessimist comes to the sad conclusion that civilization is about to fall down flat, which is absurd, at least to any one whose knowledge of history extends beyond day before yesterday and whose prospect for meals runs a few weeks ahead. While admitting that things are in a bad way, the hopeful scan the financial columns to see whether car loadings are taking an upward turn or the steel backlog is swelling. People who bought American Cyanamid at sixty-eight or Goldman-Sachs at par are wondering when four can be multiplied by seventeen or three increased to fifty. But even the most cheerful are irked by the haunting thought that when the bubble is blown up again it will probably burst with a greater explosion than occurred in the memorable autumn of 1929. Those who whistle loudest in the graveyard of Wall Street have sinking spells in the stomach. Yet many doctors are here with remedies and plans, and this makes a survey of human hopes appropriate. We are continually hunting for saviors and messianic ideas.

I

There is always present, of course, the great white hope of politics. To be sure, political parties are somewhat discredited, even outside of Italy and Russia, where the parties in power want no rivals. Bryce, after surveying the scene with calm, untroubled eyes, came to the conclusion that each political party in the United States is an empty bottle with a label on the outside. Emil Ludwig characterizes parties in general as "groups with slogans in which they do not believe themselves" (Gruppen mit Schlagworten, an die sie selbst nicht glauben). Yet faith in politics does not disappear. Long ago, when Europe was upset by the French Revolution and torn by the Napoleonic wars, the idea got abroad that all might be well if every man had one vote, and government by public opinion could be instituted everywhere. Just when this expectation seemed to become a tattered illusion women came on the scene with the grand notion that if masculine wisdom had failed feminine intuitions might save the day were the ballot thrust into their hands. Although these bright thoughts have become somewhat tarnished by stormy weather, trust in politics has by no means disappeared.

In the United States conservative Republicans evidently think that all would be well, or better, if "the sons of the wild asses" could be exterminated and Senator Fess, Senator Watson, Senator Reed, Senator Moses, or Senator Bingham placed in full authority over the war council and the war chest. But the left wing of that great combination in statecraft takes an opposite view and seems to imagine that a victory might be squeezed out of the bunting unfurled at Armageddon. Cheered by confusion among their foes, the Democrats try to arrange their differences behind a façade of apparent unity and get ready to hoist the Donkey into public view with an old label: "By this sign we conquer (and divide the spoils of office)." Highly critical of both old parties, dissenters nevertheless stake their hopes on politics, expecting to steal a march on the millennium by creating a third one, with a new label and mixed contents. In other words, although the American people are informed on high authority that the Federal Government can do nothing in a grave crisis except "coordinate" public and private doles advanced by local communities and charity, many of them still look with confidence on politics. In England and Ger-

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many the socialists appear to think that if they had a majority they might do "something," and Italian liberals, most of them sojourning abroad, are convinced that miraculous results would flow from a return to government by parliamentary coalitions. So politics perennially renews its youth.

II

Yet doubts about the curative powers of politics increase. Years ago discontent with that art was made manifest by many intellectuals and perhaps a few thinkers. Things had come to such a pass by 1924 that a student of large dimensions, W. K. Wallace, could write a book on "The Passing of Politics." Describing concisely a stream of tendency in modern thought, Mr. Wallace declared that the "flood waters of economic purpose" are closing over "political technique," that "the pervasive force of economic factors" are the "real dominants of social life," that the "problems of economics are frankly physical," while those of religion and politics are "metaphysical," and that "politics is giving way to industrialism step by step." A similar attitude to politics was later displayed by Mr. Owen D. Young, who is a student of human affairs and generally credited with being our most sagacious man of business. Resorting to figurative language, in a speech delivered in March, 1930, Mr. Young represented politics (to use the paraphrase of Mr. Frankfurter) "as a noisy, painted lady elbowing off the stage her shyer but much more reliable sister, economics—politics getting us into messes from which, happily, we are extricated by the wiser head, economics." This position was also taken by the gentleman bankers who drew up the great international plan which bears Mr. Young's name, for they openly announced that they had nothing to do with the historic rights and wrongs congealed in the treaty of Versailles and were concerned only with the practical business of getting as much money out of Germany for her conquerors as the traffic would bear. Politicians had made a mess of the reparations conflict and economists were bringing light, if not sweetness.

All through the Coolidge era of swelling prosperity economics held the centre of the stage. Mr. Coolidge himself gravely informed us that our chief business is business and many observers came to the conclusion that business men, who were presumed to be economists, had really turned the trick. Under their benevolent rule wages were to rise, poverty was to disappear, and (three cheers) dividends and melon cuttings were to multiply. From day to day businessmen, echoed by politicians and many academic economists, announced bigger and better things. Captains of industry and finance, returning from Europe on palatial steamers or equally palatial private yachts, were greeted at the docks as conquering heroes by eager reporters bent on catching the lightest honeyed words that fell from their lips. Everywhere they were treated as magicians who were making the merry world of profits go round and the sun of prosperity for all rise on benighted mankind. It seemed that at last the fateful open sesame had been found by the masters of economics.

All trembling with excitement at the good news, English and German industrialists and financiers came rushing to the land of the free and home of the brave to learn the secret. After tours amid humming factories and rushing motors, they returned home to spread the glad tidings. Whole libraries of books appeared in English and German to enlighten the heathen in darkness across the sea. Europeans were now told that they, too, might grow fat and re-

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joice if they would rationalize, standardize, merge, mass-produce, and get rid of socialistic politics. And the irony of the matter is that a part of the sad plight in which Germany finds herself to-day may justly be attributed to the swift imitation of American methods. Germans rationalized, standardized, and got ready for mass production, only to find that it took big markets to absorb the output and carry the overhead.

The ointment, of course, had invaders. During those years of economic rejoicing agriculture everywhere was sinking in the scale; the prices of farm produce were falling; farm mortgages were being foreclosed; and American freemen on the land, as Professor W. E. Dodd was continually pointing out, were toiling like serfs to pay interest and taxes and keep out of the poorhouse. Any one who wanted a merciless indicator of the facts in the case could find it in the records of farm mortgage houses and in the downward movement of joint stock land bank bonds. The financial wizard, Mr. Eugene Meyer, at the Farm Loan Board, was as powerless as King Canute to stop the flood and got out in time to save his hard-earned reputation as an economist. But the busy businessmen, economists, and editors, whose vision was restricted to urban communities, paid little attention to the hand-writing in the wheat pit or were inclined to treat it as a mere populist hieroglyphic if they deigned to notice it. Nothing was to be permitted to disturb the chorus of economics. Everywhere in the cities it was written in characters of living light: "Politics step aside and let economics do it." Never did Utopia seem nearer: if every one would push as hard as he could and grab as fast as possible all would be prosperous, now and forever. Bursting with the new ebullience, two writers broke forth with a book entitled "Make Everybody Rich." It seemed too good to be true and yet it was vouched for by the sound business sense of the nation.

At the very moment, however, when business economics had astounded the whole world by its performances and convinced a large portion of mankind that it had the key to prosperity now and forever, came the great blow-up of 1929. Although things looked bad after the first detonation, our leaders in economic enterprise speedily reassured the country and continued for a long time to insist that nothing serious had happened, that the economy of the country was "sound at heart," that soon we should be on the up grade again to bigger and better things. For weeks and months they spake with their old assurance. After a long season of this, their voices became smaller, their pæans less frequent, their assurance tarnished. Then came confessions of doubts and uncertainty. These were followed by frank declarations by men such as Daniel Willard that in some important respects, at least, the capitalistic system had failed. If the prosperity of the heyday was due to the economic wisdom of businessmen, to whom was the distress of depression to be attributed? The question was perplexing. If business economists were running the world up to glory in 1928, had they abdicated in 1930? Or was it possible that they had not been running things after all in the age of prosperity but had been flies riding on a wheel revolving under impulses beyond their comprehension? At all events our eminent business leaders, once full of pomp and certainty, and their satellite economists in the business schools are sadly deflated and economics as the savior of mankind, long awaited, much heralded, has sunk low in the scale of public estimation.

It was not only business men who, in the days of prosperity, decided in favor

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of economics as against politics. Looking at the show from another angle, the socialists of various brands made the same decision. Exponents of the guild version proposed to abolish politics entirely or shunt it aside by creating economic councils to take the place of political parliaments. Like fire the idea ran through Europe and now nearly every country from France to Yugoslavia has one, either set up or in process of evolution. Moderates suggested the establishment of economic councils alongside the political agencies and the transfer of "purely economic concerns" (whatever they may be) to expert bodies of hard-headed representatives from the craft unions and trades. Business men even toyed with the notion and in fact the councils of France, Germany, and Italy speak for capital as well as labor. Extremists among the socialists, having full faith in the power of economics to exude supreme wisdom, insisted that the new economic bodies should be composed of working-class representatives only. And in this they were correct according to Marx and Engels, for these economic soothsayers had prophesied long ago that when the working class ruled all mankind would rise to "the kingdom of freedom." True to the gospel of the word, Russian communists laughed at parliaments as bourgeois institutions designed to cheat labor, and set up beside their dictatorship, workers' and toiling peasants' councils—to supply the mystic answers of economic truth. Yet economics in Russia did not automatically supply the great illumination, as the zig-zag policy of the Soviet government in foreign and domestic affairs conclusively demonstrates.

III

At the very moment when economics was riding triumphantly in the United States and Russia, misgivings appeared in certain quarters in both countries. Two American economists, Veblen and Stuart Chase, early suspected that the business man, after all, did not have the true key to the box of wonders. They saw that modern industry is founded on technology and that engineering rationality lies somewhere near the heart of mass production and prosperity. And the Russians, after they had installed the pure economic proletariat in power (so they said), found that proletarian economics did not automatically furnish the understanding and skill necessary to make factories run and trains move.

So the cult of the engineer came zooming up over the horizon. Politics was in a bad way, economics was no better, it was said, so let the engineer do it. He knows. He is the planner and operator. He can exude the wisdom necessary to make everybody prosperous, if not rich. And there was no doubt about his marvellous powers. From his statistics it appeared that if industries were rationally planned and carried on at full speed the world could be surfeited with commodities. Nothing seemed plainer to the wayfaring man. Yet Veblen was disillusioned long before he died, for he found that engineers usually thought very much like their employers, the business men, for some strange reason, and a few years ago Mr. Chase, in reviewing "Toward Civilization," a symposium by engineers, openly confessed that he, too, had surrendered his earlier faith in the capacity of the technician to turn the trick.

IV

Entertaining grave doubts about the power of either politics or economics to bring healing to troubled mankind, another school of wishful thinkers, especially in Europe, turned to the oldest known specific for social distempers, the

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tyranny of dictatorship. This is the most ancient of romantic hopes; it throbs with the personal interest of war and sports. The messiah, the genius, the hero, can bring peace, prosperity, and national grandeur. Pisistratus, Cæsar, Cromwell, Napoleon, Hindenburg, and Ludendorff furnished notable examples.

From the beginning of social conflicts in civilization dictators had come to power in times of crisis and had brought glory and order in their train. Recognizing the necessity of such expedients, the Romans had provided in their constitution for the installation of one supreme authority in every case of major calamity. Had not Ranke, Mommsen, and Treitschke long taught the German people that democracies and republics were almost certain to end in dictatorships, that benevolent monarchies were the safest institutions, and that, by implication, if the Hohenzollerns were overthrown disasters would follow? Although the Hindenburg-Ludendorff combination had failed to achieve its ends, that fact did not disconcert those who believed in the strong man.

So as soon as the war was over, the German Nationalists turned hopefully to the old expedient in their search for a way out of their discomfiture. When in November, 1918, revolutionary sailors rolled through the streets of German cities tearing shoulder straps from the coats of officers, Franz Seldte and Adolf Hitler resolved to marshal the front soldiers against the tumultuous democracy. From that day to this large sections of the German populace have staked their hopes on the strong man. Prussian landlords are used to it; industrialists are willing, if they can get the "right" man; and the depressed middle-classes rally to it by the millions.

While the German Fascists were unable to make the grand overturn, largely because Ludendorff is half mad and Hitler is more of a comic artist than a soldier, Mussolini and his blackshirts performed the miracle in Italy. Politics and economics, at least of the Anglo-Saxon variety, were harshly brushed aside and denounced as delusions and follies; power, grandeur, and high emotions were to be substituted for trafficking and huckstering. "We have created a myth," exclaimed Mussolini. "Our myth is the nation and this myth, this greatness, we shall transform into an outward reality, to which we will subordinate everything else. For us the nation is above all things Spirit, and not territory alone. The nation is great when it turns the strivings of its spirit into reality."

But after the delirium of the honeymoon was over, the Fascist dictator encountered realities. Rhetoric would not run trains or pay bills. So Mussolini, who began on the extreme left as a kind of syndicalist-anarchist, moved steadily over to the right where capitalists, financiers, and the army stood. Politics was not abandoned; the Fascist party was simply given a monopoly of all offices high and low. Economics was not abandoned; capitalist economics was adopted, with minor modifications somewhat irksome to capitalists but not as irksome as socialism. When in November, 1928, Mussolini ousted Edmondo Rossoni from the general workers' confederation and dissolved that society of organized labor, he put an end to all hopes of labor as an independent force in Italy. To assist in running the machine, an economic council of corporations has been set up, with capital holding the preponderance of power, and meanwhile real wages have been sliding down hill as social welfare work has increased. Not even the wildest Fascist could write a book on "Making Everybody Rich."

Is the capitalist dictatorship the real

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answer to the riddle? The transitory character of other dictatorships and tyrannies suggests caution at least. If Mussolini can keep Italy frozen under her sunny skies, then he will last as long as his refrigeration; but life is warm and organic, not to be held forever under any mechanical arrangement. If Italy moves, Mussolini will move with her or be unhorsed. If he keeps in the saddle to the end, it will be because he commands political, economic, and moral wisdom and modifies his scheme until it has become something else. But he is not immortal. He cannot establish a dynasty without extinguishing the Italian monarchy and it is extremely doubtful whether any of his offspring can perform the Augustan miracle. As Napoleon himself once remarked, Alexander the Great could declare himself the son of God without making anybody laugh except an old pedant in Athens by the name of Aristotle, but nobody can do it to-day without making the fishwomen of Boulogne snicker. Anthropology has gone too far for a renewal of such a mystery. So the dictatorship of Fascism, like all other tyrannies, must always tremble on the brink of uncertainty, for it does not automatically generate its own life insurance.

V

Here then is our present situation. The world is in confusion and doubt—and politics, economics, engineering rationality, and mechanical dictatorships offer no satisfactory clew out of the Dædalian tangle. Politics alone is helpless, because as an art it relies on opinion; and as a science it is descriptive or, if pragmatic, acts only within a narrow range of certainty. Economics separated from politics is only half a subject to start with and is in such a state of chaos that it no longer boasts of being a science. Manchesterism is dead beyond resurrection; a timid reformism holds the centre of the scene, with communism attacking it on all fronts. Natural science is powerless in the human domain because it is of necessity neutral; it cannot say whether chemistry should be used for killing or healing. Its victories have come from its very neutrality and when it departs from neutrality, it ceases to be science and becomes ethics, prejudice, or superstition. That is why millions spent for research in sociology, unguided by a dominant ethical purpose, will never bring us to the centre of things. When knowledge and purpose are what we need, government by consulting uninformed opinion is only a little better than consulting the stars or the entrails of birds.

If so, what is the root of our trouble? It lies in our philosophy of life or rather the absence of it, if that is not a paradox. It runs far back to the days of Descartes when philosophers began to divide sharply into idealists, who soared off into transcendental heights, and materialists, who sank down at last with Darwinism into primeval slime, both equally cocksure and equally wrong. The Hegelians cannot feed hungry multitudes and the Marxians in their hour of triumph in Russia are confronted with the stubborn queston: Why should any man of superior brains and laborious self-discipline make sacrifices for the proletariat in a world of blind atoms occasionally fashioned in organic form and able to talk?

For this intellectual and moral chaos our universities are partly responsible. They are the homes of scattered schools and specialisms, training bond salesmen at one end to beat the market and theologians at the other to save souls that are scarcely worth the effort. Presidents, faculties, and trustees, however excellent as individuals, are bewildered in the presence of the anarchy they have cre-

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ated. Some of their troubles arise from the fact that they are trying to do the impossible—to combine the function of thinking with that of teaching ardent adolescents possessing fur coats and automobiles; but the real sources of their difficulties are deeper, in their want of collective faith, in their substitution of the minute for the prodigious, in their fear of making false steps. They are absorbed in research at a time when, as Justice Holmes has said, "we need education in the obvious more than investigation of the obscure."

On the assumptions and declarations made above, the supreme cause of our confusion is our contemptuous dismissal of ethics. Disgusted with the frauds committed in its name, our best thinkers have turned their backs upon it. Economics and science openly boast that they have nothing to do with it. They are busy with money getting and compound analysis. What ought to be, given our situation, what is just, fair, right, supremely gratifying, and beautiful is thrust aside. The grand conceptions which have inspired millions are swept into the discard by economists as futile if not foolish and, by the communists, as bourgeois prejudices. The Pope, to be sure, tells the faithful to be good and to avoid contacts with wicked socialists, but the faithful go on trafficking, profit-making, and speculating with the best (or worst) of the pagans. Moral obligation has disappeared from the centre of our thinking. The absolutists are blown entirely out of the water by cultural anthropology and the naturalists bear the marks of the tooth-and-claw conflict.

What then will the coming philosophy of ethical reconciliation look like when it is formulated? It is for those strong enough to bend the bow to drive the unerring arrow to the centre of the target, but others may make guesses. It will not take aboard any of the epic theologies, because anthropology has gone beyond that, but it will extract the substance of the great teachings of religion—of Buddha and Jesus, for example. It will recur to first principles, to use a phrase discredited among intellectuals. It will be simple at bottom, as simple as the Sermon on the Mount, intelligible to people who cannot understand Kant. It will take the good life as its centre, for the plain reason that there is no other immovable bench mark in the universal flux. It will proceed from that inescapable assertion of value. It will rise above parties, sects, and mass producers. It will distinguish between money "getting" and wealth creating, between honor and expediency, between obligation and right. It will recognize the material, so-called, because man cannot live without bread, and the spiritual, so-called, because man, as Bernard Shaw has said, cannot live by tramway statistics alone. It will be planful, because the good life cannot be lived without scheme and control, and the supreme instrumentality of our age, engineering, is planful in operation; justice and anarchy are incompatible. It will sketch the limits of order and individualism and establish a ground of reconciliation. In sum, it will return after two thousand years to the beginning made by Aristotle, who in moments of doubts and despair continued to proclaim himself a disciple of Plato, and it will make use of science as its weapon of conquest.

"A Search for the Centre," in which Doctor Beard discusses the way a new belief might be established, will appear in the January SCRIBNER'S.

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Sirens of Washington

By ANNE HARD

The Social Lobby and its glamorous life in Washington plays a persistent part in the average person's picture of life in the Nation's capital. Mrs. Hard, who knows her Washington, tells what the Social Lobby really is.

Not by bread alone, but by myths, does humanity exist. For the greater part of American humanity no myths are more persistent than those which have grown up about our national capital.

Among those myths none is more persistent or more absurd than the myth of the Washington Siren, the myth of the Social Lobby.

What is this Social Lobby idea? What does it mean? What and who are these Siren Ladies, perpetuated, incredibly, in periodicals with their personality stories and in novels almost annually painting a Washington as non-existent as it is romantic?

Reader, you know the picture. Reader, you have the recipe. You could paint it with one eye shut, cook it without the book.

Exotic lady, mysterious, living in a greater elegance than the golden Louis, possessing more s. a. than all his mistresses, yet thoroughly conversant with politics. Politician—preferably Senator—fascinated by her loveliness, voting as she wills.

That's all.

It is enough.

Enough for any number of novels in which: (1) the Lady is married and swings important vote to Senatorial Husband. (2) Lady invites Progressive Congressman (or Senator) to dinner and converts him overnight into being a Reactionary. (3) Lady persuades Senator (or Congressman) to vote against a measure in which he conscientiously believes, thus ruining his Soul. (4) Lady (again married) invites Husband's Political Enemy to dinner and lures him into the Home Camp.

And so on. And so on.

The Lady is always (in addition to being beautiful, exotic and full of s. a.) a Reactionary in her political views. The Man always falls. The Lady always wins. She must. For is she not one of Washington's Social Lobby?

It wouldn't matter so much if we read it all as we would a romance of Thebes. It does matter that people actually believe that such things happen to-day in Washington, that such Ladies exist, that such a Lobby exists, that politics is like that.

Before taking a look at the broader picture of Washington, let us examine for a moment those names which chatter, both verbal and journalistic, most frequently calls the Social Lobby. You have heard them all:

Alice Longworth; Eleanor Patterson; Ruth Hanna McCormick; Mary Roberts Rinehart; Mrs. Borden Harriman.

Feeling the charm of her personality, as few can escape doing to whom she

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cares to be agreeable, quite naturally Mrs. Longworth is always commonly supposed to be influential in the direction of her opinion.

Yet, quite humanly and like other people, Mrs. Longworth has always frequented the society of those with whose opinion she already agreed. Her house in Washington was never inhabited by recalcitrant Senators and Congressmen whom she sought to convert. Nor did she ever, as wife of the Speaker, acquiesce even in the minor matter of being at home to callers, whatever their potential political importance.

It was the Speaker, not Mrs. Longworth, whom politicians consulted when they considered what they intended to do.

The fascinating Eleanor Patterson has known Washington from her infancy. She mingles about her dinner-table the reddest Progressive with scions of old Washington, family friends. The handsome and vivacious Mary Roberts Rinehart, a comparative newcomer, achieved her own place by the power of her personality. Yet if these two ladies are ladies of influence, it is not because of the dinners they give at night but because of the work they do by day. Mrs. Patterson, under the name of "Eleanor Gizycka," is the author of two interesting books. As Eleanor Patterson, she is, through her family, connected with New York and Chicago newspapers. At the same time, she is editor-in-chief of a Washington paper.

Mary Roberts Rinehart can get printed anything she cares to say. Like Mrs. Patterson, she entertains much and delightfully. Yet both women run the political interest and the working interest on separate tracks.

Brilliant Ruth Hanna McCormick is a politician in her own right and a woman who scorns the traditional indirect method of her own sex. There is no plan in the parties she gives and they are actually not very social but quite democratically mixed affairs. She asks people she likes, whoever they are.

Mrs. McCormick does not believe that society has anything to do with politics. Neither do her colleagues—the witty Mrs. Kahn, the beguiling Mrs. Rogers, the lovable Ruth Owen, the thoughtful Ruth Pratt.

Mrs. Borden Harriman has a place quite unusually her own. Beginning back in the days when post-War questions first heated the atmosphere of dinner-table talk in Washington, Mrs. Harriman cooled it somewhat (without devitalizing it) by gathering in her garden for Sunday suppers during the summer-season of Congress a handful of politicians, journalists, other personal friends. These little, intimate affairs, numbering never more than thirty or so, have continued from year to year until they have become almost a Washington institution. The guest-list varies from week to week. It is always a combination of liveliness of mind and goodness of temper.

Over these suppers Mrs. Harriman presides in a beatific combination of worldly hostess, experimental debutante, and sunny Chairman of a riotous meeting.

There Democrat mingles with Republican, Conservative with Progressive, every one speaks his mind, statesmen are heckled, opinions are flung about.

Surely, if the purpose of those parties were to influence opinion in any one direction, the freedom of argument, the difference of opinion so freely expressed, would go far to neutralize it. It is not a picture of a political Circe-cup drugging a Senator, but of an effulgent gavel, winged with hospitality and mirth, which tries for the most part to prevent every one from talking at once.

Next, the suspicious mind, having

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compose d these well-known ladies into a social lobby, goes on to regard any other woman who has both personality and official place as a political siren.

I don't know whether it is more a tribute to those suspected or a reflection upon those who are not suspected.

While there are some official gentlemen who are dull, there are many official ladies who are dull. Dull, that is, in many cases, unless you know them well enough to realize the fine qualities they own, qualities which have done their bit in their husbands' lives, however unsirenlike the women may be in the ordinary drawing-room. But I am not writing about female virtue; only about female political wiles. And my point is, that Washington has much female virtue and not many female political wiles.

Women with personality, who are also "official" women, are comparatively rare. Among the more outstanding, one thinks of Mrs. Hoover, who had a status of her own when her husband was Secretary of Commerce. Mrs. Eugene Meyer, Jr., Mrs. Adolph Miller, and Mrs. Hammond, whose husbands are members of the Federal Reserve Board, would be notable in any gathering for their beauty and breeding.

In addition to being beautiful, gay, arrived, Mrs. Meyer has written an erudite book, is an authority on Chinese art, a connoisseur of art, literature, music, drama. She has organized in Westchester County, New York, the greatest recreational endeavor in the country. She has many other interests. The brilliant affairs over which she presides are a small part of her active life.

Mrs. Hammond, a woman of great personality, finds a direct interest in the work of the National Woman's Democratic Club.

A fine musician, Mrs. Miller attracts about her quite as often people of cultivation as men whose major interest is politics.

In Senatorial circles, Mrs. Cutting, the Senator's mother, is a woman of tradition and distinction. Mrs. Hiram Johnson and Mrs. Shipstead are both women of unusual temperament. Mrs. David Reed has grace and exquisiteness. Mrs. Vandenberg has life and gaiety. Mrs. Swanson is graceful. Mrs. Wolcott has dignity. Several others I could mention for this quality or that.

Frances Parkinson Keyes has been of distinct help to the Junior Senator from New Hampshire by the reputation she has achieved by her writings.

Such women in Administration and Supreme Court circles as Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Harlan Stone, Mrs. William Castle, Mrs. Brandeis, Mrs. Henry Fletcher, or such women as Mrs. Trubee Davison, Mrs. Leland Harrison, Mrs. Patrick Hurley, Mrs. Francis White, did not require their husbands' appointment to office to give them practice in the charm of entertaining. Such women as Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. Aldrich, Mrs. Douglas need not wait on the convening of the House for enjoying the most civilized pursuits.

There are also to be counted the wives of political spectators, the Press Gallery, many of whom are both delightful hostesses and far from hard to look upon.

A true picture of Washington Sirens would include many women who, while they are willing to listen to politics, neither have any direct influence in politics nor are connected with public life. Charming women, few of them ever heard of outside of Washington, some of them compose that delightful group sometimes referred to as "Washington Widows." Sometimes they are widows of men once important in the life of the Government. Sometimes they are the widows of private citizens. Sometimes

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they are still married or maybe they never married at all. In every case they are women of leisure whose fine houses become the meeting-place for many who are active in politics. I do not know of one in any of these groups who, by reason of her social power in Washington, has any influence on national legislation.

Charming though they are, most Washington Sirens understand male human nature far too well to call on the wiles of Eve at the age of forty or better. Or they have too good a sense of humor. And with very few exceptions, all our Sirens are, at least, mature.

At their tables you will hear many public measures discussed. You may—you possibly may—hear one of them express an opinion. Usually, however, these female birds of bright plumage have the wit to know that, in Washington, men are the song-birds and their own social charm is not diminished by their capacity for listening.

I know among Washington women who extensively entertain our leading law-makers exactly one who is in the least exotic in appearance or in temperament—and she doesn't know anything about politics, cares less, and regards a man not as a maker of laws but as a maker of love.

Wives of "official Washington" are, in nearly every case, of political usefulness to their husbands, and useful to them in Washington, too. Not by charming other men, however. No picture of the amber cigarette-holder and the pencilled eye. Just a solid fact of being decent to other women—to the wives, for instance, of members of Congress in the delegations of their own States.

Beginning at the time of the League Fight and persisting for some years afterward, there was a little lunch club whose members, only a dozen or so in number, included some of the women of liveliest mind and keenest political interest in Washington. Mrs. Harriman was a member. Mrs. McCormick was a member. So were Mrs. Brandeis, Mrs. Arthur Woods, Mrs. Hoover, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Eugene Meyer, Jr., and others less well known but perhaps equally able.

Some of them were wives of Senators or Cabinet members. Meeting every week, they discussed all sorts of questions. The important fact is that these "debates" were privileged. Nothing said at those lunches was ever to be repeated outside.

And the reason for this secrecy was not a sort of college-girl psychology, but the well-grounded realization of the official wife that her own position on public questions must remain, so far as the public is concerned, completely neutral.

"I get so tired," the wife of a certain prominent Senator, whom I will call John, remarked to me, "going around with a simpering smile and *listening* for fear I'll say something that people will think is John's opinion!"

That lunch club was for those women an outlet for the direct discussion they enjoyed.

One has only to attend a few of the usual women's lunches in Washington to find out how small is either the information or the interest of most Washington women in the business which brings their husbands to the capital.

That is the brief sketch of the truth as opposed to the fairy-story about the Washington Siren.

"But," you say, "where there is smoke—" Have you ever made a mosquito smudge and found how wrong that proverb is? Less fire, often more smoke. The stranger seeing these Washington women, sometimes handsome and often charming, seeing Washington's preoccupation with politics, is sure that they compose this fire behind the political smoke-screen.

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I admit that the Washington fairy-story itself is as natural, as inevitable, in its growth as any other folk-tale. Here is the reason:

Washington is in many ways different from any other city in America, different from any other capital city in the world.

Other capitals are capitals of the financial, the artistic, the literary, the social lives of their countries as well as of their political life. New York is America's financial and artistic capital, and literary capital, and there are nearly as many social capitals as there are cities of any consequence. Washington is America's purely political capital—and it is nothing else.

By the fiat of politicians symbolically raised beside another Tiber, to crown another seven hills, it was born out of political compromise, its very existence the stamp on a political deal. It has gone on justifying its birthright ever since.

Fourteenth city in the Union, Washington is so small that nearly every one has at least a chance to meet nearly every one else. By its quaint calling-system, its days-at-home, every one has a chance to at least meet every one in official or diplomatic life.

It is, aside from certain rigid official conventionalities, the widest-open, easiest-going town on earth.

A distinguished diplomat, about to be transferred from Washington, commented on it this way:

"In Washington," he said, "every one is a stranger. Americans from Keokuk are strangers almost as much as foreigners from Budapest or Belgrade. You have here the psychology of travellers gathering about a fire in the wilderness. It is not only your native American hospitality that puts the foreigner at ease in Washington, surprises him at the freedom with which you discuss your domestic questions in his presence. It is also, in part, that spirit of comparing experiences among passing travellers."

In Washington, not the pocket-book but congeniality defines the limits of social experience.

Lions of Congress, hand-picked Cabinet members, officers of various services, whatever the rank or the civilian title, once they step outside that rigid official round, become individuals. For Washington may be said to own at least two kinds of society, one is official, one is real.

The Vice-President, being as it were the Crown Prince of the United States, is just about the only official who, because of his office, can be counted upon to figure in both sorts.

The typical Washington hostess making up her dinner-list resembles a good chef composing a soup—throwing everything in the larder into the pot. For a large dinner, the stock will be: A Cabinet Member; a Senator or two; some one from the Navy: one of the popular retired-from-the-service bachelors; a judicious choice among foreigners, based on a shrewd knowledge of international dislikes; assistant-secretaries are amusing; some of the retired-from-everything who constitute "just Washington"; probably some one from out-of-town who turns up; a journalist. He walks last.

The visiting stranger who goes to the White House, or attends any of those countless affairs which fill the daily calendar during every Washington winter, seldom can go away without a sense of Washington's charm.

It is a city of "It."

From moon-lit cherry-blossoms or blue-lights of the Printing Office reflected in the curving Basin, to old Georgetown doorways; from the white-domed Capitol seen from every tree-lined Avenue to the gleam of Arlington upon its hill above the Potomac, everywhere Washington is alluring.

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It is different.

Other cities have their foreign population. Elsewhere, they are the muscled men who make American industry, dig American mines—and live in crowded houses. In Washington, they are the Diplomatic Corps, living in palaces with insignia over the front-door, motoring with special tags upon their cars, privileged to serve the best wines at their dinners—and cheaply.

To the visiting stranger, not all the tablets are hung on historic spots. Everywhere the eye turns there is a tag of some sort.

"Who is the plain little lady in brown?"

"Why, that's Mrs. So-and-So, wife of the Assistant Secretary, and that's Mrs. Blank. Her husband is Senator Such-and-Such and the woman pouring tea —her husband is the Chairman of the Commission on Reconditioning Razor-Blades——"

It's not like this at home.

And how un-homelike is a White House Diplomatic reception, where gentlemen are glittering in gold braid and hatted with feathers, where the varnished portraits are those of American biography, where the red coats of the musicians are not theatric but marine.

Even the visible portion of the work of Government is not like that to which the stranger is accustomed.

For the Visitor sees, perhaps, the beautiful Georgian rooms of the West Wing with their view of placid lawn and trees and fountain, where the appointment secretary and the President carry on their work; or the Victorian reception-rooms of the State Department, or War, or Navy or Post Office, the more business-looking but still far from bustling offices of Commerce, of Agriculture, of Interior. I do not mention the Law, for Law is the same the world over.

And it is only comparatively infrequently that he sees even these. The usual impression of working Washington is gained from the Capitol, what Washington calls "the Hill."

And it is here that the idea of work for Washington seems to the visiting stranger most fantastic.

What do they do all day, these men, but talk? That's all. Just talk. That's what they're paid for. Talk. And this circumstance—I do not call it a fact for in reality it is not a fact but only a stranger's impression—leads me to the central reasons why the greatest of Washington's myths has come to be born, to flourish and to remain indomitably existent.

Everything is so different from what it is at home that the mind of the visitor, the new-comer, the outsider, is readily colored by the tones of Romance.

Out of a literary, artistic, and industrial vacuum, Washington has nevertheless been able to become a place where the discussion of public affairs at the private dinner-table is usually interesting and often brilliant. Shop-talk (all tradition to the contrary, nevertheless) is the best talk. Washington's "shop" is public questions. It is, doubtless, a limitation that few of our public men are interested in the music of Ravel or the latest cosmic theory of Jeans or the revolt against dualism. Like most hard-working men, they are more apt to take a detective story with them on the train than Wells or Galsworthy.

Yet the mere course of their legislative interests brings them into close contact with such a variety of questions that even a cursory acquaintance furnishes them with a multitude of mental experiences.

They are not always but they are frequently too preoccupied with those mental experiences to care to spend an

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evening discussing golf-scores, bootleggers, market fluctuations, musical-comedy successes, and why George left home—subjects which my wanderings about the United States have convinced me are the complete conversational stock-in-trade of the dear business-man back home.

I shall never forget the frozen surprise which came over me the last time I visited a certain Chicago woman, wife of a well-known lawyer. There were six of us, and after dinner, having momentarily forgotten I was not in Washington, I mentioned a subject then important in our public life. The other women and one of the men seemed to be interested. They discussed the subject with understanding. I was—as every one in Washington always is—anxious to get their point of view—the point of view of "the folks back home."

In a little while I noticed that one of the three men was running through some notes he had taken out of his pocket. He was, clearly, determined to pursue his own thoughts. My host was sound asleep on the sofa.

From such average dinner-tables as this, people come to Washington and dine out for the first time in America at a table where the men talk about live public questions as if they and the subjects were alive.

It is startling. It is easily misunderstood.

Actually, I believe, this misunderstanding is due far more to the kind of men who frequent the Washington dinner-table than to the kind of women who do so.

There are many more women to-day in more American cities who are capable of discussing a public question intelligently and with information than there are men. Their clubs have taught them to do so, their lecture courses, their leisured opportunity for reading. The absolute reverse is true in Washington. Men, not women, are Washington's table-talkers. They exercise by night, whether of habit or of joy, the occupation of their working, daytime hours. Wherein we have both another respect in which Washington is different and one aspect of the current myth of its Social Lobby.

Vivid as these ladies are whom I have mentioned, vivid as are many other ladies whom I have not mentioned, it is because they are talking the shop of the men with whom Washington life brings them into contact that the outsider or the new-comer mistakes their influence.

If they were talking books with an author they would not be suspected of worming their way into his next novel. If they were listening respectfully while a banker discussed finance or a judge an interesting case, they would not be suspected of influencing either investment or legal opinion.

And then the essential fact, regardless of personalities or impressions:

Washington is a city of politics and politicians. And politics and politicians are not like that.

The cold, solid truth is that politicians do not get elected to office in these days of high-power competition without a pretty solid knowledge of politics. Or, they may get elected once, but they don't come back.

And a politician knows one word. Votes.

That gentleman who is talking Muscle Shoals, or Farm Relief or Soldiers' Bonus with the highly intelligent lady at dinner doesn't give a hoot what she thinks about it.

He would pay a great deal more attention to what she said if she were up in his office on the Hill representing the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Methodist Church of the biggest town in his

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own district, wearing last year's hat and a pair of shoes with run-down heels, instead of living in voteless Washington, wearing the latest French décollétage and hand-made slippers.

Washington women know very well that if any man changes his mind on a vote in Congress it will be because of what their husbands think, not because of what the wife said at dinner.

Nor will it be because of what they *were* at dinner. For the clever women in Washington, women outstanding in their own personalities, are rather down on the eighteenth century and its methods. And as the clever women happen to be also the best-looking, the best dressed, the socially most arrived, the political future of the Legislator is fairly safe in their hands.

Moreover, I would like to be shown a single vote on any measure of consequence which has been changed, during the past decade, at least, by any Washington Siren.

I have known local matters, of course, such as street-paving in the District of Columbia or the operation of the zoning law or the location of a statue, where some one of them has been able to have her way. But Washington does not vote. If it did, the answer might have been different. And, even in those cases, the ladies in question had just arguments to present.

The popular idea always seems to be that the Progressive is lured away into the Reactionary camp by this hypothetical lovely female. Look at the measures recently propounded in Washington by the Progressives and point out if you can a single vote upon any one of them which has been so influenced.

Fashion was against the original bonus bill, against last winter's veteran measure. Fashion was in favor of the confirmation of Mr. Parker to the Supreme Court. Fashion was in favor of retaining the appointed Power Commissioners. Fashion was against recent measures for Farm Relief. Fashion has been against countless successful measures. Fashion has favored many unsuccessful measures.

Have such Senators, popular on the Siren list, as Walsh of Montana, Johnson, Couzens, Capper, shown any diminution in the energy of their attack on the one or the fervor of their defense of the other?

The chilling truth is, that most of the politicians who are talkative on the subject of a Social Lobby are men who have had no opportunity to see whether it existed. And some acquaintance both with those political gentlemen and with the Siren Type in general leads me to suggest that they are not the sort of men that sirens go after anywhere.

When you step into the world of international affairs, there is a slightly different picture. During the discussion of the debts and similar international questions, there were many little twosomes and threesomes to be observed at certain dinner parties.

But the dark-eyed Diplomat involved was not, as it were, shoulder-strapping a Siren, but button-holing a Senator.

In Washington, to-day, the lady may furnish the party but she does not furnish the opinion.

Washington society, more than elsewhere in America, is a man's society. Men make it. Men have it as they like it. Women may, and do, adorn it. They do not influence anything outside by their presence in it.

Votes make office. Office is what politicians want. Washington, City of Politicians, knows that a whisper Back Home is louder than any Siren Song in Washington.

And if there are Political Sirens in Washington, they are certainly Sirens in the masculine gender.

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Our Professional Football Amateurs

By CHRISTIAN GAUSS

Practically every college in the United States has subsidized athletes, declares the Dean of the College at Princeton. He does not even exempt those who escaped the censure of the sensational Carnegie Foundation bulletin on football in 1928. Laws do no good, as cited cases show.

When Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes was Governor of the State of New York, he experienced considerable difficulty in his attempt to clean up race-tracks and horse-racing. Some one asked him, "Governor, when can we expect to have an honest horse-race?" "We cannot," the Governor replied, "expect to have an honest horse-race until we have an honest human race."

No one can accuse the reply of the Chief Justice of being unduly optimistic. About all any one can say for it is that it exonerated the horses. We can, if we like, as too many Americans are doing, look hopefully down the perspective that seems to lie ahead of intercollegiate sport. Of recent years, after every football season has closed, there has been a longer series of wrangles. Last year, months after the games proper had ended, these recriminations continued on the Pacific Coast, in the Missouri Valley, and in the Middle-Western Conference, as well as in any number of isolated colleges. Not the slightest reflection upon these conferences is intended. They have made a spirited fight. One of them in particular, the Middle-Western Conference, has been one of the strongest forces for such ameliorations as have been introduced into this troubled field of intercollegiate sport. Yet, pot continues to call kettle black. Perhaps we could get somewhere if, as Governor Hughes did with the horses, we began by exonerating the players. This of itself may be a large order, but it is at least certain that shady practices will continue and players will be paid in some form or other, until such time as their elders have been educated up to the point of not paying them. Unpopular as it may be, let us begin therefore by laying a little of the blame more squarely where it belongs.

Glenn Warner, now at Leland Stanford, is perhaps that one of the football-coaches in the country who, for his services to the game, deserves to be ranked with the late Knute Rockne. He has probably invented more plays and perfected technic to a higher degree than any one unless it was the lamented coach of Notre Dame. It was Glenn Warner who, taking hold of the Carlisle Indians, who had virtually no football tradition behind them, brought them for a time into the very front ranks in intercollegiate competition. On one occasion when he was asked the reason for his success at the little Indian school, he ex-

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plained it in two words, "No alumni." Evidently the alumnus in athletics constitutes a problem.

When an intelligent European university graduate comes to America to study our system of higher education, one of the first things that strikes him is the deep and sometimes noisy, sentimental attachment of the alumnus to his alma mater. For most colleges this attachment is a highly necessary and valuable asset. Even in academic circles, you cannot make bricks without straw. As many of our educational institutions are endowed privately, which usually means insufficiently, they are forever being forced, especially when times are hard and enrolment has increased, to appeal for funds. Whether we like it or not, we must admit that most drives of this sort are in large part directed against the alumnus. His sentimental attachment makes him interested in the welfare and the prestige of his alma mater. This interest usually crystallizes around two phases of the college's many-sided activity.

When, thirty years after graduation, Jim Smith the alumnus returns to his old campus, he finds everything changed. That funny little brick library with the odd turrets and gingerbread trimmings that he knew, had to be scrapped years ago and has been replaced by an immense gray stone structure on the Gothic model. Though the Goths had no libraries, outsiders admire it, but it means little to Jim Smith. It is nothing in his life. That is not the place where he first secretly read Boccaccio. The barnlike barracks in which he performed his simple experiments in chemistry and manufactured hydrogen sulphide have been replaced by an imposing and splendidly equipped laboratory. Although in the best period of Gothic there were no chemists but only alchemists who practised their secret arts in dungeons and inaccessible towers, this building too is as Gothic as possible. The whole plant has a different complexion. In spite of these evidences of outward prosperity, all this to Jim Smith is disconcerting. As he goes about the campus, however, he meets Professor Robinson, an elderly gentleman who taught sophomore history. Even in Jim's time the boys called him Pop. He himself always liked Robinson and hopes his son will some day sit under him. Robinson looks seedy and needs sprucing up. When our alumnus learns that his old professor has a family and that with his small salary he is having a hard time to make both ends meet, his sympathies are touched. He contributes generously to the fund to raise teachers' salaries. This interest in the men who are doing the actual teaching is, then, one of the phases in which alumni sympathy remains active and alive. No one objects to it, not even professors.

In the afternoon Alumnus Smith goes down to football practice. To be sure the old cow pasture on which he and his classmates kicked the ball around has given place to an enormous concrete stadium. This is not Gothic; it is in the tradition of the Coliseum and the Roman decadence. It is true that goose-neck sweaters have gone out and the squad is practising with tackling dummies, whereas he and the stalwarts of his time practised upon each other. It is, however, still pretty much the same old game. At the far end of the gridiron a group of punters are kicking goals from the field, just as they did in his day, and the thudded boom of the arching ball releases happy memories. Furthermore, he gets a thrill when he reads the Sunday-morning paper and finds that his successors at Alma Mater beat those upstarts from Megantic College 35–0. Being an alumnus of Alma Mater and not of Megantic, he thinks, if he thinks

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at all, that this is as it should be. He would like to help the good work along. Unfortunately, the colleges have grown finicky about assistance to athletics. In the first place, they don't need it. There are cases where the receipts approach a million dollars a year. Of course you can donate another field-house if you like, but the public is quite willing to pay to attend the games. There is a hitch, however. Smith and his fellow alumni want Alma Mater not only to play but to win, and the public, though it is sufficiently interested to pay stiff levies for admission, is not sufficiently interested to provide winning football-teams. If that important formality is to be taken care of, somebody else must take care of it.

After winning from little Megantic, Alma Mater unfortunately lost every other game, and after the disheartening season, crestfallen Alumnus Smith and a few trusted classmates get together at luncheon down-town. Something ought to be done about it. The coach, they decide, is all right. But the coach, like the colleges, cannot make bricks without straw. Alma Mater is losing out in the competition for good football material. There is Joe Flash, for instance, in his last year at Washington High School. He has been high scorer in the City's interscholastic league. Jim Smith's classmate, Bill Jones, has had a preliminary chat with Joe, who had never dreamed of going to Alma Mater but would now be delighted to do so, though he is afraid the family cannot afford it. Joe is not much of a student, but as a triple-threat man and as a plunging fullback he's a wow. The rest is easy. Alumnus Smith knows Joe's father pretty well. He is night watchman at the Fidelity Trust across the street from the building in which Smith's firm has its offices. It will take about six hundred dollars a year to keep Joe in college, financially speaking. That's not much for a star backfield man, divided pro rata among three loyal alumni. Smith sees Joe's father and tells him how nice it would be for Joe to go to Alma Mater. To the father's objections Smith explains that he and his friends are willing to help out "privately" and it can all be arranged. If the father will simply look out of the window every midnight at the Smith office-building to see that nothing has happened to it and that no one has stolen the weather-vane off the tower above the eighty-fifth story, Mr. Smith will see to it that for the next four years Mr. Flash, Senior, will receive an additional six hundred a year for services rendered. In such cases, even the simplest services rendered by the father of a football star have a scarcity value. The added "salary" will take care of Joe's most pressing college expenses. If it is too difficult to arrange even for such services, a private loan may be negotiated with the father on the equally private understanding that the father will never be pressed for repayment. After making the arrangements, Mr. Smith explains that Joe himself need know nothing about this. In fact, it is better that he shouldn't. It will leave his mind free to do his work and make the team. As Joe himself does not know that he is receiving money for playing football, this fact will not appear in any answer Joe makes about his means of support even to the most vigilant faculty committee. None of this will come out in the wash and everything will be lovely unless the faculty, for scholastic reasons, drops Joe out in his sophomore year, when for football reasons Mr. Smith and his friends were at such financial pains to get him in.

There are, of course, professors who are enthusiastic about athletics; there are many who believe in the benefits of intercollegiate competition; but in gener-

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al it may be said that on this score, in most colleges, what the French call a dumb war, *une guerre sourde,* is being carried on between the faculty and one wing of the alumni. To understand this side of the situation it is necessary to inquire for a moment why professors should object at all. Let us take the case, for instance, of old Pop Robinson, for raising whose salary our friend Jim Smith made a handsome contribution. Old-fashioned professors like Robinson still like to think of their colleges as institutions of learning. They were once quite generally regarded as such. Even in their cloistered academic halls men like him have slowly been driven to realize that for a large part of the American public this idea has become obscured. A big game draws ten times as large a crowd as a commencement. The man in the street considers the campus as a sort of plant which, under the managership of a high-powered and high-salaried coach, will annually produce unbeatable football machines. About Siwash College, for instance, he knows only that it has a great eleven; for three years running it has won the championship of the Dog River Valley; he knows little and cares less for what professions it prepares young men or how well it prepares them; he has no idea of its scholastic standards or of the general character of its instruction; he does not even know the names of any of its professors; he does happen to know who is president, for this officer was forced to issue statements to the press to defend the stand of the college when a famous fullback was declared ineligible. Our man in the street, however, is far more familiar with the name of Jim Gilhooley, the coach; he is much more of a public figure. He also knows the names of all the regular linesmen, of the four men who constituted its backfield, as well as the names of most of the substitutes. For all of these reasons, none of which in the opinion of Professor Robinson is really valid, our man in the street concludes that Siwash must be an excellent college. Colleges have come to be known by the kind of football-players they keep.

There has been much misunderstanding of the phrase "overemphasis." Just as there are undergraduates who are cranks, so also there are professors who suffer from the same disability. When sensible teachers speak of overemphasis, they do not object to the fact that their students play football. At a time when there is so much to make young men flabby and soft, hard personal-contact games are the best tonic for what ails the undergraduate. Professors do not object to the length of the schedule. What they do object to is the unholy hullabaloo that is made about it and the widespread belief that the university's general ranking and prestige are established by winning gridiron victories. If A College can beat B College by eighty to nothing, then A is a better college than B. So runs the syllogism, and the sensible man may well laugh at it as preposterous. He should recall, however, that on its psychological basis this collegiate fallacy is quite similar to that patriotic fallacy which holds that a cause or dispute at issue between two nations will be justly decided by a war. Supremacy in battle indicates supremacy of civilization. Even if we dismiss such beliefs as nonsensical, it is impossible to understand what is happening to-day unless we realize that these tendencies are deeply rooted in our instincts and passions and form the emotional background of college football. As a result, teams contend for championships real or imaginary, to which an exaggerated prestige value is attached. Even more serious is the fact that as a consequence of all this, even in colleges where the

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great majority of the alumni are wholeheartedly in favor of strictly amateur standards, a few isolated individuals, believing that everything is fair in war, have introduced corrupting practices which bid fair to ruin football as an amateur sport.

Of the many regulations passed in recent years, the one forbidding the subsidizing of athletes is central to any code of amateurism and is ostensibly in force in every college. In some places it is violated with the connivance of officials. This is the phase of athletic corruption that is most frequently criticised and yet it is relatively the least serious; for it can be corrected from above and occurs usually only in institutions of which the general standing is low and which are using this method to attract attention in the press. What is far more serious is that in virtually all colleges, even the best, this rule is violated in secret, as a result of private alumni enterprise. A few years ago an interesting case arose in a Southern college of rather sudden football eminence. It can serve as a typical example of one form of unofficial subsidizing. A famous linesman jumped the squad, broke training and refused longer to play with the team. He complained, even to outsiders, that the alumnus who had brought him to the institution had failed to live up to a gentleman's agreement. The agreement ran somewhat as follows: he was promised that if he came to that university he would be given a job, and his backer, the alumnus, would see that he was "made comfortable." Although he had had no previous managerial or restaurant experience, he was immediately made the manager of a refreshment stand at which sandwiches, oranges, apples, candy, cigarettes and cigars were sold. He spent only about two hours on two evenings a week at the stand, and for this he received a salary which in comparison with what other more experienced boys earned might well be regarded as excessive. In addition, however, so long as everything was going well, on the evenings when this linesman was at the stand, his backer appeared regularly every week and purchased a ten-cent cigar. In payment he handed the football salesman a ten-dollar bill and told him nonchalantly to keep the change. It was understood that he need not report the weekly nine dollars and ninety cents as a gift from outside sources; it was merely a tip, a mark of appreciation from his alumnus friend. In this case, however, it seemed to have been so integral a part of the understanding that when, after the loss of two games and a disagreement with his backer, the tips ceased, the player took French leave. Nearly every one will admit that the character of this bargain and the manner of carrying it out were questionable. Many an alumnus, however, does not regard the football star as an ordinary undergraduate. By helping to win games he renders the college especially valuable services, and in financial matters he has earned special treatment.

In spite of the excellent rules designed to prevent it, it is vain to hope that the exceedingly frequent cases of what might be called private professionalizing will be discovered. In many cases where it has been actually proved, it was only because some blundering alumnus did not take sufficient precautions in his impatience to get his man. Instead of dealing through a third party, like the father or uncle, they have made their payments directly to the player. This may happen anywhere, even in the best-regulated conference. Let us take, for instance, what happened in a Trans-Mississippi college which is a member of one of the conferences. When the amateurism of its team was recently questioned by de-

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feated opponents, it was found among other irregularities that one of the players was receiving a monthly salary from a wealthy alumnus. In defense, it was explained that this salary was paid not, as you would expect, for playing football, it was only a retainer! The payer was anxious, even in these hard times, to establish a claim upon this young sophomore's subsequent services. He merely wished to be certain that three years later, after graduation, this football star should manage a farm for him. It was found that this player had never managed a farm and was not even studying agriculture. He did not have to. It stood to reason that one who was so proficient at football must possess future managerial capacities. Yet so suspicious have opponents become, that they did not accept this explanation; and this player, innocent of any knowledge of farm management, had his career, or perhaps even his two careers, blasted and was debarred from further competition in that conference. From more or less flagrant violations like this, the process of professionalizing amateurs shades off into cases where the athlete, like our cigar-selling halfback, does some work, but receives payment or perquisites in excess of the value of the services rendered.

If the above cases should be taken merely as sample methods employed to circumvent even the best official regulations, we have not yet mentioned a type, so frequent that in the underworld of intercollegiate corruption it has come to be known as the "dare" or "wager system." One case told me by a distressed headmaster will serve. At his small school he had a pupil in whom he was particularly interested and whom we shall call Dick. Dick had developed really remarkable football ability, but was not good college material. The headmaster had advised him to go into business, and one of the school's trustees had offered him an excellent opportunity, which Dick had virtually accepted. An alumnus of this preparatory school, who is also an ardent alumnus of an Eastern university which has long enjoyed considerable athletic prestige, changed all this. He appeared at the school shortly before commencement and explained to Dick that he was making a grave mistake not to go on to college. With his athletic ability he might become as famous as Red Grange. Dick became interested, but the financial difficulties were too serious. On either side of the walk leading from the study hall there was a recently planted boxwood hedge about three feet high. "We can arrange that," the alumnus assured him. "I'll dare you, Dick, to jump over that hedge. If you prove to me that you can do it, I'll give you five hundred dollars." Dick jumped the hedge, and the money, which was, therefore, neither a gift nor a loan, was paid over to him when he appeared on the campus in the fall. Such wagers or dares can be repeated in any number of forms, and constitute on the whole the simplest, safest and most frequent method of providing athletically deserving undergraduates with funds.

If cases of this sort are frequently hidden from even the most conscientious faculty committees, the undergraduates themselves often sense that something is wrong. Striking evidence of this was brought forth recently. In an investigation of conditions on forty campuses, conducted by acting Dean Smith of the University of Illinois, it was found that on virtually every campus undergraduates believed that the athlete received graft. It may, therefore, be said that the atmosphere which surrounds the college athlete is distinctly unwholesome, and thoroughgoing reform must begin with a recognition of this fact.

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A few years ago the situation throughout the country was admittedly so unsatisfactory that in 1926 the Carnegie Foundation was prevailed upon by the Association of American Colleges, the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Southern States, and the National Collegiate Athletic Association, to undertake an investigation of college athletics. They did so, and with the assistance of a highly competent staff of trained investigators visited one hundred and thirty universities and colleges. In at least three-fourths of them they uncovered what they believed to be reprehensible practices, and courageously published their results in a four-hundred-page report. There were some cases in which faculty control was clearly nullified by weaknesses or vices in the whole athletic establishment. There were others in which officials either of the university or of the athletic association clearly connived at the violation of rules they were supposed to enforce. There were even cases in which recruiting had reached the status of a really effective business, with a regular system of printed filing-cards and with field-workers placed at strategic points. In no case, however, could these abuses have come into being or have continued to exist without active and effective support of chains of alumni through whom the funds were collected and the "work" carried on.

Even if we admit that there are cases in which the Carnegie investigators were guilty of straining at gnats, in one highly important particular they were guilty of swallowing a camel. After registering their findings, they conclude:

"The notion that intercollegiate competition is impossible, or at least impractical, without subsidizing is disproved by the fact that at twenty-eight of the one hundred and twelve colleges and universities visited for the inquiry, no evidence was found that athletes were subsidized by a group or individual."

They then list the twenty-eight colleges in which no reprehensible practices were to be found.

The true friends of clean athletics in the colleges will find it impossible to accept even so optimistic a forecast. Such hopes, we fear, are for the present illusory. They are illusory because in the present state of public opinion, with the existing insistence on the importance of winning teams and the inevitable association of the university's prestige with its prowess in athletics, there will continue to be, in virtually every college, a few alumni like our friend Jim Smith. No university official can uncover anything wrong in cases like that of Joe Flash, or that of our headmaster's friend Dick.

Though the colleges and conferences may make rules in all good faith, no method has been found or can reasonably be expected to be found, that will disclose such and similar subterfuges where they occur as frequently as is now the case. A few athletically fanatical alumni can inject and are injecting into the squads, players whose strictly amateur standing is highly questionable. This is unfortunately so true that I do not believe any college, not even those listed by the exhaustive Carnegie Report, as Simon pure, can possibly guarantee that all the players on their squads are really unsubsidized athletes. Regrettable as our situation may be, it is only the natural outcome of our national psychology in regard to athletics, and even professors must endure it with what patience they can command until such time as public and alumni opinion has been thoroughly reconstructed.

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Ghost Writer of Jazz

By EARL SPARLING

Ferde Grofe, destined for business, became pounder of piano in Western honkytonks. The flu turned him toward jazz and brought him into silent partnership with George Gershwin and Paul Whiteman. There is a genuinely American note in the life of Grofe, and his story throws much light on the decade about which Scott Fitzgerald wrote last month.

THE stout and amiable host, still in golf knickers at midnight, sits down at his vast piano. He flexes his fingers that used to pound the honky-tonk ivories in Barbary Coast dance-halls. A hush falls over the music-room. Half a dozen Broadway music-meisters drape themselves over the reaches of the piano as over a long shining bar. Even Rudy Wiedoeft, king of the saxophone, also in midnight knickers, gets a dreamy, æsthetic look on his face.

"This is the sunrise movement," explains Ferde Grofe, the ghost writer of jazz, who became its prime minister.

He ripples his hands over the keys, and Broadway, transplanted twenty miles to a suburban home in Teaneck, New Jersey, hears for the first time his still-unfinished "Five Pictures of the Grand Canyon."

From down in the basement rises a murmur of rude sounds. Down in that basement, built in replica of a Broadway night club with a miniature dance-floor and a bar and ringside tables, the guests who still want jazz as it used to be are dancing to an improvised orchestra, including an amateur mouth-organist and a violinist whose weekly salary would support an average family a year.

But up here in the music-room on the third floor the jazz-meisters are gathered to listen to jazz in a top hat. And suddenly, listening while Ferde Grofe, composer of "Three Shades of Blue" and "Mississippi Suite," plays his latest and "most serious" composition, one realizes that the night-club basement down below is more than a show place of the Grofe household, that it is really a symbol of what has happened to American music. Jazz, or what has passed as jazz, has come out of the basement.

The jazz decade is over, swept out irrevocably in the swish of long skirts. It seems already fabulous and far away, unbelievable. Of all the things that made it what it was none passed more quickly than the music that was its very definition. Jazz is over, too, so completely over that even the word is becoming obsolete. That hard, lusty music that went around the world has ended, so far as the man in the street is concerned, in the crooning romanticisms of a Rudy Vallee. It is vanished, quite overnight, with all the gestures and the attitudes and the motivations of a generation which, wordless before what was happening to it, found the tom-tom and the vo-do-de-o-do of the jungle its only language. One scarcely speaks of jazz any more. In-

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stead, one becomes very serious and speaks of modern American music.

Of all the men who have made jazz music, and who have been made by it, none is so unknown as this man Grofe, who, if you ignore a few negro composers like W. C. Handy, undoubtedly was the first to reduce jazz to note and score. For twelve years he has been at his chosen job, working for the most part anonymously. Only in the last year or so, as radio-stations have begun discovering his handful of compositions, has his name filtered through the land.

The story of his life, and he is still young, is a chapter in Americana and as important in the understanding of American music as the most technical study of the music itself. To understand American music it is as necessary to study lives as to study scores. Learn how these jazz-composers have come and you discover much about the music they have produced. And no story is more illuminating than the story of Grofe, piano-pounder, symphony-player, descendant of four generations of fine musicians, the man who helped George Gershwin write "Rhapsody in Blue" and who for ten years scored every line played by the greatest orchestra jazz produced, Paul Whiteman's own.

Music, until the coming of jazz, led more quickly to the poor-house than to fame, and Grofe's family decided he, for one, should be a business man. His grandfather, Bernhardt Bierlich, solo cellist, played shoulder to shoulder with Victor Herbert in the Metropolitan Opera orchestra in the eighties. His uncle, Julius Bierlich, was concert-master for years of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra. His mother, Mme. Menasco Von Grofe, was herself a professional musician, a cellist of much reputation out in the West. Though they wanted him to be a business man they had young Ferdinand sitting on a pillowed piano-stool before he was five, and at nine he was composing boyish chamber pieces for string quartets. At fourteen, facing the prospect of becoming a banker or a lawyer, he ran away and became successively an elevator operator, a truck-driver, a milkman, a heaver in an iron foundry, and a pressman in a book-bindery. But blood will tell. Before he was twenty he was earning his bread by music, banging the piano in some of the best honky-tonks of the West. Descendant of austere artists, he took a cabaret course in the theory of music, obtaining temper, whether he knew it or not, for the task of composing serious music which Americans might whistle in the street.

The family realized eventually that commerce was not for him. The conviction became inescapable in 1909 when, out of a clear sky, he composed a march for the Elks' Reunion, being held that year with brass bands in Los Angeles. After a consultation the family decided that if their young dance-hall prodigy would resume a more traditional study of music they would let fate have its way.

For many months after that, while white-haired Grandfather Bierlich drowsed tyrannically in a rocking chair, the best piano pounder of the Barbary Coast struggled with his Bach and Beethoven. The grandfather had also by this time become a member of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, and after a concert, to the despair of his pupil, he would bring the music home in armfuls. After a concert young Ferdinand would have to play every note the whole orchestra had played. And he had to play it correctly, for Grandfather Bierlich was that rare article, a musician who customarily read his music upside down and backward.

And so, a few years later, young Grofe was playing a first viola side by side with his grandfather and uncle in one of the

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oldest symphony orchestras of the West. From that time on the music of the masters and the music of the dance-halls filled his head equally.

No symphony musician could make a satisfactory living in those days nor, for that matter, in these days either. In summer, when his viola had been laid away, Ferde Grofe would go back to the honky-tonks. Here this summer, somewhere else next summer, always he was learning how to produce music to keep feet moving. If no dance-hall job was available he played in theatre orchestras, making himself useful by orchestrating for the new acts as they arrived in town. And one year, nothing else coming to hand, he went forth with Professor Jerome to teach California miners ballroom manners.

The professor, a memorable gentleman, combined business with art, sanitation with æsthetics. Arriving in a mining-camp he was not satisfied merely to teach one and all the newest intricacies of the two-step and Boston hop. He was equally anxious to clean the town's clothes. With Grofe assaulting the piano, there were daily and nightly rites to Terpsichore, and the customers could leave their spare clothes along with their guns at the entrance. Whether the composer of "Musette" and "Metropolis" helped attend to the clothes as well as the piano is not ascertainable. His expert knowledge of how the cleaning was accomplished leads to a suspicion. The professor cleaned the town's clothes, Grofe remembers, by the simple expedient of dousing them into a can of gasoline and pulling them out again. If the smell of gasoline adhered, the apparel was incontrovertibly clean.

With every one instructed and all the town's clothes odorously clean, came the big ball on Saturday night. While the professor moved about with dignified grace in his Prince Albert, Ferde Grofe led the band. The band was composed of any three or four musicians the professor could pick up in the community. If he could get a fiddler and a pianist, Grofe played the cornet. If he could get a cornetist and a fiddler, Grofe played the piano. In short, the composer of "Free Air" and "Blue Flame" played whatever wasn't, and was a whole touring dance-orchestra in himself. That summer, inclusively, he played a piano, a trombone, a piccolo, a violin, a clarinet, a cello, a cornet, a bass fiddle and a bass drum. He taught his musicians their scores an hour before the ball and managed them with a maestro's hand. And all went well until the professor deserted him one day in a town on the border of Oregon, where the only job he could find to earn money to get him back home was banging a piano in a most unseemly bawdy house. An unfortunate experience, but one that left him untouched, because, as he assures, he lived in a boarding-house and fell in love with his landlady's daughter.

He managed to get back home; and his symphonic career continued until 1917 when influenza seized Los Angeles and everything closed down, including the arts.

Needing to live, Grofe started out hunting a piano job again. The war was on and between economics and militarism he found himself at a piano in the Merchants Cabaret in Phœnix, Arizona.

One night, in company of a sergeant and a corporal, the meister wandered over the border in a battered Ford car and found himself seized by the enemy. There was bewilderment on both sides. The sergeant, the corporal, and the meister were in doubt whether they had fallen into the hands of the brigand Villa or into the kinder hands of the Mexican Government. The Mexican soldiers were equally in doubt about a baritone

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horn the meister happened to be carrying.

Grofe, with much presence of mind, put his horn to his lips, intending to play and prove his peaceful status. The sergeant, with a "we've just begun to fight" look, knocked it to the floor.

"Don't play a note for the blankety-blank greasers," said the sergeant. "They don't deserve it."

So Grofe, with his horn between his knees and a gun in his back, was escorted into Agua Prieta to be shot, he was sure, at sunrise. But fate saved jazz. As the dusty cavalcade drew into the plaza, out stepped an imposing gentleman with a wide hat and equally wide black mustaches.

"It's Villa!" said the corporal.

"No," said Grofe. "It's the mayor. I've seen him at the cabaret."

With that he was out of the Ford and getting on speaking terms. But speaking terms were rather difficult. The man with the baritone horn spoke no Mexican, the mayor of Agua Prieta spoke little American. Ferde Grofe, however, musician that he is, was equal to the occasion. He spread both hands wide, playing imaginary piano keys.

"Cabaret!" he shouted. "Piano!"

That not registering, he became more classical and reverted to an international language.

"'Il Trovatore'! 'Rigoletto'! 'Lucia'!"

A score of guns were levelled at him by now, but he was plainly a mad man, and the soldiers hesitated. The meister stacked all on a gesture. Brandishing his baritone horn above his head with one hand he stuck his other hand into his shirt front, struck a Napoleonic attitude and roared: "I Pagliacci!"

Intelligence dawned on the mayor's face.

"Ah!" he cried. "The piano. Phœnix."

There, in the dusty plaza, his eyes sparkling, the mayor of Agua Prieta whirled around with an imaginary dancer as he had whirled so often in the Merchants Cabaret, and the sergeant, the corporal, and the jazz-meister were escorted back to the border in honor by a regiment of soldiers on horse, led by no one less than the mayor himself.

They passed back over the border to safety. The corporal stepped on the gas. They had gone about one hundred feet when there was a shout and the mayor came galloping up in a cloud of dust.

He leaned intimately into the car. "That one with the red hair," he commanded—or at least that is what he seemed to be trying to say. "You tell her we dance Saturday night, hey?"

Flu or not, California looked good to the meister after that experience. He heard there was a band in San Francisco that needed a banjo-player. He didn't know much about a banjo but he needed a job. His necessity introduced him to jazz.

There was a new music in the air along the Barbary Coast. A blaring, savage, rhythmic noise. Jazz had just come up from the South and the band in San Francisco that needed a banjo-player was one of the first jazz organizations of the West Coast. San Francisco was becoming acquainted with the new band and its new music at the Portola Louvre. Other cities in California were wearing flu masks that year, but Frisco was dancing to a wild new music—so suited to Frisco's spirit that the town was to make it peculiarly its own, sending forth band after band to proselyte the East.

San Francisco quickly modified it into something else, giving it a cultural veneer it was never intended to wear. But in the beginning the music that had come up from a dead Tango Belt would suit a dying Barbary Coast, and Grofe, the best piano-soloist the Coast had known, found it to his liking too.

It was a different music from any he

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had ever played. It had a bit of the old ragtime in it, the syncopation he had mastered ten years before, but it was more than mere syncopation. There was a barbaric new rhythm in it, a confusion of accents that made a man want to keep time with his whole body, hands, feet, and torso too, and a pleasing anarchism that allowed every musician to play what he wanted to almost at will and which, as the new banjo-player realized, was the beginning of an untraditional counterpoint.

Grofe set to work to study this unseemly war-time product. A music that was all this way and that, that was played differently every night, was unsatisfying to a descendant of four generations of musicians. To-night he would hear a combination of notes that did something inside of him. He might wait a month and never hear just that combination again. Effects were achieved by accident, and originality ran riot. Intent, as a musician, to save what pleased him, Grofe began to jot down scores between dances, a phrase here and a phrase there, experimenting as he went along. He did his experimenting on the backs of stray menu cards. That year while most of California wore flu masks the band in the Portola Louvre played the first real jazz scores in history.

There was another jazz band starting up that year at the Fairmount Hotel in San Francisco, a six-man group led by a fat youth who had also graduated from a symphony orchestra and whose rotund face and toy mustache were to become known within a decade throughout the civilized world. Paul Whiteman and his orchestra used to drop in en masse at the Portola Louvre on off Sundays to listen to this new experiment of jazz played to a written score; and Paul Whiteman discovered that he could pick up so many tricks there that a year later he had Meister Grofe in his own band as pianist.

From that time Ferde Grofe scored every note Whiteman played. In addition, for four years he composed chamber pieces for the Whiteman concerts. Between the two of them, Whiteman and Grofe, they created the most famous orchestra of our time. If Whiteman has been the king of jazz, Grofe, beyond question, has been its prime minister.

They arrived on Broadway in 1920 and for four years Grofe sat at the piano in the old Palais Royal. In 1924 Whiteman made a momentous decision. He decided to give his first concert. He realized there could be no jazz concerts without jazz music. He needed one pièce-de-résistance, and commissioned George Gershwin to write it. Gershwin had been working on a piano solo which he thought could be used. He knew only vaguely what was needed. He had no precedent to go by and he knew little of jazz scoring. Grofe, as usual, was appointed to do the scoring.

Together, three weeks before the first jazz concert in history, Gershwin and Grofe set to work to write "Rhapsody in Blue." They actually completed the piece in about ten days.

Gershwin thus far has gotten all the credit for that composition that first made the world take jazz seriously. Grofe, as any one on the inside will admit, deserves part of the applause. Gershwin had his piano solo about one-third completed when Grofe was called in. Grofe worked with him six to eight hours a day. Grofe was responsible for every note of the scoring, and the scoring, as any one who has ever heard the piece knows, plays a large part in its effect. Gershwin wrote a piano solo and turned it over to Grofe to be made into full-winded jazz. Though Grofe had nothing to do with writing the solo proper, he was, it happens, responsible for inclusion of the E-major theme, the beau-

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tiful slow movement, the most effective part of the whole composition. Gershwin was going to leave that part out until Grofe protested.

In the inner circles Grofe's achievement was recognized immediately. From that time on he never again played a piano in the Whiteman orchestra. His job after that was solely to score and to compose. He composed his "Mississippi Suite" in 1925 and his "Three Shades of Blue" in 1926. His "Metropolis," the first jazz fugue ever written, followed in 1928. And, finally, he startled a staid audience in Carnegie Hall with his "Free Air," a piece based on the noises in a garage which he describes as "a quaint old-fashioned gavotta, including a flute, two clarinets, two oboes, a bassoon, and a bicycle pump.

And in his spare time he attends now to real estate. For Ferde Grofe, descendant of four generations of musicians, did after all become a business man. He is president, general manager and director to-day of the Grofe Realty Company, 790 Palisade Avenue, Teaneck, New Jersey.

Study the biography of any of these so-called jazz composers if you would understand modern American music. None of them has come the traditional way.

George Gershwin has been called the foremost jazz composer. From any old-fashioned musical standpoint he is an anomaly. He did have his four-bits piano lessons as a boy in Brooklyn, and for a while studied under a real master. But it is plain that what he learned sitting on a piano-stool was less important than what he learned sitting other places. At fifteen he was already out of school and loose in the muddle of New York, banging a piano for a living in the professional room of a Broadway music-house. At an age when most composers are still studying theory he was studying life.

Or consider Irving Berlin, who has been writing the nation's songs ever since "Alexander's Ragtime Band." No wonder his songs have been sung in the streets for two decades. It was from the streets he got them. He sold papers as a boy in the teeming streets of Manhattan's lower East Side. He sang for pennies on tenement-street corners. When old enough, and that was not very old, he began singing in Nigger Mike's in New York's Chinatown. A man out of all that is bound to produce a music filled with the rhythms and the melodies of the people. It is almost a sacrilege to call the man a musician at all. To this day, although they have made him millions and been sung around the world, his songs are beyond Irving Berlin's skill. He can sing them, if you call it singing, only with difficulty. He can play them only laboriously on the black keys of a trick piano, specially constructed to allow him to transpose mechanically. Strictly speaking, he did not even compose those songs. He merely thought them up and intoned them out loud, while a staff of expert musicians got them down by note and score.

As a matter of fact, none of these men is a jazz composer. They and Eastwood Lane, Rube Bloom, John Alden Carpenter, Jerome Kern and the others have composed not jazz but a modern American music as indigenous to the Republic as hot dogs, Ford cars, and Presidential jokes. If one may be heretic it is doubtful that jazz has ever been played in America, let alone composed, outside of the place of its birth, the far South. There has been much idle talk about jazz in the last ten years and this is a late hour to add to the discussion. The trouble is that most of those who have done the talking never came closer to jazz than the Broadway night clubs, theatres, and taxi dance-halls.

It has become a platitude that there

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are only three cities in America, New Orleans, San Francisco and New York; and certainly they have been the big three so far as jazz was concerned. San Francisco is about the only city outside of New Orleans that has approached a comprehension of what the music was all about. But the Barbary Coast was too cluttered up with symphonic musicians for jazz to get a real hold. They started dressing it up almost as soon as it arrived. It should be plain, for example, that whatever jazz he bumped into ten years ago Ferde Grofe modified with an expert musician's hand, keeping only those parts which echoed the America he had known. The melodic and rhythmic metamorphosis he worked has been inherent in everything Paul Whiteman ever played. Whiteman hated the name jazz from the start, and he and Grofe as much as any killed the music.

So far as New York is concerned jazz has been an adulteration, a mere interpretation, a half-learned trick exploited to its fullest. The New York that would accept a "Green Pastures" in which the chief Negro actor had a British accent and had actually to be taught to talk in the African idiom, and that also accepted a "Jonny Spielt Auf," a so-called jazz opera written in Germany and sung by Italians, that New York became the jazz capital of the world.

Ask almost any jazz meister on Broadway and he will affirm solemnly that the saxophone and the banjo are the heart of a jazz band. A few years ago he would affirm in the same breath that the gyrations of the drummer at his traps, his windmill tilts with whistles, cow bells and rattlers were the chief identification of the jazz attitude, an identification which happily passed out even on Broadway about the middle of the jazz era.

Now down in the deep South, where jazz undoubtedly originated and where it is still played much as it was being played fifteen years ago, the saxophone is rather an unknown instrument. The banjo is almost never used in a dance band and a drummer is as rare as a bagpiper. To any one brought up on Southern music a saxophone, when first heard, seems about the most depressing instrument out of which any human being ever tried to produce gay music. Its sombre, groaning noise is far removed from the happy music the South knows, a music which even in its blue melancholia contains always laughter and cheer. And when any one from the far South first witnessed the jazz gyrations, so popular in the East a few years ago, he inevitably felt that the fake excitement covered up a lack of real jazz.

Down there where jazz came from and where it has had its only real meaning, even to the creation of a style of dancing as native to the Gulf Coast as the tango is to the Argentine, a bass fiddle does service for the drum, the clarinet has never been supplanted by the saxophone, and the guitar is irrevocably preferred to the banjo.

And yet a banjo is, as Broadway would have it, the heart of jazz, but not this illegitimate tenor child which is the only banjo the Broadway jazz meisters know. Jazz undoubtedly derives straight from the banjo, but from the old-fashioned five-string instrument. Plunked with a random thumb on the off beat without any true relation to the music being played, that fifth E string of the old-time banjo produced the rhythm that later became typical of jazz, the so-called accent on the unaccented beat.

Intuitively sensing the banjo in Southern music, Northern jazz bands went after the sound and the noise and missed the rhythm and the import. The jazz composers have missed the point too. They are developing a modern American music. But they have killed jazz.

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

Nun's Diary

By SISTER MARY FRANCIS

A very unusual record, selected in the $1,500 Prize Contest: the diary of a girl from the time she leaves her home to go into a convent until she takes her vows. It is a human document in the best sense of the word.

Last night I lay awake a long, long time, listening to the mocking birds singing in the flowery locust trees and watching the moonlight on the river. It is going to be hard to give these things up. I suppose there are mocking birds down at the convent. The cloister doesn't keep *them* out, but there certainly is no river, and I won't have Jerry to point quail coveys, nor Dixie to ride. And most of all, I won't have dad.

Dad took me to the train. He was the only one that did. I could have cried my heart out when he told me good-by and then added:

"Remember, if you ever need a friend, I'll be waiting." How I'll miss him God only knows, and God knows too that if it were not for God, for my desire to do something worthwhile in His service, I would not be here.

My room is on the girls' side of the house at present. To-morrow, I think I'll be moved to the nuns' side. One of the sisters took me over to-day, to see what in all probability will be my "cell," or, I should say, "our cell." It's going to be killingly funny to train my tongue to call everything "our." The only thing I am supposed to call my own are my sins and I am perfectly willing to share those with any one.

Moved. Now I'm sure enough on the nuns' side. Mother says we will take the "cape" to-morrow at eleven. Flossie met me in the green hall and told me that in honor of our four years of friendship she was going to have a farewell party for us in her room after night prayers, to-night. Since it's my last night as a schoolgirl I'm going to slip over from "our cell" and attend. And then, beginning with eleven o'clock to-morrow, I'm going to be good forevermore.

We had the grandest "spread" last night. But, oh, misery! right in the middle of it who should come walking in but one of the French sisters. The French certainly lack a sense of humor. Even Flossie's chocolate creams couldn't soften her and nothing would do except a solemn avowal that I had disgraced the entire Order.

"Nevair was there such a postulant."

I tried in vain to explain that I would not be a postulant until the next morning. Once I thought I had her pacified,

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but at that critical moment Flossie dropped the chocolates all over the floor and . . .

In spite of last night's fiasco and the dire threats of the French, all three of us took the cape this morning. I nearly made a mess of it though when we were shown our places in the "stalls." And the cause of it was Sister Jane. Her name, full and entire, is Sister Jane Francis de Chantal, and she is just as tall and thin as her name is long. Evidently she is not a convent girl as the rest of us were, for she hadn't an idea of how to get into her stall. Instead of raising the seat and kneeling decorously as we did, she climbed into it, and when I looked across she was pathetically clinging to the tall back. I was dying to giggle, but remembering last night's episode, I coughed instead. And so well did I do it that the Sister Infirmarian came to me a few moments later and insisted that I take a dose of cough syrup. By the time I got back some kind nun had rescued the unfortunate, so that ended my bronchial attack.

Now that I'm a postulant, the days simply race along. We get up at five every morning and go to bed at nine every night, and not once during the entire day do we have time for anything. It is a pretty gay life keeping up with all the prayers we have to say and doing all the sweeping, mopping, and window-washing there is to be done in a giant house like this. School will soon open. Wonder how it will be then?

To-day I was mopping the green hall when the door bell rang and Ellen came in to register. I snatched off my black apron real quick and tucked the mop behind a radiator. It would simply have killed my soul if *that* girl had caught me at housework. As it was she walked by with a high and haughty greeting that made me feel she was infinitely cool in her pink-and-green crêpe de Chine and I was alternately boiling and frying in my black outfit and white lawn veil. I suppose I ought to be practising some of the humility I hear so much about at conferences and sermons, but the dear Lord knows that Ellen and I never did get along the entire three years we were in school together.

Mother Superior gave me charge of mopping a part of the chapel. It surely is hard work. I evidently do not know enough about the manipulation of various and sundry brushes and brooms, and, as a result, I have to crawl along every bench and do my cleaning with a dust-brush. The other sisters working in their sections seem to get a bit of amusement out of my predicament. One of them tried to show me how to twist the broom to get beneath the benches but it was such a tiresome method and exasperated me so I gave it up as a bad job.

This morning I got so hot and tired mopping that chapel that I nearly died. The longer I mopped, the madder I became. I was not angry, I was plain and unadorned and ungrammatically "mad." The old mop bumped and thumped about, and then when I was just at my hottest I saw a little sister who was praying as she worked. I should have been glad to witness such virtue, but I was not. I kept thinking of home, and Jerry, and Dixie. And I knew if I were there I'd be out for a ride with some of the crowd, instead of sweltering in the house with a mop. . . . A *mop*. Something surged up within me and I decided I was through. Somebody else could mop that floor. I would not. I headed for the porch and with all the power of my tennis-muscled arm I flung that hateful old mop as far as I could. It fell in Sister Martha's canna-lily bed. Then I went to Mother Superior. She was alone in her office, and welcomed me cordially.

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"It's a great honor for me to be allowed to mop the chapel floor, isn't it?" I burst out, forgetting all suavity of greeting.

She gave me a keen glance. "Sit down," she replied gently, "and cool off." I did, at the same time blurting out my tale about the chapel. Mother listened patiently. Then when she spoke, it was of other things, but finally she led the conversation back to the mop and the chapel.

"Yes, my dear child," she said, "it is a great honor to be allowed to do *anything* in God's house." She went on and on talking of the immense good that can be accomplished for others, etc., etc., until I felt as important as a caterpillar and very contrite. At last she finished, and I left to sneak out and find my mop.

"Whoops and still more!" Last night I nearly got sent home. Sister Jane had the hiccoughs dreadfully. I stood it as long as I could and then, thinking to do an act of charity, I slipped down to her "cell" and jumped at her through the curtain that surrounds her bed. I did not know she was standing so near, and before I knew what had happened I had a whole handful of shrieking postulants in my grasp. Of course I fled back to my own corner and, seizing my toothbrush, began frantically to polish all the enamel off my teeth in the vain effort to divert the attention of the aroused Mistress of Postulants. Although I splashed enough to give a fairly commendable demonstration of a blowing whale, it was no good. Mother was dreadfully provoked at first, but when her nerves quieted, I managed to persuade her that my act was not so absurd as it sounded on first hearing.

Black disgrace! To-day I was the cause of much disorder within the convent walls. And all because I looked at Sister Jane at the wrong moment. It came about in this way. She was marked to read the Rule in the Refectory. It was the first time one of us postulants had ever been called on for that. While she was reading, she came across a passage that says something about not letting your eyes rest on a man individually. Of course I know what that means, but I couldn't resist teasing a bit, for there is an old man who sits in his stocking feet across from the convent gate. He is there every evening, smoking and reading, and on several occasions Sister has made some funny remark about his very apparent comfort. Therefore, when she read that passage I glanced up at her and she glanced down at me, and horror of horrors, she giggled, as so did I. Something they say has never been done in the refectory before. And what is worse, we both continued to giggle, until finally in sheer shame for our levity, Mother gave the signal for recreation.

To-day is as cold as blizzards. Some one told me that gasoline would polish up my outfit a bit, and so I got permission to ask the yard man for some. All the time I was working I could smell fresh bread baking in the oven. Suddenly it seemed to me that I was dying of hunger, though ordinarily I do not care a pin for bread. Although postulants are supposed to be like the sisters and not eat between meals, I thought I'd take a chance and see if Mother would not have a heart. So I left my cleaning processes in a rather complicated state and ventured out in quest of hot bread. Sister said she would be glad to part with a loaf *if* Mother said so, and I went in search of her. She was on the stairway when I broached the matter. She gave me one look, so quizzical, so filled with amusement that I was almost on the point of dashing off for the butter too, when— "What is the house coming to

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when we accept such subjects as you," greeted me. *Did* I wilt?

And now Christmas is here. The postulants had a tree in our study room, but I did not get much more than a melancholy pleasure out of it, for I kept thinking of dad and home. Some one put a toy horse on the tree for me. It was meant as a joke, but by the time I got it, I was so blue that it proved the straw that broke the camel's back and I sneaked off to cry. That doesn't mean that I'm sorry I undertook to become a nun. It is just another way of saying that I had the most wonderful dad and home that a girl ever had.

It will not be long now until our six months' trial will be over and we will be starting for the Novitiate. I wonder and wonder what that will be like. They say we will have to give up our little personal belongings when we go over there. I have been trying to discover exactly which ones I shall miss. My conclusion is that at present I possess only three things that it will cost me to part with: a picture that I have had for many a year, my books, and my mother's gold watch. It is the watch that I hate to give up the most, for it was her dying gift to me. I'll send it home to dad though. He will love it as much as I do.

And now what. The sisters are going to have visitors all the way from Rome. Feature it. And—they are going to be here in time for our great day, the day we take the novices' habit. It will be my first glimpse of a Mother General.

Talk about blunders. I myself could not have done worse. The Mother General is here and—the delegation sent to meet her at the station missed her absolutely and "teetotally." I had just gathered all the various and sundry bits of dirt that the green hall possessed into a neat little pile and was preparing to take it up when the door-bell rang and I looked up to see two nuns waiting. Instantly it dawned on me that *something* or *some one* had blundered. Behold in person the *Mother General*. With a quick little switch of my apron I scattered the dust. It would never do to have the head of the Order plodding through such a mess. And then I let them in and flew for the Superior. Never have I seen such a hurried assembling of nuns, veils flying, and excited searching for ceremonial books. Soon some one with a head intoned the Magnificat and everything straightened out.

I'm so busy packing for the move to the Novitiate that I haven't time for anything. The Novitiate is going to be "different," but how? It is going to work a great change in me, but what? First of all, I'm sure I'll have to be more dignified. And I suppose I'll have to learn to pray and pray hard. I do not like long prayers. I wish I did. It seems that all nuns ought to like them, but I don't. I want to do good for others; I want to be a good nun, for that is what I firmly believe God asks of me. But it is hard to have to spend long, long hours in prayer. Anyhow, if I do not like it, at least I will get used to it.

We took the habit yesterday afternoon at Benediction and I was led up to the altar by the Mother Assistant General. Everything was beautiful and inspirational. My old Mistress, Mother Paul, sang the Vocation hymn. It was excellently done. Her voice always has thrilled me. Father preached a nice friendly sermon all about "the Lord having chose us, and not us the Lord." That, in my case at least, is certainly true.

The only thing that marred the occasion for me was the fact that we were supposed to give our hands to the Dignitaries who were escorting us and permit them to lead us out of the chapel. This I could not do, for my leather girdle was

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entirely too long. I managed to double it up and hide the extra length behind my newly acquired Rule book, but by the time I got through holding everything to be held I had not a single hand left. The Mother Assistant General tried vainly to catch my eye but I looked straight ahead. Then she whispered, but I remained deaf. At last she noticed my predicament and all was well.

The Novitiate is certainly going to be hard for me. To-day I must have looked as melancholy as Job, for as I stood waiting at a bookcase for my turn to get a volume, a little French sister slid over near me and asked:

"How do you like the Novitiate?"

I managed a frozen smile and replied:

"Oh, I'll live."

"You will leave." She repeated the words slowly while an unbelievable horror crept over her face.

I nodded, just thinking it was the foreign way of mispronouncing everything.

Before I realized what was happening, she had thrown her arms about my neck and was pleading with me to stay, to try it just a bit longer. The dramatics of it all left me feeling unspeakably foolish. To keep from feeling too much like a clown, I pretended to let myself be persuaded and, finally, ended the farce by promising to remain a novice for a time longer.

Mother called me to-day and forbade me to write any more "poems" unless I had her express command to do so. I am all upset about it. The only real relaxation I have found in the Novitiate has been in the thought that "My mind to me a kingdom is." I think if Mother could really understand how hard things are for me, she would regard that little poetic flair of mine in a different light. She would surely understand that when others were taking recreation with a sewing-basket on their knees and joking about it, I am simply undergoing a minor form of martyrdom. It is only when I manage a few moments alone with a pencil and a piece of paper that I find any vent at all for the cyclonic emotions whirling and twisting within me. Mother is old though, and I don't suppose age will ever have a heart or understanding for youth. So—good-by little old Rhyme Book of mine! Good-by until happier days!

In Retreat now! It is the first big one I ever made. The three days we used to spend in prayer and meditation as girls will be nothing to the ten days we must put in now. Not to talk for ten whole days. That sounds formidable, but perhaps the peace and silence will be inspirational. Certainly it will give us ample time to check over our spiritual life and find out what may be "wanting to make it perfect." I have an idea my spiritual edifice needs a whole new foundation. It certainly is going to be a daring thing to attempt the erection of a religious "skyscraper," such as we sisters are supposed to do, on the flimsy foundation stones of "do-as-you-please," hard-headed self-will, and downright unbelief that composed my entire life until two years ago. The priest is a fine speaker. For the first time in my life I have found myself praying for a "hot Hell" and "black death" meditation.

Two days later. We got "hell" all right, and death too. *They were fierce.* And each came at night. The Father was dramatist enough to realize that setting lends to realism. I was nervous —plain scared would really suit the case better. In spite of my pride, I now realize that it is possible to terrify me into being a Christian—*some kind* of a Christian—but what a wretched existence it would be. I am sure that I could

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observe the Ten Commandments through fear. For how long, though? That is the question. In my heart I would always be the potential traitor. I think I will go down and talk to the Father.

After all my fine resolutions about speaking to the priest, I had a most dreadful time getting there. Up and down the steps I walked about "steen" times. On the downward trek, fully determined to go bravely in. Followed by a moment of panicky indecision at the bottom, when a thousand reasons urged me to return to my study and let the interview go until "to-morrow." At last came the thought:

"Good is best when quickest wrought."

I squared my shoulders, took a long breath, held it; then rapped on the door. A cheery "Come in" greeted me.

The door swung open and there was Father, cheery, smiling, kindly. Not a bit like a sulphurous and brimstony person. It took but a minute to tell him my trouble. He listened in silence, nodding now and then to show that he understood. Then he said:

"Let's see that Rule."

So together we went through the entire Rule of my Order. Into the dead "Dont's" that fill its pages he injected a more vital understanding of life. He gave a more human, a broader interpretation of the "Thou shalt nots" than our Mistress had done. In a word the whole thing simmered down to that famous utterance of St. Augustine:

"Love God and do as you please."

When I left his room, Father arose and shook hands with me. He had a nice friendly way about him. He made me forget that he was a priest and I a sister; that he was a man, I a woman. His was a comradely air that conveyed the impression that his interest was an unsexed, apostolic desire to help any fellow soul that might cross his path—no matter who, when, or where.

Good Friday. Last night I watched in the church from twelve until morning. That is the best time for me. I like to serve my Master when there are few to do it. Self-love may have quite a share in that desire, for I find it wofully hard to bring myself to do some other *little* thing—sweeping, for instance. Books were used only once in a while to keep my sleepy head from nodding. Apart from that, it was a queerly spent time for me, for *I prayed*—actually talked things over with God as with a friend. The sweetness of those hours is with me still.

Easter Sunday and our choir was a mess. Ever since Sister Jeanne went back to France, the singing has got worse and worse. Cats's Grand Opera where all are leading sopranos is what it sounds like.

I went for a walk with myself to-day. The Mistress says I am leading one of the younger sisters astray and that I am always tardy. After facing the charges as honestly as I know how, I have concluded that the first is a mistaken one. I love the little sister. True. But I have not led her from any duty or rule. On the contrary, I have tried to help and encourage her to observe them. Now about being late—always late to every observance. I'm guilty to the *n*th degree. But from now on, please God, I will set my life to rights in that particular. *I will be exact.*

This morning, in spite of everything, I slept through the conference. That has to be paid for. Biff! There goes my next dessert. It does not sound terribly heroic, but it nearly broke my heart to-day to smile at Sister and let the chocolate ice-cream pass me by. Especially when there

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is no knowing when we will have ice-cream again. It breaks it even worse when I contemplate the fact that I am still in debt for three more times. "The way of the transgressor *is* hard."

This morning I had a quiet laugh—and entirely alone. Mother met me going down to breakfast and stopped me long enough to say that since I finished my meal so hurriedly, she was going to put me with French Sister Clare to shine the long green hall. To say the least, it was more than a bump to my feelings, but—that's how it is when one resolves to be prompt. In spite of my emotions, however, I managed a feeble "yes," and Mother departed, leaving me to my meditations. Here we were! France and America. It was easy to envision Sister Clare's faint little smile of superiority when I would land, mop in hand and all out of breath, fifteen minutes later. With a jerk at my girdle—a preventive to keep my backbone from rattling—I seized a brush and got busy for the glory of the good old U. S. A. And when Sister Clare arrived . . . three cheers for America. The work was halfway done.

Had a splendid meditation this morning. Not once did I even wink an eye. But, oh, that green hall! Determined to keep up my good record so that the "French" would not think my first day or two merely another lucky break of "les terribles Americaines," I dashed for the serving-table, grabbed the first thing in sight, which proved to be coffee instead of cocoa. I didn't have time to change, for I saw mine "enemy" passing in with her steaming cup, and so—well, one can live on dry bread. Anyhow, I was right by her side when we entered the hall.

Yesterday being the feast of St. Ursula, I fixed a book for Sister Ursula and then in a burst of poetic frenzy I composed a French poem, a most touching piece. With a heart all aglow with honest pride I sallied forth to present my creation—nicely done on the back of a fancy card. But "Pride goeth before a fall." My mind was still filled with hazy dreams of a new name being added to the list of Les Immortelles when Sister Clare happened along and in her polished way gave me to understand that the poem was trash. So much for castles in the air.

Mother Provincial dropped in for her "Visitation." And didn't I *catch* it! "Sentimental. Ugh! . . . Slushy. Oof!"

She asked if I still felt an attachment for my old Mistress, Mother Paul. Judging from my animated feeling—there was no mirror handy—my eyes must have brightened and my cheeks reddened as I replied: "By all means, yes. Every day I love her more and more."

If looks were fatal I'd be under the sod, for her piercing black eyes never left my face as I proceeded to add that I was proud of my affection, that I would not willingly lose a single iota of it. She shook her head in a kind of acute melancholia when I added that if the day ever came that I could not be true to my earthly friends, I was equally sure that I could not be true to God. Evidently, she did not agree. About the worst sin any one can commit in her estimation is to care for any other human being—no matter whom; and in my estimation the worst sin would be *not* to care for some one. Charity to me means something vital, vivid, specific. Every one must be loved individually, personally. The rarefied, sublimated, canned variety of love always on tap for the species but not for the person is an impenetrable mystery to me. Perhaps I should never have aspired to be a nun. It seems that nuns ought to look at life

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as Mother does, and for me that is utterly impossible.

Sang my first Lamentation in the Chapel to-day. My voice quivered and requivered. I had the vibratory all right. The worst of it was that, in spite of my fright, I wanted to laugh, for the only thought I could get into my head was that "the ancient Jews never sang like this." I did Jeremias a bit better to-day, but if the choir mistress throws me out, I won't blame her. Anyhow, it was my best, so why should I worry.

My vocational fight is on again. Either the devil certainly wants me, or I have no business in a convent. Which it is I do not know, but of this I am certain: Wheresoever my Lord Jesus wants me, whatsoever He says do, that is the place and the work for me.

To-day at meditation I got a new and better insight into myself. The point considered was that part of the life of our Lord when He retired to the mountains when the Jews wanted to make Him king. In studying His conduct under praise and adulation I compared it with mine under similar circumstances, and suddenly, as though a curtain had been torn back that I might see clearly, I knew that my worst fault was pride. The thought came to me with overwhelming lucidity. I was astonished beyond words at the discovery, for hitherto I had considered sensuality or immortification my predominant failing. And all this time I have been working and pecking at my poor old soul, trying to rid it of faults it needn't have been worried with, while all unknown to me, its real weakness was increasing every day. Now I can see that my every act is stiff with pride. My spirit is starchy with it. I can be bent, but awkwardly and with much inward cracking. But as a starched garment is completely softened when dipped in water, so my soul will be if I but plunge it into the ocean of God's love.

Another retreat and it is drawing near to the taking of my vows. The Reverend Father, a long thin man from the Emerald Isle, is a good preacher, but his sermons get on my nerves. In spite of myself I think I must show my feelings, for last night Mother Paul did a remarkable thing. She broke the grand silence to speak to me. We had a real heart-to-heart chat and it helped a lot. I like to picture Christ as that kind of Master, broadminded, not afraid to break a rule for a greater charity. Certainly He must have done that for His weak disciples many times.

Night, black night in my heart! Certainly I am tormented until I no longer know where to turn or what to fight. I asked Mother to let me break the rules and go speak with Mother Paul after night prayers. Mother replied that I could go speak to the Lord. I told her that I was tired of praying, of hearing sermons, but still she said "No, no," rather impatiently, so I went downstairs and looked out at the sunset. Tears were in my eyes, my throat and my heart, but the sight of God's love as shown by earth and sky gradually drew the bitterness out. It was only for a time though. Later, on my cot, I fought a battle royal—and without definite victory. How true it is that when we suffer intensely, we wonder how it is that people around us seem so calm, so untouched.

Lord, tender God of mercy, help me. How can I be a nun? The time is drawing near, frighteningly near, for my profession—the taking of those solemn vows that will consecrate me to Thy service forever, and—I am terrified. I cannot go on and yet I dare not look back. My nerves are taut with the strain,

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my spirits low, my heart breaking. I may hide it from others, but I cannot hide it from myself. I do not want to be a religious. I want palpitating, throbbing, adventurous life. I want to sail the seas, climb snowy mountains, look on vast desert scenes. And there is nothing to keep me from it. Nothing, except a conviction that if I give up and go back, I will be showing disloyalty to my Divine Friend—neglecting His interests that I may play.

I saw a poem in *The Literary Digest* that made me shudder. It was about an old nun and a young nun who held the rope while children jumped and played. The horrible part about it was that both sisters were old, old as the gray hills that sit and sit and wait for what they know not. The only difference being that one had sat a little longer than the other. Routine of life, the grind of things had bridged the chasm of years and reduced young life to an equal factor with old life. If I should stay, God grant that this thing may not happen to me. I shall will that it may not. I know that it does happen. I see it written deep in the faces of many of those about me, but—there are others. Others with fine intellectual lines, keen, alert eyes. They are the faces of those women who have by strength of will and dignity of purpose bent routine to another and better end. They have not been conquered by it. By sheer dint of applied brain power, they have risen above it.

This morning during meditation—feast of Our Lady of Sorrows—I obtained a strange and powerful grace. I firmly believe it was an inspiration, so strongly did it affect me. The old wildness was on me. I wanted to go, go, go, and never see a convent chapel again, and I had just about decided to speak to the Superior after the service and tell her of my decision to leave. Suddenly a thought struck me: Where would I be, where would the world be, if our Lord had said: "It is hard to stay here on the cross. I will come down and enjoy life a while."

God forbid that I should do the cowardly thing I contemplated. *I shall go on.*

We are in retreat now in preparation for the taking of the vows. How slowly the time passes. The priest who is giving it is an old, old man, but his eye is sharp and his sermons simple and Christlike. After a short visit to the Chapel, to-day, where I placed the act I was about to do in the safekeeping of Heaven, I wrote my final vows. The first time was not satisfactory, for Mother Superior suggested that I do it over again—making the writing smaller. The second time it was acceptable. During the time of writing and now, my mind was filled with solemn thoughts. I would pronounce those vows, God willing, on the morrow and then they would be laid away in some safe cabinet until another day—how far distant, how near I know not—but that day my earthly existence would have drawn to a close. I would be before my Maker with those vows and accounting for the way in which I had kept them. Please, God, there shall be no taint on them.

And now I am a nun. The fight is over and deep peace has come. It came only with the actual pronouncement of the vows. Before that, even during the beautiful ceremonial—the impressive moments under the pall, the black veil, the crown of flowers, the ring—dear ring, sign of fidelity—I was unmoved. But with the words, "I vow to Thee for always, Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience," it was as though a curtain was ripped away before my intellect. For a brief instant I gazed down the vista of

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years and sensed the beauty and good behind the sacrifice. The joyousness of having done right seized me. A new courage surged through my being, and I arose from my knees, no longer a timid, grudging giver, but a buoyant, happy nun, determined at all costs to meet the world with a smiling face, doubly determined to use as my spiritual compass the following resolutions which I had carefully formulated in order to keep the American in me from becoming hopelessly entangled in misleading ideas of sanctity:

1. To act in all matters with courage as becomes a follower of Christ.

2. To decide promptly and definitely on a question of right or wrong; to choose the former and then to "go ahead."

3. To keep my eyes steadfastly on the Master and to act toward my fellow man as seems right and good under His regard.

Record Month

By OWEN FRANCIS

These are the men about whom the country is anxious as a result of the recent cut in wages by the steel companies

For two years Dave Moyer personally selected the men who worked for him. That's how he got Joe Zimich.

The main office of the steel plant where Dave is melter-foreman in the open hearth is at the end of the bridge spanning the railroad-tracks at the mill gate. Here, a half-hundred or more men stand each morning waiting for the employment-office window to open and Old Man Dorsey stick his head out to choose the men for whom he has jobs. The job of hiring men to work in the mill is an important one: the making of steel requires men with strength, patience, and, what is more important, an aptitude for the work. If a *feeling* for steel is lacking in the worker, furnaces will be delayed in tapping, rolling slowed down, quite often the worker injured, and invariably he will soon find the work too strenuous and quit. The best steelmen are those born near the mills.

Old Man Dorsey has been employment man for years and knows his business: he can pick furnacemen or rollhands from a crowd after a quick appraisal, rarely making a mistake. Once in a while he will get a "floater," a man who will be gone the day after pay-day, but it is not often. Old Man Dorsey is an astute judge of character and the men he sends into the mill are usually steelmen: men who will go about their work with a skill that comes from years at a job they like.

Old Man Dorsey must have had a bad night and been half asleep the morning he motioned a husky Negro from the group of men in front of the window and sent him into the open hearth where Dave Moyer needed a man on the labor gang.

One of the important duties of the la-

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bor gang is to change slag-boxes. The boxes, square, bottomless, and tapering to a wide top, are placed on the cinder floor below the tapping-spout of the furnace. When the slag—impurities in the steel—rises to the top of the furnace during the heating, it is drained off into the slag-boxes before the metal is tapped into the ladles. The box must be taken away and an empty one substituted before the furnace taps again, so that in case the ladle overflows, the hot metal will spill into the slag-box and not down in the pits. It is a hot, hard job, but the pay is good for unskilled labor and there is an opportunity of getting a better job on one of the furnaces.

The boss of the open-hearth labor gang took for granted that the Negro was familiar with the routine and shouted for him to change the box on Number Nine furnace. The Negro had never been inside a mill, but knew by the boss's motions that he was to attach the chains of the crane, which had been lowered before him, to something. He hooked the chains to the first thing he saw: one of the gas-pipes leading from the flues to the furnace. As he had seen others do, he waved a hand to the craneman. The crane reeled in the chains. There came a grinding crash as the crane, with more than a hundred-tons lifting power, pulled steadily upward, tearing out the brickwork on the furnace front. Dave Moyer saw what was happening and whistled shrilly for the craneman to lower down. Dave then grabbed a sledge from the floor and started toward the Negro. The Negro turned and ran from the open hearth with Dave chasing him. Across the bridge they went, the Negro turning down the railroad-tracks, Dave stopping at the employment office, where Old Man Dorsey sat leaning out the window.

"What the hell kind of men are you trying to palm off on me?" Dave shouted as loud as he could with what breath he had left.

"What the hell kind of men do you want?" Old Man Dorsey shouted back.

"By God, I want men who at least know the difference between a slag-box and a furnace. That goddam greaseball pulled the front out of Number Nine furnace and would have pulled the whole open hearth down if Ed Small wouldn't have seen what the chains of the crane were hooked to. For Christ's sake! You've been back of that window for fifteen years and you don't know the difference between a steelman and a pick-and-shovel laborer yet."

"Yeah?" Old Man Dorsey yelled. "You trying to tell me it takes steelmen to work in that dinky little open hearth of yours? Christ! I can take ten men out of a bakery and make more steel in one turn than you do in a week. And what the hell right have you got coming out here telling me how to run my job? Go on back and stir your iron, I'll take care of this end of the business."

"You won't take care of it for me," Dave said, his face getting red. "I'll pick my own men and maybe I won't have to waste my time building new furnaces to be torn down by the kind of steelmen you pick."

Dave turned and went into the office; Old Man Dorsey leaned against the window, doubled with laughter.

Dave laid the facts of the case before the big boss and got permission to pick his own workers. From then on, whenever he needed a man, instead of putting through a request to Old Man Dorsey, he would go out and choose one from the crowd. It made Old Man Dorsey pretty sore: he felt that he should do the important job of choosing the men to work in the mill, and Dave always picked the men before he had a chance to look them over.

One morning there was a man short

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on the labor gang and Dave came out to get one. Dave looked the assembled men over carefully: a good man on the labor gang in the open hearth is an asset, for if the slag-boxes are not kept clear of the pits, a furnace is often delayed tapping.

Dave saw a pair of broad shoulders towering above the others. He motioned for the man to step forward. The man shoved his way through the crowd, a wide grin on his face. Dave looked him up and down admiringly: a chest that swelled beneath the shirt like the sides of a sturdy barrel, arms thick with strength, a waist that tapered nicely, and although the man must weigh nearly two hundred and fifty pounds he moved with the ease of an athlete. He would be the man for the labor gang.

"You want a job in open hearth?" Dave questioned.

"No good English," the Hunkie answered. "Me no *verstay*."

Through the crowd another Hunkie pushed his way to stand by his friend's side.

"Dis my friend from old country. His name Joe Zimich. Joe comit to work in mill and he strong lak anything, ya betcha," he explained. "Sure he wanit job." He turned to the grinning giant, speaking in staccato Slavish. The answer came broken with laughter.

"He say if you wanit strong mans he gone to show you something. Go ahead, Joe."

Joe Zimich walked to an iron fence that kept the men from taking a short cut over the office yard as they came from the mill. He spat on his hands, gave a hitch to his belt, winked broadly at Dave Moyer. Grasping an iron post in his hands he gave a heave. The iron bent slowly in a curve.

"Hey! Stop! Finish!" Dave shouted. "What the hell? Do you want to have us both kicked out for tearing down mill property? You got the steam behind you; there's no question about that, but there's a better way of letting it off than bending fence-posts. Come on into the open hearth and I'll let you rassle slag-boxes."

With the grin still on his face, Joe Zimich followed his new boss into the mill yard.

Within an hour Dave knew that he had picked a good man: with the instinct that makes a good steelman, Joe went about his work as naturally as if he had been born in a ladle.

That night Dave stopped at the employment office on his way home.

"If I was running this job, I'd pick men like Joe Zimich and then close up the office. But then I can't expect for you to know as much about who is good and who is not good as I do. Tell you what to do, Dorsey: just take the first in line every morning and then you won't make as many mistakes."

II

Joe Zimich settled down to the gruelling work on the open-hearth labor gang as though it were the finest means possible of earning a living. There was no task too hard for him, no amount of misfortune that could change his good humor. At times such a job as Joe had is heart-breaking work: when a furnace taps, the molten metal runs through a spout into the ladle resting in a pit below. There are many things that can happen to make the task of getting the metal from the furnaces into the ladles and poured into ingots a much harder one than it ordinarily should be. For one thing, the ladle may overflow into the pits. There the steel hardens, forming a solid bed of metal welded to the bottom of the pit. The steel must be removed before another ladle can be placed to receive the steel from the next tapping of the furnace. Bars are always placed in

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the pits so that the chains of the crane can be fastened to their ends and the metal lifted from the pits. But often the bars are melted in two, and then the labor gang goes to work in earnest. The mass of steel must be pried loose with crowbars and a fastening-place made for the chains. It is hard work.

Then, too, the steel that drips out of the furnace after the spout has been taken away hardens on the front of the furnace into what is called a "chestnut." This must be taken away in much the same manner as the metal from the pits. Sometimes the "chestnut" comes loose easily; other times a man on either side will pry away for hours with the heat of the furnace in back of them and the heat from the pits below them.

Whatever the task, Joe Zimich went at it with a smile on his face and a song rumbling in his throat. His happiest moments were when a "chestnut" stuck so tight that none of the men on the labor gang could loosen it. Joe would watch their efforts until they were forced to rest from sheer exhaustion. Pushing them aside to make room for the sweep of his arms, he would pry the steel away from the furnace wall with one or two lusty pulls at the bar. Then he would laugh deep in his throat and walk away highly pleased with himself.

Such a man was invaluable to a harassed melter-foreman; Dave Moyer and Joe Zimich became fast friends.

Joe learned English rapidly and within the year was speaking as well as any of the other Hunkies in the open hearth. He was quite proud of his ability to hold conversation with Dave Moyer and did so at every opportunity.

"Meester Dave," he would say, his face wrinkled with deep concern, "dat slag-box on Number Two is pretty soon gone to break 'em up. I tink maybe you better catch 'nother one dis time, ya damn right."

"O. K.," Dave would answer. "Here's the slip. See Tom over in the stock yard and get another. Take care of it for me, will you?"

"Ya damn right," Joe would solemnly agree; "I fix 'em up, all right."

And he would be as good as his word in taking care of such details. Dave Moyer bragged a lot about Joe, saying he was as good as four men down in the pits and that if Old Man Dorsey could pick men as good as Joe, steel-making would be as easy as sitting in an employment office all day long doing nothing.

Each year the steel company holds what is called record month. During this month it is the aim of each department of the plant to produce more steel than it has any month previously. If they are successful, a broom is nailed to the roof of their mill. It is considered quite an honor to have the insignia of records broken swinging from the mill top, and the men put forth their best efforts to beat the other mills. It gives the company prestige and raises the daily average that it expects from each mill thereafter. But as the men feel that the broom on their mill compensates them for a month of working harder at jobs that during any month are more strenuous than any other kind of labor, every one concerned feels that record months are fine occasions. It is a special month: speeches are made by the superintendents, cigars passed out, and the month officially inaugurated by a tonnage sheet in the form of a large thermometer placed in a conspicuous place in the mill yard. Black marks on the thermometer indicate the tonnage of previous record months of each mill and the red paint shows the progress made during the current one.

Toward the end of the month, especially if it is likely a new record will be established, the men work in a fever of excitement. Usually there is betting

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between men of various mills as each man feels his mill is the best one in the company.

Dave Moyer had held the open-hearth record for three years. He was quite proud of his ability to turn out more steel than any other melter-foreman, so when the reports came that the Aurora plant was making improvements on its furnaces and was out after the record, it worried him. He started repairing his furnaces, getting his stock yard in order, making sure there was a supply of coal, manganese, and limestone, and went around talking personally to each of his furnacemen. All of them swore they would do their best. Then Dave explained record month to Joe.

"Now listen, Joe," Dave told the giant Hunkie, "this is record month and I want you to show me how good you are. Keep those pits cleaned out, the slag-boxes changed, and the steel off the dinkey-tracks so that the furnaces can tap when they're ready and not have to wait on the goddam labor gang to wake up. In the next thirty days we're going to work harder than ever and try and make more steel than we ever have before. You *savvy* what I'm driving at? You *verstay,* dumkopf!"

"Ya damn right. Me *verstay* plenty," Joe answered. "You no worry nothing, Meester Dave. Me, Joe Zimich, he fix 'em up everything."

Dave Moyer and his gang didn't break the record, but it was no fault of Joe's that the broom was taken down and nailed to the roof of the Aurora plant. More things happened to Dave's open-hearth furnaces that month than ever before: Number Seven's roof fell in, the mixer was down for eight hours, the armature of the hot-metal crane burned out every three days, and Ed Anderson burned the bottom out of his furnace trying to get a high carbon heat out in less than eight hours. Things went to pieces in general and, although the men worked hard, when the end of the month came round the Aurora plant had passed the best tonnage mark that Dave's furnaces had ever made. Dave wouldn't have taken it so hard if the Aurora men hadn't been so hilarious over their victory. The next night they came over to parade up and down the streets carrying a large banner that had their own tonnage marked in large letters and others marked in smaller ones. It showed up badly for Dave. His mill was fourth on the list, nine hundred tons behind.

Dave didn't stop in at Mosely's barroom for days afterward, and in the mill he cursed any man that spoke to him.

There was not an unhappier man in the mill than Joe Zimich. He felt that he was personally responsible for Dave's defeat, due to one slag-box that had tumbled down in the pit, delaying a furnace for twenty minutes. For weeks afterward he went around with a worried look on his face, avoiding Dave as much as possible.

The mill settled back to its regular routine with record month forgotten. But Joe Zimich did not forget. He waited patiently until the next year. A week before another record month was started, he went to Dave.

"Listen, Meester Dave," he said, "I'm sorry lak hell dat you no be best foremans for open hearth last year. Dis time, I gone to show you something. I fix 'em up dis time, ya damn right."

The look on his face was one of deep sincerity; Dave laughed and clapped him on the back.

"That's all right, Joe. It wasn't your fault and I know you'll do all you can. We catch 'em new broom dis time for sure, eh, Joe?"

"Ya damn right, Meester Dave," answered Joe with a grin, pleased that he was again in favor with his friend the

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boss. "We show dem something, you and me, hey?"

Joe went happily back to his pits; Dave to oversee the new doors being put on the furnaces in preparation for the test ahead of him.

The night before record month officially opened, Dave gathered all the furnacemen on his turn in Mosely's barroom. After they had been treated to several rounds of beer, Dave jumped to the bar and faced them:

"Well, boys, another record month starts to-morrow. Now for Christ's sake let's make some steel. Last year was enough to take the guts out of the best man that ever lived: furnaces caving in, bottoms burning out, and that goddam mixer breaking down. And listen, Ed, you let me catch you trying to tap out a high carbon in less than six hours like you did last year and I'll toss you in a ladle. We're going to have that broom back if we have to dip the steel out of the furnaces with our dinner-buckets. I got an arrangement with Mosely's here where every man on my turn is entitled to five beers a day and I'll have one eye closed if you want to sneak out to get them during working hours. The main thing is steel. I want to see that Aurora gang made into a bunch of white-collar stiffs and I'm depending on you men to do it. That's all."

Joe Zimich cheered more loudly and drank more beer than any of the others.

III

It was a month of work, eat, and sleep. In the excitement of making a record, tired backs and aching muscles were forgotten. For twelve hours, without rest, furnacemen stood before white-hot furnaces shovelling dolomite, ore, and scrap; cindermen ran from one furnace to another making bottom or pushing a stubborn heat through the tapping hole; labor-gang workers ate their lunches from one hand while with the other they pried away "chestnuts" or chained up slag-boxes. And above the whirr of hoisting ladles and the clatter of charging machines Dave Moyer's voice rose—pleading, cursing, commanding.

Joe Zimich labored like a man driven by machinery. He never seemed to tire. He was in the pits one minute, placing blocks for a ladle to rest upon; on the floor the next, throwing fifty-pound sacks of coal in a ladle and giving a hand to the furnacemen with boxes of ore. Stripped to the waist, a look of joy on his face, his muscles standing out like cables, he was every place strength was needed. For two nights, when the slag-boxes were late in coming back from the scrap yard, he stayed in the mill, sleeping a few hours on the floor of the labor shanty so that he could have the pits cleaned out when Moyer's gang came to work on the day turn.

In the steel district, they still talk of that month. Dave Moyer and his gang made a record for sixteen open-hearth furnaces that has never been equalled. With luck with them from the start, he tapped, recharged, and tapped his furnaces with a regularity that sent the red mark on the tonnage thermometer higher and higher. Open-hearth steel is ordered by carbon content, and each heat, one filling of the furnace, is made to specifications. When a heat is ready to be tapped, a test is taken and sent to the chemical laboratory. In a half-hour an analysis can be had. Dave took the test as a matter of record, but by looking in the furnace judged the carbon content without an error of two points in any of the heats for the entire month, thus shaving a precious half-hour from the time schedule.

Five days before the month was over, their own records of previous years and the record of the Aurora plant had been

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passed. The general superintendent promised Dave Moyer a dinner for him and his gang if they kept up the daily average for five days longer. Dave laughed in his face and told Mosely to give the men ten beers if they wanted them.

And five days before the record month was over, a slag-box fell on Joe Zimich.

Joe's eyes must have been blinded by constant gazing into molten metal or he would have seen the chains of the crane were worn thin. He had run down to Number Twelve pit and yelled for the crane. The craneman lowered away and waited as usual for the signal to hoist. When it came he gave the lever a full pull toward him. Everything would be all right, he thought, for Joe Zimich was in the pits. The box came off the floor with a lurch, Joe pushing it clear of the melting-floor. When the box was twenty feet in the air, one of the chains snapped. The box fell sideways, hanging on the other chain. Dave Moyer, on the joining platform, saw what happened, and yelled. Joe Zimich ran directly beneath the slag-box, holding up his arms as if to hold back the mass of slag that soon must fall. The other chain parted as the crane came to a stop. The box fell, striking Joe down into the pit and tumbling down upon him.

Dave Moyer worked like an insane man getting the box off Joe and helped carry him to the mill hospital, unconscious.

They put Joe on the table and waited for Doctor Greenwood, who was hurrying to the mill. Dave sat by the table holding Joe's hand.

After a brief examination, Doctor Greenwood told Dave sadly:

"You might as well go back to work, Dave. There's not a chance of his pulling through. Every bone in his chest is crushed. He may not even regain consciousness."

"Ain't there nothing you can do, Doc?" Dave asked. "You see, Joe is a friend of mine, he's the best Hunkie that ever lived, and I sort of feel that in a way it's my fault that this happened."

"No, Dave, there's nothing any one can do."

"Well, there ain't any furnaces tapping for a half-hour yet, and although I ought to be over in the open hearth in case anything goes wrong, I guess I'll stick around here for a while. That is, if you don't mind."

"That's all right, Dave. Stay here if you want to," answered Doctor Greenwood, going out and closing the door behind him.

For over an hour Dave sat at the side of the bed holding onto Joe's hand. Joe's eyes finally fluttered open.

"How you feeling, Joe?" Dave asked.

A feeble grin came to Joe's face.

"How's it, Meester Dave? I feel little bit tired now, dis time. I tink maybe I go to sleep for half-hour and den I be all right. I got 'em all pits cleaned out and everything O. K. until Number Six tap 'em out. You wake 'em up when she tap, eh, boss?"

"Sure, Joe. You go to sleep. I'll wake you up when Number Six is ready."

"By God! you and me show dem bastards in Aurora something, ya damn right. We catch new broom our mill dis year, ya betcha."

Joe mumbled something else and his eyes closed slowly.

Dave Moyer went out of the hospital and back to the open hearth to tap Number Six.

A new broom is atop Dave's open hearth. Dave and Old Man Dorsey are friends again. Since Joe Zimich died, Dave has let Old Man Dorsey send him men when men are needed.

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Diving for Abalones

By ANTHONY AUTUMN

An unusual adventure off the California coast. A selection in the $1,500 Prize Contest

THE Jap crew of the *Kyoto* seemed considerably amused at my wanting to dive for abalones. They kept up a running fire of chatter among themselves in their own language. What they said must have been funny, judging by their wide grins and occasional giggles.

The undertaking had seemed more or less pleasant to me, too, at first. That was when we had left the dock at Monterey. Now we were forty miles south in the Big Sur country. Frowning granite cliffs rose sheer from the sea. White breakers lapped greedily at their feet, while behind them towered dun-colored fields and hills. Back there somewhere were a tortuous road and a convict camp or two. Also an occasional ranch house. But these were miles away. Nothing in view but the sullen rocks, the bare fields, the curling seas, and a boatload of grinning Japs.

Later I was to dive many times in this wild spot, but this was my first experience. Familiarity would breed confidence, but never contempt. For if Death ever lay in wait for unwary man it was in these churning depths. A slip, a single misstep, a least slacking of the diver's eternal vigilance, and the hungry sea would pounce joyfully on another victim. Yet men earned their livelihood beneath these racing waves. . . .

Perhaps if the expert Jap diver had gone down first I wouldn't have minded so much. But to step overboard into water that might be bottomless so far as I knew took considerable doing. I suddenly remembered the stories I had heard; stories of savage wolf-eels that attacked the air hose and severed it with their knife-like teeth, of the dreaded *Umi Hebi* of the Japs, of giant octopi, and of face plates smashed against the rocks.

I looked again at the circle of grinning faces. This was California and the twentieth century, but I had to think twice to make the fact seem real. The scene suggested rather some desolate cove on the rocky shores of mediæval Japan.

The crew were a villainous-looking lot, undersized to a man, slim, cat-like in their quickness on their feet, yet with deep chests and huge shoulder muscles. Their faces were gnarled and pitted from fighting wind and sea. They grinned, but behind the grin was the perpetual scowl of the man who battles the elements nine out of ten of his waking hours.

Behind the *Kyoto* trailed eight other boats, each with a crew of five, including the captain-diver. All were Japs and all were grinning. Forty flat, dark faces, illumined only by the dull glitter of gold fillings in large uneven teeth.

This was the abalone fleet, engaged in what is probably the most romantic method man has devised for wresting his food from the sea. Shrimp and lobsters are taken in traps, oysters are dredged, clams are dug on mud flats at low tide, crabs are swept up in drag nets,

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even the lowly sea-urchin is detached from his rocky nest with a long pole and a bent wire. The abalone defies man's nets and traps and challenges him to hand-to-hand encounter at the bottom of the sea. In this it ranks with the sponge and the pearl oyster.

The abalone is strickly a native Californian, a saucer-shaped mollusk nearly a foot in length and more than half as wide. It is greatly prized for the delicate flavor of its meat and for the iridescent beauty of the mother-of-pearl lining of its shell, from which jewelry is made, and in which blister pearls are found. Its body mainly consists of a large muscle, or foot, with which it clings to rocks on the sea bottom with such tremendous strength that it can only be removed by prying with iron bars. This muscle is the edible part, snow white and tough as eucalyptus root. To prepare for cooking, it must be sliced thin and beaten with wooden mallets. Fried in butter it has the taste of Eastern scallops, and properly beaten it is as tender as filet of sole.

This description is necessary because outside of the State of California the abalone is unknown. Found in commercial quantities only along the granite cliffs that stretch for more than one hundred miles south from Monterey Bay to San Luis Obispo, drastic steps were taken long ago to reserve it for California palates alone. Not only is it unlawful to ship the meat out of the State, but the law also extends to include the shells, save in the form of manufactured jewelry.

There are three kinds of abalones: black, red, and green. The red are the largest and are the kind gathered commercially. They are found all the way from just below high-tide mark to a depth of one hundred feet. There are quantities of them in ten to twenty feet of water, but the law has reserved these for the casual fisherman who likes to poke about the rocks at low tide. Commercial fishing must be done at a depth greater than thirty feet.

This requires full diving equipment: copper helmet, rubber suit, air pump, lead shoes, and all the rest. It was tried dubiously at first. Inexperienced divers went down among jagged rocks in a sea that is almost constantly rough along this coast. There were many accidents and a few deaths. Austrians, Italians, French and Portuguese from the sardine fleet tried it out along with the Japs. Only the Japs survived; only the Japs had the courage, the stamina, and held life cheaply enough to risk it day after day and week after week in the most hazardous of all fishing occupations.

To-day abalone fishing in California is a Japanese industry. And it is a *real* industry. A good abalone boat—fifty feet long, twelve foot beam, and a forty-horsepower motor—together with diving tender and equipment represents an investment of eight or nine thousand dollars. There are a dozen such boats in the fleet although they are seldom all used at once.

Each trip to the fishing grounds requires four days, of which two are spent in diving. During this time the men live on their boats. In good weather a diver stays down four or five hours at a time. He receives two shares of the proceeds of the trip and is usually the captain and principal owner of the vessel. The balance of the crew receive one share each.

And this share is not inconsiderable. The standard price for abalones delivered at the wharf is two dollars per dozen. It is not unusual for each boat to bring in from two hundred and fifty to three hundred dozen on each four-day trip. The industry being entirely in the control of the Japanese, there is no chance for price fluctuation as there is in other branches of commercial fishing.

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The Japs set their own price—no pay, no abalones.

Sometimes twenty thousand abalones are brought to the wharf at Monterey in a single day. Then the trimming sheds are a hive of activity. Hundreds of Japanese women work for hours at shining white tables paring off the coarse outer hide of the meat like the skin of an apple. Slicing machines prepare it for the pounding tables where men with wooden mallets make the air resound with their vigorous hammering. Monterey wharf, when the abalone boats are in, sounds like a wooden bridge over which wild horses gallop endlessly.

I turned my back on the grinning Japs. A killer whale shoved his lance-like dorsal through the surface a hundred yards away and blew a cloud of steam with a sound half puff, half sigh.

I almost backed out, but Taki the diver was holding the helmet and grinning broadly. Taki had been down a thousand times. True, his hands were deeply scarred with the teeth marks of morays and he had missed death by inches more than once. Yet I could not let him bluff me. A Jap? Hell, a white man could go anywhere an Asiatic could. I nodded, and the helmet was slipped over my head and turned into place.

I was already standing on the short iron diving ladder that hung on the side of the *Kyoto's* tender. My feet felt huge and unwieldy in my leaden shoes. My waist sagged under a weighted belt, and my helmet with its air hose and life-line was an uncomfortable burden on my shoulders. Behind me about ten yards, and between the boat and the cliff, was a floating block of wood some four feet long and a foot thick. One end was painted white and on each of the four surfaces the letter "K" had been burned into the wood. Taki's parting instructions were to walk toward the anchored end of this buoy. If I had known Taki better——

My final bit of equipment was a net bag which was attached to my belt by a snap fastener. This bag was about three feet long and two feet across the top when opened. It had drawstrings which would close the top like a purse. Two ropes were hitched to an iron ring on the bag. A man stood at a tub on the deck of the tender and paid out these ropes as I descended.

Once in the water the weights at my waist and shoulders were neutralized. My first impulse as the sea closed above my head was to hold my breath. I could feel the chill of the water through my suit like a man wading in a cold stream in rubber boots. The water was clouded with yellowish atoms and I had to feel for the bottom rung of the ladder with my feet.

For just a moment I hesitated. My breathing had adjusted itself. I could hear the wheezing monotone of the pump distinctly. How far was it from the bottom of the ladder to the floor of the sea? Probably not more than fifty feet. But there were deep holes along this coast that were marked mighty uncertainly on the chart. Yet the *Kyoto* had a buoy here. The Japs must know what they are doing.

I tried to see the bottom. The water was too murky. I looked up at air lines and ropes. Everything clear. I twitched the life-line twice. An answering twitch. I pushed myself outward from the ladder and dropped.

It was like going down in an elevator. A long streamer of kelp slipped past. There were two small fish under one of the brown leaves. They goggled at me curiously but did not swim away. More kelp leaned gracefully. Bubbles streaked upward in front of my face plate. Then my feet hit bottom.

I was standing on a sloping ledge of

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rock. The water was yellow with silt but I found I could see several yards in every direction. The ledge was pitted with smooth round holes and in each hole was a sea-urchin. Their long purple spines rotated continuously, giving proof to the adage that drops of water will wear away a stone. Fragile though they are, these creatures can eat their way into the hardest rock.

Cautiously I moved down off the ledge to a bottom strewn with growth-encrusted boulders. And here I was in a fairyland that took my breath away. Color was everywhere. Vivid green eel grass, like the matted and tangled hair of brown mermaids, streamed above clumps of maroon seaweed from which comes the jelly, agar-agar, so greatly prized by Orientals. Bright orange daubs of sponge growth splashed the rocks. Red, yellow, and purple starfish, some of them mottled with all the colors of the rainbow, dotted the uneven floor like wild flowers in a field. Snow-white coral, in gleaming skeleton shapes, formed a delicate background for the purple and rose petals of the treacherous sea-anemone.

But I was there for business, and not to behold the beauties of nature. There were abalones among those rocks and lots of them. They appeared as rough excrescences on the boulders themselves. Most of them were thickly grown with red moss or the chalky wigwams of barnacles. Invariably their ten-inch shells would be raised a trifle from the rock as the creatures fed.

From a loop at my belt I took a strong metal bar. It looked like a two-foot tire iron with one end let into a wooden handle; in fact, it probably had been such an instrument, or at least a section of automobile spring. It had a slight bow to it that made prying easier.

I had taken many abalones off the rocks in shallow water along shore so I was not at a loss what to do now. One end of the iron had been ground to a sharp edge. This I slipped between the rock and the slightly raised shell of the nearest abalone. A quick thrust and pry and the sea animal dropped at my feet. I pulled the net bag forward and popped him inside.

Not all the shells came off as easily as that. If I happened to be a bit slow or clumsy the abalone clamped itself to the rock and held on with tremendous strength. So tight was this grip that often I had to pull the iron out as best I could and let the abalone remain. To try and force him off would have meant a broken shell and the California State law is very positive in its assertion that abalones must be brought ashore whole and in their shells. This is for the purpose of measurement, as none may be taken less than eight inches in their greatest diameter.

Gradually I worked toward the buoy. I could make out the slender manila rope only a few yards away. But I paid little attention to it; my surroundings were too interesting.

All sorts of ocean creatures met my gaze wherever I looked. Fish darted from under the rocks at my approach. I almost stepped on a nest of brown sea-cucumbers, part animal and part flower. Sea slugs, the largest snails in the world, a foot long and four inches high, waved their black horns and defied me. Small gray eels slipped among the crevices, and a pale squid shot out of a hole and sought shelter behind a branch of silver fan coral.

My bag was filling rapidly. I worked nearer to the rope that marked the buoy. Soon I could touch it. I reached out my hand and pulled down on the rope wondering if the Japs would catch the bobbing of the marker. I looked down to see what it was anchored to—and my heart almost stopped.

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I had expected a rock or a metal anchor. What I saw was a slatted box about four feet long by three high. There was a hole in the end of the box and from this hole protruded a long brown arm. The arm was some two inches thick where it emerged from the box, and tapered off into the fineness of a whip lash. The lash was waving gently to and fro in the water and even as I looked it snapped out with surprising speed and curled around my ankle.

I know it was an overwrought imagination, but the sucking disks on that brown arm seemed to burn themselves into my flesh. My leg began to move toward the box as if caught in the grip of some irresistible force. Instantly the spaces between the slats fairly sprouted tentacles.

With a cry that echoed weirdly inside the helmet I threw myself backward. My foot tore out of the terrible grip and I fell headlong among the rocks. Shakily I picked myself up and looked back at the box, expecting to see the creature hot after me.

His arms still protruded from between the slats, waving futilely. But he could not follow. He was trapped in that wooden box. That had been the meaning of the buoy. And also of the Jap grins and giggles. They had known their devilfish trap had caught its prey. They had deliberately sent me down on top of it. This was their idea of humor. I swore and tried to quiet my beating heart by holding my hands over it.

But fate was not yet done with me. The Japs had had their fun and now Old Neptune was about to carry on where they had left off.

I saw it coming between the streamers of kelp—a long black shape that slid as gracefully through the water as a youngster coasting down an icy hill. A snarling whiskered face and a body that would weigh a quarter of a ton. I stood perfectly still, hoping I would not be seen, but it was no use. The creature was coming straight toward me.

It was only a sea-lion. One of those clumsy brutes you can see any pleasant day sunning themselves on the rocks along the Pacific Coast. But meeting one on land and in the water are two quite different things. Here it was on its own element, and I had heard many thrilling stories of the nasty things a sea-lion can do to a diver. Usually it can be frightened off, but a bad one is more feared than a shark.

I had no weapon. The abalone iron would be useless against this charging mass of fat and tough hide. However, I swung it wildly and yelled until I nearly deafened myself, forgetting that my voice would make very little sound outside the helmet.

The sea-lion didn't even waver. I slashed at his face and tried to dodge. He hit me in the chest and I went over backwards.

Then several things happened with tremendous speed. The first of these was an inrush of Pacific Ocean through a hole the lion had torn in the front of the diving suit. I never had water hit me so fast or so cold before. The second was the sudden tightening of a band about my chest. My bare hand slipped down between the slats of a box and touched something cold and clammy. I had fallen on the devilfish trap!

With a scream I tore my fingers into the slimy mass for all I was worth. My other hand clutched at the leather arm that crushed my chest. I tried to gouge and choke the thing in the box, knowing all the time that I was drowning.

Then came a whirling chaos. Water rushed in my ears. The ocean floor swept by and bruised my legs and arms. I clung tighter to the box. A cold tentacle flickered in through the hole in my suit and stole icily over my bare face.

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That must have been when I passed out. When I came to I was lying on the deck of the tender. My helmet was off and the deck was dripping with water. Life-line and hose of the helmet were tangled with the rope of the octopus trap. Helmet and trap stood on the deck side by side. It was quite evident that the devilfish and I had come aboard together.

A row of Japs squatted facing me in a semicircle. They were chewing the tips of devilfish tentacles with apparent relish. They grinned when I opened my eyes. I sat up and tried to climb to my feet. Taki broke into a chuckle.

"It's what you say, 'nitiation,'" he said, waving his hand at the trap. "You pay twenty-fi' dolla, please, for fix suit."

There was only one answer to that. I was too weak to poke him in the jaw, so I fainted.

But Taki and I are still good friends. We measured the octopus—fourteen feet from tip to tip—and came to a compromise; he fixed the suit and I agreed to keep my good right fist in my pocket.

A Plumb Clare Conscience

By MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS

A moonshiner and a federal agent play hide-and-seek in a Florida swamp

'Shiner Tim was missing.

He had left his cabin in the piney woods, without food, without money, without a gun, and he had not returned.

Fifteen years of 'shining have scraped his Cracker ribs through tight places. Revenue agents have found and destroyed his still time and again. But a few hours after, he is usually home, personally undamaged, ready to set another mash when the horizon shall be clear of the federal storm. This he attributes to his far ancestry of Carolina Irish. He is "mostly Irish," he says.

"Like a bird-dog. Times, he's brown and white; times, he's black and white, or mixed-like; times, he's got a leetle collie in him, or a leetle hound. But that's what he is, mostly bird-dog."

He has clung zestfully to his 'shining. It is his destiny to make low-bush corn liquor. His removal, by death or incarceration, would be a loss to the county, for his liquor is as sound as the best Kentucky Bourbon. It is made of pure running branch water, corn, and cane-sugar. He has a fierce contempt for 'shiners who cut the mash with lye, color the liquor with tobacco-juice, or hurry the fermentation with stable manure. Ocklawaha River 'shine ranks next after Tim's, but it is vitriol in comparison.

During the forty-eight hours of his disappearance it seemed that he must have made his last run. He was trap-

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ped in the swamp. His new partner, a Georgia boy, showed up at the cabin at the end of the first twenty-four hours to report the catastrophe to Tim's wife. They had mixed the mash by moonlight the previous night, and had been trailed to the still early that morning. Two agents had taken them by surprise, had smashed the still and seized Tim's battered old car. The Georgia boy escaped. Tim was hemmed in.

"Cooter" in person must have been tipped off to the still's location. The federal agent has the long, leathery brown neck, the beaked nose, and glittering pop-eyes of that variety of turtle, and it was only logical that the Florida 'shiners should give him its name. "Cooter" surely, said the Georgian, had shot Tim, if he did not soon bring him in.

The morning of the second day Tim had not been brought in. He must therefore be lying in the swamp, dead or mortally wounded. He could not be there alive, voluntarily. We drove over to his cabin. Tim's wife was there, the Georgia boy, and two Cracker friends who, like us, had received word of his plight. The Georgian described the lay of the country where Tim was caught.

The still, against Tim's better judgment, was located in black-jack. Black-jack, for Florida, is open country. Scraggly black-jack oaks, an inch or two in thickness, are scattered loosely. The sandy soil is spotted with scrub palmettos, sweet myrtle, and low-bush huckleberries. The still lay here, in a thicket. The land sloped down to a leaf-brown branch which widened into something of a pond. Beyond the branch was a loathsome stretch of marsh, mucky of water, a-stink with decaying lily-pads, swarming with frogs, mosquitoes, and moccasins. Next came a fringe of impenetrably dense palmetto scrub, and then the lush jungle of virgin hammock.

Proximity to running water is the first requisite for 'shining, but the need of good cover runs it a close second. It was in hammock that Tim was most at home and there he would have preferred to locate the still. He had yielded to his partner's dislike of crossing the swamp to get to water. The Georgian admitted they had been on the right side for comfort but the wrong for safety. He had last seen Tim at the edge of the swamp, about to cross, with Cooter close on his heels and Cooter's henchman heading him off from the safe refuge of the hammock.

"He's shore drownded or shot, one," the boy lamented.

Tim's wife said: "Give him 'til late evenin' afore you raises up a fuss, lookin' fer him."

At two o'clock in the afternoon Tim walked in.

He was scarcely recognizable. His face and hands were swollen out of shape. The Mongolian cast of his heavy-lidded eyes was accentuated, and he looked like a puffy scarlet Chinaman. He was soaked with sweat from his long walk. The front of his blue shirt and blue pin-check pants was stained with dark muck.

"Hi-yah!" he said and went to the water-bucket.

He drained the gourd dipper several times. He looked at the last empty bottom.

"I drinkt more water then," he remarked, "then I've drinkt ary week."

He picked up a slab of corn bread and a piece of white bacon from the remains on the table and sat down in a cowhide-bottomed chair by the clay fireplace. He looked around with interest to see who was present. He ignored all questions and remarks as he ate, concentratedly but without greed. When he had finished he opened the snuff-box on the pine mantel and rolled a gen-

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erous pinch inside his lips. He leaned forward, his hands on his knees. The two Cracker friends hitched closer and spat in the fireplace.

Tim nodded at us severally.

"I orter allus let my conscience be my guide," he announced solemnly.

The Georgia boy fidgeted, scuffling his feet on the deerskin rug.

"Didn't I say I was oneasy, yistiddy mornin' afore we sets out fer the still?"

The boy nodded.

"Thet was my conscience a-tellin' me to lay low!

"We'd done set the mash thet night and gone back to git us a piece o' sleep," he explained for the general benefit. "When I waked up at crack o' day I felt kind o' froggy. Not scairt, jest froggy. And I says to myself, iffen I still feels thet-a-way when we gits there, I ain't goin' to turn into no still.

"My conscience had tole me 'twa'n't no place fer a still. No trees around the water, jest a plumb naked pond." He frowned sternly at his partner. "I've had me a ground-hog still like thet one, in open country, but I've had me some watchment."

"I should of give in to you," agreed the Georgia boy. "I thought you was kilt daid. Last time I seed you, you was shore surrounded. What the devil did you do with Cooter?"

Tim pondered. Then he slapped his knees and broke into cat-sneezes of laughter.

"Well, I cain't say I've outrunned Cooter. I cain't exactly say I've outsmarted him. But I shore kin say I've done outwaited him!"

"Tim!" said his wife. "Where at?"

He ignored her and addressed the boy.

"Remember jest afore we turns in to the dirt road yistiddy mornin'? A car passes us, a Chivvolay? A couple o' quare-lookin' sap-suckers in it?"

"I shore remember thet thing."

"And recolleck, I says my conscience done tole me to keep right on a-goin'? Well, I shore orter allus foller my conscience. That was Cooter hisself, a-trackin' us. And we pottered around a piece, and was fixin' to take out, when we heerd a pistol shoot? Well, right then we'd orter done been gone!

"But we stops to look, like dogged cur'us deer—and into the black-jack comes the Chivvolay. And I says to you, 'Yonder's them scoundrels now!' "

The Georgian shivered. Tim jerked a thumb in his direction.

"He's a noble-timid boy," he remarked to the rest of us. "So I tells him, 'You walk down to the branch and squat. I'll see kin I mislead 'em into the hammock.' "

"But when I sees one o' them fellers nosin' along behind me," interrupted the Georgian, "I lights out fer the hard road and I'm long gone. I looks back and sees you headed fer the swamp."

Tim nodded.

"I seed you had a fair chanct," he said, "so I thew over the ole barrel thumper, and the whole works took after me.

"Well," he chuckled, "hit's a pore set o' heels cain't save a scairt body. I reckon I could outrun ary one o' them rascals myself, jest runnin'. Me and Cooter done some runnin', too.

"And while we was runnin', I had about half a mile to study in. We was crowdin' on toward the swamp, not makin' as much time as we was at first, when I looks back and notices hit's jest only Cooter after me. The other of them catbirds, the one thet took after you, had done cut in the short way from the side, like, and was makin' the hammock ahead o' me.

"We splashed thu the swamp and hit the palmeeters.

"If I'd had thirty more yards, I'd done been safe in the hammock. I'd done been

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in the clare. I'd been home yistiddy fer a hot dinner."

He nodded to his wife.

"But I couldn't make the hammock."

He lipped snuff again and lowered his voice confidentially.

"So I plays the rabbit on them. I jumps into the palmeeters. I gits down hog-style and crawls off. I plumb snaked into those palmeeter clumps and takes me a palmeeter root fer a pillow.

"That was yistiddy mornin'," he said, "and I ain't so much as moved my jawbones until this mornin'."

The Georgian puzzled. "Cain't them fellers foller ary track?" he asked.

"Cooter's a prime bloodhound." Tim winked broadly. "But I was hittin' the ground too fur apart!

"Well," he went on, "they was shore I hadn't made the hammock without they'd of seed me. So they beats around and tracks here and yonder, and pokes in the palmeeters, scairt as chickens they'd fall on snakeses, and they sits down to wait fer me.

"I says to myself, 'I hope you scoundrels does squat there.'

"I could hear them talkin' plain as this room. Cooter says: 'I know thet feller in the blue pants squatted in here in the palmeeters, but say, thet son of a bitch in the striped shirt that runned to the hard road, he didn't even go around the stumps, he jest tossed over 'em!'

"We was jest out of the swamp, like, and I was all buried up in the mud. Hit shore was cold, wet muck, black as a nigger's gizzard. When the sun gits high and beats down thu those palmeeter fans, one side o' me was a-freezin' and the other was a-burnin' up.

"Along toward noon I was so half froze and half scorched I thinks I've been there long enough. And then I studies, and I says, 'Hit'll be a heap longer thirty days in the county jail.' So I settles down to enjoy myself. There's times a palmeeter root's shore a soft pillow. If my wife was to put me a thing like thet in the bed, I'd shore chunk it at her, but me and thet palmeeter root got real fondlike.

"The antses got to me and got a-stingin', but Cooter must a plumb set in some, fer I heerd him a-slappin' and a-cussin'. I begins to get thirsty and my tongue shore swole up when the other catbird goes back to the Chivvolay and brings 'em a jar o' water. But I thinks: 'Let 'em drink.'

"Cooter sends his man back to smash up the still, but he done a mighty sorry job. I can git it together again in no great whiles.

"Then I hears 'em crank up the Chivvolay and my ole flivver and go off. I studies some and I figgers they mought not o' gone no further than the hard road, a trap, like. So I lays quiet a piece longer.

" 'Long in the evenin' 'bout three o'clock I could smell my shirt smokin' in the heat. I heerd the mosquitoes makin' thet fuss they makes when they's so full o' blood they cain't fly. I says to 'em, 'Git yer rations, you scoundrels. I'll git mine to-morrer.' I don't even slap 'em. You kin hear a feller slappin'.

"I thought of liftin' my head to look. But I've done turkey-hunted. You know, when you're sittin' quiet, waitin' fer a gobbler to fly in? And a squirrel comes down a tree and comes on you suddenlike? Thet squirrel is goin' to run up and chatter. And over yonder in the black-jack I heerd a squirrel run up and chatter. So I knowed Cooter was there right on.

" 'Long about good-dark he starts hisself a skeeter smudge and I could smell hit a-smokin'. I says: 'Well, you rascal, hit's a question who fust gits a bait o' waitin', you or me, one.' The mosquitoes was crowdin' so on me they was fightin'

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fer standin'-room. A big ole moccasin slides by so clost I could o' spit on him, but I figgers 'twa'n't no use to budge. I could smell rattlesnake musk along in the night. Lyin' there in the dark, dogged iffen hit didn't make me kind o' faintified. I says: 'Go give Cooter a smell of you.' "

Tim chuckled deeply.

"I don't reckon Cooter nor me would study none on spendin' another day and another night in jest thet pertickler fashion. But anyways, I shore outwaited him.

"Come crack o' day, the other feller comes back. They comes to the edge o' the palmeeters.

" 'They ain't nary mortal in there,' says the other.

" 'I reckon not,' says Cooter. 'If they is, hit ain't no human being. Hit's half rabbit or half snake or half wildcat, but hit ain't human.'

"And then they goes off. I mean, they's good gone."

Tim yawned sleepily.

"Well, hit serves me dogged right," he admitted. "I shore knowed better. It proves I orter allus let my conscience be my guide."

"I mean!" agreed the Georgia boy. "You kin put thet ole still on top of a alligator and I ain't got ary word to say. How soon kin we fix to git to work again?"

"To-morrer. Them scoundrels done the carelessest smashin'."

"Reckon they'll be traipsin' back again?"

Tim shook his head.

"No. We ain't in ary danger a whiles yet. Cooter'll be crowdin' on to Marion County. I reckon——"

He arose and stretched.

"I reckon fer about thirty days I'd orter have a plumb clare conscience."

Let the Pulse Speak

By Louis Untermeyer

Let the pulse speak what never can be spoken.
  Let the hand shape its lingering syllables.
Baffled, broken,
  We would be healed with this and nothing else.

Delay the lip's quick argument, the violent
  Triumph in the persuasion of the blood;
Suspended, silent,
  As the first tentative wave calls up the flood.

Then let peace make the final pattern, keeping
  No print, no image that the blood designed;
But sweeping . . . sweeping . . . sweeping
  Light on the dark mosaics of the mind.

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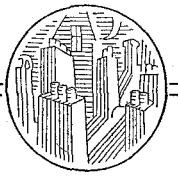

The Five-Year Plan—A Menace to Whom?

By ISAAC DON LEVINE

The Bolshevist dictatorship, instead of being ahead of the times, is four generations behind them, declares the author of "Stalin." Its philosophy is that of the rebellious weavers of Manchester at the beginning of the industrial era. Its menacing possibilities depend upon several factors which Mr. Levine examines in this article.

THE Five-Year Plan, in its simplest definition, is a means of attaining the millennium with the aid of the machine. Lenin, the leader of a backward peasant country in revolution, beheld the marvellous machine and hastened to adopt it as the savior of society. In the environment of Russia the machine acquired almost divine powers in the eyes of the masses. It opened the high road to abundance, universal prosperity, and happiness. How was one to convert a primitive agricultural population into a modern industrial nation? How was poverty to be replaced by wealth? How was a new world to be evolved from one in a primeval state? By means of the machine, of course! Let one million machines be installed, let one hundred million mechanical horse-power be called into being, and they will yield magic crops of goods, they will shower blessings upon famine-ridden humanity. A grand vision, calculated to capture the hearts of any populace; a vision as blinding as that of Moses, Christ, and Mohammed; a vision sufficient to imbue a large block of mankind with a new religious frenzy, but how does one transform it into reality? What are the precise methods of accomplishing the various synonyms of the Five-Year Plan, such as electrification, tractorization, mechanization, industrialization?

The ingredients needed for the magical transformation of society would inevitably be as simple as the conception itself. Given a monolithic state power, modern machinery, a supply of labor, a source of capital, a certain output of trained technicians—and you have all the elements for the creation of a new and happy industrial society. Such is the rudimentary theory of the Five-Year Plan. Government, it is held, is effective only when it is a dictatorship, when it is single-tracked, when it avowedly represents a particular class. Government is then divorced from human failings, it is purged of politics, of jealousies, of rivalries. A dictatorship is the perfect instrument for the rebuilding of the world.

As to the machine, it is a complete and sharp weapon, a definite fortress. It stands in social science for the means of production. All that is required is to capture it, to harness it to the right arm.

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The machine can be controlled, can be operated without regard to location, to environment, to age, so long as the operating hands are there. Labor is a well-defined article. Labor has to be told that it has the power, it has to be fed, sheltered, provided with entertainment, and, above all, organized. Capital is a well-known quantity. Capital is independent of labor. Capital is not wealth, but money. Its value is commensurate to its size. Produce tons of gold, mine carloads of diamonds, and you have capital. As to technical knowledge, it is nothing but the engineering profession. This profession is so far nothing but a by-product of capitalism, contaminated with its decayed culture. How does one master technical knowledge? Simply by impressing into service the engineering profession. The engineers must be terrorized, watched, strapped to the plants, and commanded to perform certain tasks for which they are indispensable.

Given all these elements, the economics of a new world order become a matter of forceful mechanical mixing and driving. Such is the chemistry of the Five-Year Plan. You throw all the ingredients into a melting-pot. You supervise the brew with a keen eye, you stir it every now and then with a mighty stick, and in time there will spring upon the scene a new society, a new civilization, lusty, fat, victorious.

Trotsky has illustrated this view of the Five-Year Plan in his description of one of its prime phases—the industrialization of agriculture—when he wrote: "From peasant nags and wooden plows, however combined, you cannot create large-scale farming any more than a combination of fishermen's rowboats can make a steamer. . . . The socialist reconstruction of farming we view as a matter of decades." This applies to the entire Bolshevist experiment in economics. You cannot create a new world with a dictatorial whip by importing American machinery, American engineers, by exporting below cost the capital resources of the country, such as grain and oil, that are badly needed at home. No life will spring into being under a dead hand, however rigorous its grip may be.

Dictatorship is essentially a primitive form of government. It was Stalin who proclaimed that the premises, the foundations of the Bolshevist revolution, are located in the dictatorship. Yet it is one of the earliest stages of the development of human society. Dictatorship is an outgrowth of and is adapted for backward countries and peoples. Its processes of thought and action are absurdly simple. It is a sledge hammer made by domestic means. Its application to modern civilization is like the application of a tool of the Stone Age to a finely constructed watch.

The Bolshevist dictatorship is steeped in the heritage of the antediluvian period of the machine age. Its philosophy is that of the school of thought which grew out of the Manchester textile factories of four generations ago. Its intellectual baggage is that of the rebellious weavers on the threshold of the industrial era. Its social doctrine has remained static for a century while the machine grew too fast for its newer significance to be fully analyzed and realized. The machine has brought in its train an infinite series of social values which call for new definitions, new appraisals. The Bolshevist dictatorship is oblivious of these; its mind is closed to any revision of views; the blade of its theoretical weapon is old and rusty.

The Bolsheviks are famous for their courage, their dauntlessness. "There is nothing we Bolsheviks cannot achieve," Stalin has declared, only paraphrasing what Lenin had said many times before. How fitting such words are on the lips of a dictatorship, and how primitive!

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All that is necessary is to have a concentrated political power imbued with super-confidence, impatient of any contrary opinion, inspired with zeal, infused with driving power. Such a force is sufficient, to be sure, to give a start to almost anything, even as a straining of the muscle will drive a ball high in the air or far toward the horizon. But planning presupposes not only an objective, not only a gun that is capable of reaching the objective, but also certain knowledge of higher mathematics. The dictatorship gave Russia an immense push with its Five-Year Plan, but where Russia has been pushed, where the projectile will land, where it will explode, is another matter.

For three years now the merchant vessels plying from the American shores to the Russian waters have been transporting precious cargoes of machinery. Emissaries from Moscow have been "studying" the marvels of Ford's empires, selecting the choicest and most expensive wares, and carrying them back home to the steppes along the Volga and the slopes of the Ural Mountains. Nothing was too modern, nothing was too good, for these backwoodsmen. That grand vision seemed to become a reality upon the inspection of a Detroit or Akron industrial giant by the Kremlin buyers. They would assemble the wonderful machinery, erect it in their pauperized land, and riches would flow automatically into the eager hands of the waiting hordes. They would seize the machine, they would hitch it to their political system and brawny arms, and they would be in possession of the golden calf. For the machine would function indefinitely, indefatigably, regardless of the number of shifts handling it, and a new calendar that gave it no day of rest. Labor seemed plentiful, machines were costly and relatively few.

But the modern machine is not to be identified with that of the days of the weavers. The modern machine lives off ten thousand hidden arteries which feed it in a manner beyond the conception of a Volga peasant or a Chinese coolie. It took a century of the most intensive cultural development, of the most bewildering social growth, to produce the "belt" or conveyor system, with its superhuman precision, its complicated and insatiable demands. The conveyor, as every expert knows, is the highest expression, the climax of the most complex civilization man has ever produced. Take that conveyor away from Michigan or Ohio, move it to the Amazon River, and it will balk. It will go on strike and upset all calculations. The modern machine is an organic growth, it belongs to its surroundings, like the soil on which it is planted. The machine has grown with the man in charge of it and the man has grown with the machine that he tends. A human being can drive another human being to incredible lengths. No one yet knows the endurance possibilities of man; endurance records are being broken from day to day. But a human being is powerless to drive a machine the way he drives himself or a fellow man. The modern machine knows how to rebel effectively and better than man does.

"Who said that mathematics is an exact science?" inquires a Soviet writer in the Moscow *Industrialization,* the official organ of the Five-Year Plan campaign, and proceeds to give a few homely examples of the rebellion of the machine: "It is nothing of the sort. For instance: The Kharkov Locomotive Works have turned out, let us say, one hundred, or two hundred, or even one thousand tractors; the administration of the factory then puts on its books that so many of their tractors are now plowing Soviet fields. Actually, however, at that moment collective farmers have

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gathered around one of these machines and sadly nod their heads, for the tractor refuses to move an inch; in fact, it appears rooted to the spot. The mechanic is crawling under the steel horse trying to find out the reason for the unexpected rest. So what is the use of the mathematics of the Kharkov Locomotive Works? The fact that it turned out one thousand tractors does not mean that the inventory of the country was increased by the same number.

"Here is another case: Rationing of the distribution of clothing has been started in Russia. Yet, can that be well administered, if Soviet clothing factories turn out trousers with legs of different sizes?

"Here is still another example: A normal man sits at a Bolshevik calculating machine and wants to find out, with the help of this machine, the sum of two items, 6 and 7. He gets 24. He is surprised; it is not necessary to graduate from an accounting school to realize the absurdity of this result. However, this is a calculating machine. . . . The man recollects that in childhood he was taught that addition can be checked by subtraction, so he goes through the reverse procedure: from 24 he subtracts 7 in the hope of getting proof that the previous addition was correct. The result is 22. The same happens in the case of multiplication. Three times seven is not 21 but 39. The last number cannot by any means be divided by 7, so how in the world can he check whether the result is the correct product of seven times three? He decides not to yield to a momentary doubt as to the reliability of precision mechanics and boldly puts down the figures resulting from the energetic swinging of the machine-handle, but the organizations which are supplied with these figures naturally are, to say the least, rather surprised.

"The Precision Mechanics Trust has quite a collection of such documents. Of a shipment of 105 calculating machines of 'Felix' make, sent to the 'International Book,' 51 were returned as defective, and of 20 'Soyuz' calculators the same organization sent back 11. The Leningrad office of that organization reported that of 37 machines sent to them, 17 were fit only for the junk pile. The buyers of calculating machines have become familiar with the intimate details of this production and no longer discard single calculating machines, but turn down the entire series, because they know that all machines in that series have certain defects."

Labor, too, has its defined as well as undefined laws. To old-fashioned capitalism labor was nothing but a commodity. Marxism was built on this. Yet Bolshevism in practice applies that very viewpoint toward labor. True, labor is proclaimed as the keystone of the future society. It is told again and again that the government functions for the ultimate good of the toilers. But labor has immediate interests as well as remote ones. It finds itself on the string of a ruling class, the objectives of which may be promising indeed, but the functions of which are like those of any other government. Consequently labor in Soviet Russia, all theory notwithstanding, finds itself treated as a commodity. One state organ, known as a certain trust or syndicate, makes a contract for wages and working hours with another state organ which happens to be known as a trade union. For the Soviet trade unions are admittedly "stateized." Workers are not permitted to strike, on the theory that they work for a workers' government. Labor is in effect a disciplined army. Every now and then there are mobilizations, every now and then labor contingents are shifted from one front to the other.

The Bolshevist dictatorship never an-

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ticipated a labor shortage when it launched its Five-Year Plan. Was there not an ample supply on hand? Did not the birthrate yield a natural population increase of three to four million annually? Yet to-day the labor question is confounding the dictatorial minds. Labor is human, and its control by a political oligarchy should presumably be far easier than that of the machine. But even humanity is inventive. Hence, the extreme fluidity of labor in the Soviet Union, the constant drifting of workers from one plant to another. Hence, the problem of the appalling labor "turnover" in the major industries where during a period of six months this mobility has been reaching 40 to 50 per cent. You can drive labor to the machine, you can lure the worker to the job, but you cannot make him produce according to your plans unless the surrounding conditions stimulate him to such production. Hence, the employment of five men where one German or American worker would do. Hence, the insufficiency of ten million industrial workers in a country which, with all its plants and projects, will stand no comparison with the industrial status of the State of Pennsylvania alone.

The machine will balk, but it cannot escape. Man will escape. Labor is after all an aggregation of human beings, and even a strong-arm dictatorship is not strong enough to cope successfully with the human urge to flee from the difficult present, to go in search for a better life elsewhere, to exchange the monotony of the conveyor for the familiar rhythm of the shovel and the axe, to strain against the yoke of statutes and commands, even if these be devised for the ultimate welfare of the victims themselves. Hence, the drastic measures promulgated by the Soviet Government for the stoppage of labor mobility, for the attachment of the worker to his lathe. Hence, punitive measures on the one hand and attempts at generosity in distributing food rations, on the other. But labor, especially Russian labor, fresh from the fields, just come from the plow and the horse, continues to play havoc with charts, blueprints, manifestoes and schedules. It takes an accumulated tradition of generations to produce a modern industrial worker, one in whose veins courses the rhythm of the machine. The muscle of the Russian peasant is like that of a dray-horse led into racing grounds and made to run alongside the finest thoroughbreds of the turf. No statistician, no Marxist planner, can calculate the pace of raw muscle under strain, and no dictatorship can budget such a rate of production.

The industrial worker of the West is a meat-eating being. The Russian workers live on soggy bread and cucumbers. The human energy introduced into the modern machine is largely beef energy. It is inconceivable that a population that had for centuries absorbed vodka, thrived on buttermilk and cottage cheese, could have the stamina, the endurance, to build and develop an intensive industrial civilization. Of course, the Russian worker would gladly turn to the consumption of beef. But he gets less of it to-day than two decades ago. The calories consumed by the average Russian are sufficient for one who drives a horse and performs similar manual labor, always at a slow pace over an extended work-day punctuated by frequent periods of rest, but is altogether inadequate for the industrial tempo of Detroit. Hence, the "shortage" of labor in Russia to-day, an ominous shortage.

Capital is not a dogmatic norm of intrinsic value which can be controlled from beginning to end in any given place. It is wealth accruing from labor and savings. Capital is not static, but living; it is cumulative and constantly

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changing in its value which is in proportion to its position, its marketability, and many factors that cannot be computed. A crop in the interior of China varies in its capital value from a crop in Nebraska. Capital is measured in relation to the demand for the goods which it can purchase. You may calculate the value of one hundred million bushels of grain on hand, and plan its exchange into industrial machinery. But you cannot calculate the price of grain far enough ahead.

The capital resources of Russia are largely the production of grain, oil, and timber. The yield of grain depends upon such uncontrollable factors as the weather. One serious drought in Russia would upset irreparably any Five-Year Plan. On the other hand, a fair harvest in Russia and a superlative harvest in the Argentine would have a similarly disastrous effect upon such a plan, for it would reduce the exportable capital to an unknown figure. The appearance of a series of gushers in Texas will cut the capital value of the Russian oil into half, even as the discovery of a large diamond field in South Africa recently, at a time when the financial depression engulfed the Western world, has rendered almost valueless the great Romanoff jewel collection in the Kremlin, a collection cherished as a treasure of emergency capital. The economic crisis in America, the collapse of world wheat prices, have gravely embarrassed the execution of the Five-Year Plan and drained the Soviet treasury, straining at the same time its credit abroad and home to a dangerous point, as evidenced by the depreciation of the Soviet currency.

The Stalin theory of building socialism in the country strikes a rock in this field alone. When the Amtorg, its leading commercial agency abroad, is forced to resort to short-term notes for amounts as low as $250 in payments for goods purchased, it is a telling commentary upon the capital resources of the Soviet Union to-day. Unless Moscow found itself in possession of gigantic supplies of stable and exchangeable money, its future is bound to remain uncertain. But the capital reserves of Russia are exhausted, its savings are non-existent, and its labor does not produce, but consumes, wealth.

Primitive is the conception of the Bolshevist dictatorship that technical knowledge can either be acquired under high pressure or purchased abroad and mustered into service by a strong political régime. It is true that kings and grand dukes have for thousands of years hired architects and engineers to build castles and palaces to carry out their whimsies. History has known of rulers who employed experts to build hanging gardens, canals, and even such civilizing projects as great irrigation works. The Stalin dictatorship, with a different objective in mind, approaches its great building programme with the same attitude toward knowledge.

"The Bolsheviks must master technic," declares Stalin. His cry is echoed by his Prime Minister, Molotov, in these words: "The slogan of the mastery of technic is the central slogan." Such was the battle cry in the spring of 1931. But how does the dictatorship proceed to master technic? Ivan the Terrible imported architects from Venice and erected the famous and bizarre Cathedral of St. Basil in the heart of Moscow. But did he master technic? Stalin has imported specialists from Detroit and has erected a number of industrial pyramids. That part of it is easy in the modern world. Cables and tempting offers will bring to Moscow the finest engineering minds in the world. There is a vast gulf between a building programme and a *production* programme. The world is dotted with non-producing monumental edi-

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fices, from the Chinese Wall to the Maya temples.

In our industrial civilization the construction of an enterprise forms its most elementary part. If it is not to remain an isolated castle on a mountain top, if it is not to be doomed to eventual ruin, such an enterprise must be a living outgrowth of the fabulously rich life of our contemporary world; it must subsist on the hundreds of cultural, economic, and purely human elements that are woven into the pattern of the newest society; it must inevitably depend upon a fine communication system, upon a highly organized network of distribution, upon an almost infallible method of accounting, upon a stable currency, an ample supply of nourishment, a certain standard of education, a set rate of productivity, a well-developed system of relaxation and entertainment, a minimum of domestic comforts and conveniences, and, above all, upon free expression of that indefinable something which makes human individuality—regardless of the fact whether the task in which one is engaged is dedicated to the welfare of all rather than to the welfare of a single person.

Technic is not a static commodity. It is a nerve of the human brain, it is a form of human intellect. Technic cannot be pumped into a machine by political device. The peasant who knows how to operate a windmill or how to set a fox-trap is not necessarily possessed of technical knowledge which makes him fit to operate a modern machine. Between the two stages lies an abyss of accumulated intellect, generations and generations of development. When the Stalin dictatorship fitfully attempts to harness technic in a peasant country, it attempts to snatch the lightning and convert its single flash into myriads of sealed bulbs. The dictatorship would harness the human mind, insofar as it is represented by the engineering profession; it would limit it, confine it, prescribe its daily runs and make it . . . create! But not even a dictatorship can fetter, saddle and ride the human mind.

The problems of the Five-Year Plan, the problems of capital and of labor, of the machine and of technic, are only now beginning to emerge. They are the problems of production, and production is the acid and ultimate test of the Five-Year Plan. A dim realization of the import of these problems was conveyed by the spokesman of the Kremlin, Premier Molotov, in March, 1931, when he declared: "It has been shown that we are better able to build new great works than to organize their production afterward."

Yet the roots of the problems of the Five-Year Plan, of the colossal task of organizing production, lie beyond the range of reforms, of efficiency measures. They are inherent in a philosophy which is out-of-date, inherent in the difference between an antiquated social theory and a luxuriant civilization. The fungi of this civilization are now unquestioned. But its luxuriant development seems equally unquestioned, and dictates further study, open-minded analysis and revision of views. It is useless to judge the Five-Year Plan upon the basis of the reports of field workers; it has to be judged upon its own evidence, its deeper sources which tap the universal processes of the society that it is intended to affect profoundly. Yet its effect cannot be studied without inquiring into the nature of the social structure of to-day. How misleading the observations of eyewitnesses can be is revealed by the fact that the first definite loud word which the outside world public had from Russia as to the problems of the Five-Year Plan came in July when Stalin published his speech which virtually amounted to an announcement of

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a "New Economic Plan." Dictators do not wake up in the morning with the bright idea of presenting their country and the world with a magnanimous manifesto. There were strong forces which dictated the Stalin move. Under a system where all vital information is centred in the hands of a small group such as Stalin's Political Bureau and is issued to the world in occasional fragments and only in accordance with the expediency of the moment, it is not surprising that for over two years the Five-Year Plan has been advertised as a challenge, a menace, a promise of a new social order, and has already been hailed both by its enemies and its champions as a success.

The problems of the Five-Year Plan, and all the succeeding Five-Year Plans for which it stands, the problems of building a planned and rational modern economic order in an inchoate and poor and primitive peasant land, arise out of the blind alley into which the dictatorship has led Russia. Just as the success of the Five-Year Plan would be a triumph for the idea of dictatorship, so its failure would be the exposure of its fallacy. That the dictatorship finds itself already in a blind alley, is evidenced by the frantic quest for easy remedies and solutions. Three months after Stalin's cry, "The Bolsheviks must themselves become specialists," he came out with a reversal of his policy, with concessions to the terrorized engineering class, with prizes to technicians under arrest! It is evidenced further by the fact that the equality in the labor wages has been abolished, that the piece system has been introduced, that a number of disciplinary measures have been adopted to stop the migration of labor and to increase efficiency.

That dictatorship is seeking a way out —that is the meaning of the new Stalin course. It is resorting to palliatives for its radical problems. It is vainly striving to find simple cures for the revolt of the American machine on the Volga. Boldly it manipulates its meager credit resources, and playing its political trump cards now in New York, now in Paris, now in Berlin and now in London, it strives to secure sorely needed funds, not to carry forward the Five-Year Plan, but to meet the bills for the equipment already purchased abroad.

But the dictatorship cannot locate the real and fundamental cause of its troubles, its zigzags, its futile assaults now upon one front, now upon another, because that cause is the dictatorship itself, because all the problems of the industrialization of Russia, because all the aspects of the true progress of Russia, are hopelessly entangled in the noose of the dictatorship. Because only by cutting the Gordian knot of dictatorial political power could a possible solution be indicated. But no dictatorship has ever surrendered its power voluntarily. And the Stalin dictatorship shows no signs of becoming an exception. It will find plenty of scapegoats yet, it will stage many manœuvres, retreats and advances, it will blame the world bourgeoisie, the backwardness of the Western proletariat, the delay in the coming of world revolution, and all the other now familiar enemies, for its own failures, but it will not abdicate except under pressure of a Titanic force cradled by its own blind policies in the depths of Russia.

This is one of a group of articles on Russia to which already have contributed W. J. Austin, W. A. RuKeyser, William C. White, John Carter.

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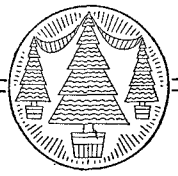

Home

By EVELYN SCOTT

A new story by the author of "The Wave" and "A Calendar of Sin"

THE REVEREND GEORGE ARTHBUTT closed behind him, shakily, the familiar front door of the mission house; and the icy key, as he slipped it into the broadcloth pocket of his Sunday trousers, seemed to him an important thing, so much his own that it was almost wrong to yield it, as he soon must, to another. Agnes was to meet him at the railway-station down below at Santa Luiza. He realized, with embarrassment, that there had been no need for haste when he had sent her on ahead. Somehow, he had longed to have these fleeting moments private, had longed to consecrate them with a last prayer. Also, he admitted, he had wished very much for a final look around the place, as it was probable that he would never again see it. He was certainly grateful that the influence of friends was recalling him and his family to the United States. This would allow proper opportunities for the education of the children. It would give devoted Agnes time for a long-needed rest. But it was not vanity, surely, to recognize all the signs about, which would show others that the fifteen years spent here in Brazil had not been wasted. He had done God's work, and with a will. And Agnes, though a woman, had done nearly as much.

Staring over the hedge of hibiscus that set off the inner plot around the large, whitewashed plaster house, he looked up regretfully into the great gloom of the mango grove beyond, and saw the glowing fruit, in the dark, thin bunches of the leaves, as the more tempting because it was ripening for another. Nothing like the cool, turpentine pungency of mangoes on a hot day! This glance brought him to a musing wonder, as he recalled the astonishing fact that, during the first period of his residence here, he had disliked that taste, had been revolted by that fibrous pulp. Well, habit sometimes meant appreciation. You get used to anything. Fine, juicy winesaps, now—you couldn't grow a winesap in this climate. And he supposed that—when those flavors of his boyhood were revived (peaches, now—no decent peaches north of Rio) the mamãos he had set out, and had thought so luscious, the jacas that were as big as watermelons—they would seem nothing at all. And the wild imbú from which his wife made jelly would be rated low indeed by the people back home who grew damson plums. It *was* a pity about the banana plants—six hundred. He had supervised all the work himself when João Fereira had brought in the slips. As for the coffee—in a year or two the fazenda of the mission would be self-supporting. That was really something he could tell the

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learned folks up in the States about! The next brother in Christ who came out here to labor might thank him for that coffee, and for other things, too. The seeds were sown, both in the spiritual and the material sense. To make the hearts of these humble people truly fruitful it would need a husbandman who was worth his salt. Doctor Arthbutt did feel, with satisfaction, that he had shown the Catholic clergy—a lazy lot, rank superstitionists—a thing or two. He had to force himself to remember the approaching hour for the train, and to walk more quickly down the narrow path. It was a hard education that had taught him—in dealing with a Jesuit—to be Jesuitical. He had made his beginning in the wrong style—too outspoken, saying all he felt. To-day he knew himself the match, he often said, for any Latin priest. Otherwise, he might never have acquired the lush meadows out there by the Rio d'Ouro, nor even that scrawnier, more picturesque pasturage in which plantations were so often spoiled by the marmosets. In order to secure that land he had kept the Brazilian Government and the local natives in ignorance of the use he meant to make of it. Why, when he and Agnes had first arrived, the animosity to Protestants had been intense. They had not even been able to rent a dwelling. They had made their sacrifice of home complete. They had lived the real Brazilian life. Well, it would be an odd thing to be free of it.

Drawing near the huge gate of palings which he had hung between the bamboo pickets of the outer fence, Doctor Arthbutt paused for an instant before the site marked for the new chapel. For the present it was no more than an oblong designed in sticks and tapes, but it recalled to him the days of preaching God's Word in the open air—when the Son of Man had, literally, no place to lay His head; because such public buildings as were large enough for services, the Catholic owners had refused to let. Now, quite a barricade of mud bricks reared by the path; and there were whole terraces of tiles, bleached gray, tufted with moss, but without a crack! The prospect of a sound roof! He had discovered, quite by accident, that the old house on Padre Francisco's fazenda was being razed, and had bought the priest's tiles, sold secretly by an intermediary, for next to nothing. An achievement that! He had hurried João Fereira over with the ox-cart as soon as the bargain had been made, so that the first load could be hauled away before its destination at the mission house could be discovered. Tiles were never manufactured in this neighborhood. Indeed, this had been a shiftless population before the mission came. Cachaça, wretched poverty, malaria—those are the devil's strength!

Stepping into the lean trail in rough grass that was the road, Doctor Arthbutt closed the gate after him, gently, as if (and he suddenly realized this himself) upon a burial-ground where some beloved lay. He was ashamed of himself. Such an attitude, certainly, was not in the right spirit. Yes, "My vineyard which is mine is before me," he thought. So does love of Christ sweeten every pang, until sacrifice itself becomes a blessing.

Through a stagnant veil of sunlight the landscape slipped away from the meagre highroad, and was a panorama culminating, as in a triumph, in the ruddy haze of the horizon where the day sank. Thanking his Creator for the reward of a liberty from all exacting service, he turned away. Trudging with long, agitated strides toward the whitewashed depot, that was marked, like some brightening shadow, as it stood in fierce, illumined isolation before the

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sunset, he prayed guiltily: "Lord, Lord, Lord, show me Thy grace; make me grateful enough, and worthy of Thy blessings!"

The children, lugged to the station unnecessarily before the hour, were tired and quarrelsome. And Agnes, who had feared that her husband might miss the train, greeted him querulously. As she explained at once, with forced humor, her feet already hurt. The habit she had long adopted of wearing chinellas for coolness and comfort made it a real trial to have to put on shoes again. This was the first time she had used her "oxfords" in months and months, except for church. It was difficult to be constricted by a corset, too. She was a trifle haggard, the result of packing, she declared, but her husband found her brisk and determined. How wonderful to think that they could put the children in a school again!

Six or seven faithful crentes had just come to the dêpot bearing parting gifts. Having missed the pastor here, they had turned back toward the mission by another road, to search for him. Only three still lingered.

Maria da Conceicão, a gaunt, coffee-colored woman, with sadly smiling eyes, came forward humbly, her burst chinellas flapping on her broad, bare, dust-white feet. The faded look of her flowered calico revealed her poverty, but she was very clean and neat. Her "Dona Agnes" had always told her that cleanliness was next to godliness. Doctor Arthbutt had once been embarrassed by the perpetual requests of his believers for his blessing. His discontent with such Roman Catholic details in their behavior had long since vanished. Maria moved toward him deferentially, her hand lifted, palm up. "Abença, o nosso Pastor?" He gave her his benediction kindly. There were tears in his eyes. He had to blow his nose. Maria had brought for the travellers a little packet of dried bananas prepared by herself. The children liked such things, she said, as she excused the present. Maria da Conceicão had been, for years, a faithful neighbor. When Doctor Arthbutt's daughter Anna had been dying of the yellow fever, the stolid assistance of this same Maria had often relieved his wife's anxiety. In return, he and his wife had helped the woman's husband, João Fereira, to find health and work.

The next to bustle up was Avelina: plump, full-breasted, fairer, younger, prettier than Maria, more self-confident, more prosperous. She was a doceira, while Ernesto, her helpmate, who remained a Catholic, kept a popular venda. It sometimes confused her to remember, in the presence of her "saviors," as she called the Arthbutts, that the venda was operated on a license permitting the sale of rum. On that account she was the more generous to the pastor and his family, for it seemed to her that the source of gain was less unhallowed when the missionaries shared in benefits from her husband's profits. To-day she was weighed down by a basket: bolos de gomma, queimadas for the children, pao de ló, a chicken she had bled to death and dressed herself, a jar of dôce de laranja; a whole "lunch"—and everything, she asserted, in the American style.

Doctor Arthbutt, usually parentally stern with his disciples, was forced, by the simple gestures of his crentes, to include himself in a general mood of pathos hard to resist. He was so disturbed by unpredictable emotions that he was relieved by an interruption, as João Fereira, at the head of the group that had been searching for him, reappeared on the path. It was at this moment that Doctor Arthbutt finally discarded the resentment he had felt in the failure of

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the well-to-do of the locality to display a proper interest in the leave-taking.

In this liberating instant a whistle shrilled distantly. The ardent crentes on the path began to run to gain the station. Mrs. Arthbutt, glancing about her distraitly, shepherded the children together, and the thick reverberations from the coming train were sensed.

Kate, Mary, Eva, David, Fabian: all had to be assembled. Parcels were collected. The straw suitcases, of which Dona Agnes was half ashamed, were dragged up in a heap. Luiz Ramos, a fat boy in a leather hat of his father's, wiped his sweaty hands on the loose tail of his cotton shirt, scratched at his bare, flea-bitten ankles that protruded under cotton trousers, and rushed to his task of dragging the missionary's three tin trunks to the platform's edge.

The small engine, issuing smoke in great volumes, was already sliding upon the unprepared people. Lines of dusty cars clanked to a standstill. Rows of windows twinkled high over the countryside. And the faces of strangers from Heaven knew where looked out detachedly upon this erstwhile quiet. The arrival of the train seemed to everybody an exciting affront.

"Adeus, Senhor Doctor!" "Adeus, Dona Agnes! Adeusinho, Da-veed, meu bem!" "Lembranças a todas, amigos e amigas." "Adeus, Pastor! Adeus, minha Senhora! Adeusinho, Maria. Ella está consada!" "Adeus, Ee-va! Tome conta da sua mamaesinha! Não tem ninguem outro com o seu pae!" "Não esquece o velho João!" "Todo o mundo aqui vae ter saudades de Dona Agnes, de Senhor George! Deus lhe abençoe, Senhor George! Deus abençoe nossa querida Patrôa!"

Doctor Arthbutt and his family, stumbling to the first car, had already pushed indoors; and there, finding their crowded places, all listened with tremors to the babel of the voices they were losing. Loud and shrill with feeling—with some Latin anguish of the cosmos which made the departure of the Padre Protestante the sign of all departures from this earth—the voices hung and quivered in the heat-murked evening air. Those crentes who had rushed down the hill just too late to shake the Patrão's hand were congregated, clamoring, beneath the window. Dona Agnes, in what appeared a grim distaste for sentiment, smiled on them austerely from the interior distance, then compressed her lips. The children, leaning on their knees on the cane benches, waved and shouted farewells in superior tones.

As the sun shrank away, dwindling in a blaze behind the hills, the atmosphere grew even closer, warmer, more and more languid. The heat that had been given to the dust of the road, to the sticky, glaring rails, to the cinder-laden railway-cars while they had been in motion, was in the earth yet. The pastor, gazing, aloof as if already banished, felt how the platform was branding calloused feet, and how the heat glowed through the cracked soles of the chinellas that had demanded replacing this many a market-day. He was still conscious of a lingering scorch in his own boots, and his wife complained.

João Fereira, a thin man with one eye and the sad, covetous face of a captive fox, hugged over his chest his crumpled linen coat that was a cast-off from the pastor's wardrobe and hid the rents in a shirt washed to shreds. Dancing uneasily along the platform, he was squinting upward, holding out limp fingers which Doctor Arthbutt could not reach. "Adeus! Adeus!" João kept muttering, his throat thick with the effort to control sobbing, while he half smiled convulsively.

Little gnats sang spirally about the heads of the gathering. Pedro Gonzalo

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sidled nearer and cried out a farewell so boisterous that it might have been a threat. Maria da Conceicão, completely overcome, stood rigid in her wide skirts and frayed shawl, like a mute carving depicting agony. She was weeping, but noiselessly, openly—as though tears were her offering, for them, her saviors, who were abandoning her—whom, nevertheless, she did not reproach. Beside her—the men with their hats removed as in a church—huddled Claudio, Celio, Leopoldino, and Antoninha, the hunchback.

Antoninha was the last arrival. No one had informed her, before the event, of the pastor's going. From afar off she had seen the train as it was drawing to a halt, and had spied, guessing its meaning, the significant assemblage. Many a time the Senhor Doctor and Dona Agnes had let her eat beans and farinha, and meat as well, in the mission kitchen. She was always certain to fill her belly when she went to them. The same could not be said of the charity of any Catholic priest! Why, that fellow—the other padre—had ordered her from the church steps. And all because she had happened to spit while he was passing, and had dirtied his soutane. Then he had forbidden her to beg. The only thing that the Senhor Doctor and Dona Agnes had ever asked of her had been that she attend the mission services. She would have done that anyway, just to spite the priest. He had called her a slut, a diseased creature. As if all earthly misery were not sent by God, to earn the very highest privileges of the other world!

Antoninha had some little flowers which she had plucked covertly from Doctor Ramos's garden—and should she not give these to her beloveds when that Doctor Ramos was a Catholic and rich! Scratching her matted hair, and blinking with her inflamed eyes, she held the bouquet up to the car; and watched, gratified, as Dona Agnes, with a wary scrutiny, accepted it.

The cars were moving. In the first seconds motion was scarcely perceptible. Then the figures on the platform fell away a little, and, suddenly, the street leading from behind the station to the town became more exposed. Under the vibrant, waning dazzle, light itself was a shadow scarcely penetrable; a sterile screen across flashing palm-thatch on houses irregularly placed, across lanes that were like a handwriting in the green, obliterated when it reached the wide, grassy Larga da Graça and the lifeless façade of the Catholic church.

Before the greatest speed of the engine had been reached the bolder crentes were racing after the train. "Adeus! Adeus, Pastor!" they yelled. And, again, as, running, they lifted open hands and pleaded for the final, potent, "lucky" benediction, "Abença, Doctor! Abença!" Hoarse male voices mingled, in some way, the despair of parting with the exhilaration felt by those participating in a crisis that would never be repeated. Chico Tarquino, fat, amiable, the most shiftless of the converts, trotted along, quick in his cumbersomeness, his thin-clothed buttocks shaking, a rattling facão, like the great knife of an executioner, bumping dangerously below his podgy waist. He succeeded in maintaining an equal pace with the gliding windows. "Shake hands, Doctor! Shake hands, Doctor!" he vociferated gloriously—in *English!* Chico had no practical ambitions, but he enjoyed the unusual and liked to "show off." At the mission, where he had taken a desultory interest in learning to read and write, he had committed to memory certain telling phrases from the foreign tongue.

Dona Agnes, in her fatalistic exhaustion, would have ignored the client to her favors and her husband's; but Doctor Arthbutt, who was stirred in a pecu-

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liar fashion by the exhibition, could not resist. Rising to his feet on wavering legs, he stooped and thrust his body through the window recklessly. He stretched his arm, and his lean wrist, fuzzied with graying hair, jutted so far from his broadcloth sleeve that he was able to touch the plump, grimed paw extended to him. Chico Tarquino, though exultant, gripped the hand and shook it as people without any confidence in themselves do grip and shake hands. The man had been described by Doctor Arthbutt as "a Sandow," yet his handshake was given squeezed, with narrowed palm, closed fingers, and limp, heavy arm. The gesture was chill, was flabby, executed with bravado, as by one who takes, deliberately, a certain risk.

Then the dizzying acceleration of the vehicles pulled him away, sent him staggering behind. To Doctor Arthbutt came a quick image, graven clearly, of rows of dumbfounded figures, saluting him with a violence contradictory of their passive outlines. The rickety lanes of Santa Luiza, making tortuous spokes in a fan of green, swirled out of sight. The whitewashed aggregate of walls that made the station-house, became, abruptly, a mere indefiniteness with black edges, sun flaming soddenly in the winey red tiles of the roof. Hills rose up as if ejected by the train's speed: that very one on which the mission buildings stood was over the engine's smoking head as it bore through a cut. Thickets of darkling bamboo rushed, in muddied emerald fog, on the milky, clouded window-glass. The wheels beneath the travellers ground hollowly for an instant. Rio d'Ouro was just a lucid, night-green twist, splashed by the bitter rainbow of the evening, forlornly glinting by the fleeting track.

Light vanished. Grayness rolled on, from below upward; cutting off all but the sharp edges of trees. Plains, following, as the cars rattled by, were like dead waters.

Mrs. Arthbutt, with a slight, portly wriggle, was settling herself firmly, well back on the seat. The children, looking bewildered, pressed up beside her. Doctor Arthbutt, gazing sternly at his cuffs, felt night growing like a blindness in himself, and thought that he must shake off, for his wife's sake, a devotion to his duty here, become a little bit fanatic. There was yet blue in the dusk; scowling, scaled with white clouds. The plains were lost to him; but, farther than that, in the dim sky, faint, fleecy monsters continued visible, great shapes fading in a greenish ambience. It was ridiculous to be alarmed by the mere unaccustomedness of journeying. He glanced helplessly toward the shut-eyed face of resolute Dona Agnes. She did not notice.

Doctor Arthbutt trod tilting decks as if he had never been on a ship before. He had joked uncomfortably with his wife about his "landsman's" diffidence and awkwardness. Happy moments came when, though he neither smoked nor drank, he would force himself to a tolerant mood for minor vices and enter the smoking-room. There, engaging in general conversation on safe topics, he would loiter beside some table about which a group of men, who had finished a game of bridge or poker, still dallied. It was only with repeated invitations that he ever dared to seat himself. When he did so, he had, invariably, a guilty feeling of self-indulgence. There were a great many Americans on the boat. Brazilians, he avoided. They made him feel himself apart with them. Or they were Catholics. Yet Brazil had been the single topic on which he had talked enthusiastically. It was years since he had been permitted the society of

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such a collected number of his fellow countrymen. He was opaque to the revelation of any serious faults in them; but they made him restless. A good many he described to Agnes as of "sporting tastes." David, who had never been upon a ship before, was very ill, and Agnes stayed below a lot. This left Doctor Arthbutt by himself too much. There must be a good deal in the modern point of view of those back home with which he had grown out of touch. He felt that not all of the passengers aboard represented the stable elements of American life. It annoyed him when they treated him, as he considered it, *over*respectfully. A missionary surely had a calling, but was not entirely a man apart—"for a' that."

There was a Mr. Gould: smooth-shaven, with an upper lip grotesquely long and flat, a small, wry mouth demurely pursed, and drooped eyelids that only half veiled a look of chilly ridicule and bold inquisitiveness. "You don't smoke, Doctor Arthbutt? No, of course—stupid of me! I forgot that. You don't smoke." Mr. Gould always repeated this. Then he would take, from the breast pocket of a spick-and-span checked coat a long cigar; extract from somewhere else a metal clipper that bit the cigar end neatly. "Fine Bahia cigar," he would say, confidentially, to the missionary. "You appreciate 'em when you've been up in Para. No tobacco like that in the North. But I guess *you* wouldn't miss it anyhow. Well, I don't see how you can get along without it." Mr. Gould, puffing, made audible sounds of contentment, his arms folded in defiant comfort upon his chest.

After discussion of the cigar, to which Doctor Arthbutt mumbled answers, Mr. Gould spoke familiarly of Indian customs, of the Amazon climate. "Mosquito the most powerful insect in creation, Doctor. And carapatos! Why, the carapatos in the Amazon Valley are as big as your thumb!"

Doctor Arthbutt chuckled politely, on a note of kind incredulousness. Secretly, he felt impatient. What could this transient engineer know about Brazil! And the missionary, moved to dilate on the spiritual, as the economic problems of the country, was restrained to withhold important items of his knowledge as though such items were a sinful confidence. The idea of *this* man trying to give *him* a mere tourists' instructions on life in the tropics! He, who had given fifteen years of his existence to understand—*what?* Doctor Arthbutt fidgeted. Mr. Gould had left off speaking for a second. The missionary, taking jealous fire from the suggestion of a theme, talked long and loudly, as to a congregation, about fleas, mosquitoes, yellow fever, plagues, and Guarany, of the early Indian history of the country, and the retroactive influence that emanated from the Roman Catholic Church.

A pause came. No direct word on religion had been passed. Mr. Gould, indolent in his revolving chair, before the green, baize-covered card-table, flecked ash from his cigar, manipulating it daintily with a manicured finger. "Mighty interesting, Doctor. I suppose you feel you can tell us outside fellows a thing or two. You know the stuff." He looked at the floor, smiled discreetly, and *yawned*.

Doctor Arthbutt rose. In the smoking-room profanity was always rife. He tried to close his ears to it. The fact that he had never ordered a refreshment of any kind made his presence in these precincts seem illicit. His discomfiture increased when his gaze met that of the sober, self-satisfied steward who presided at the bar. "Can't I do anything for you to-day, sir? Won't you have a lemon squash?"

Doctor Arthbutt was no longer able

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to screen from his own attention sounds of ribald mirth. A "coarse" story, narrated by a fat man near, seemed directed at him. Panicky to save his good opinion of his fellow men, he turned to leave the room. He was depressed, unsolaced. Converse with these people was a veil to muteness. The things closest his heart he had not said. Was this dumbness in the presence of his deeper feelings only cowardice? He was not a "reformer," he was on a journey. And young folk, he realized, are often deterred from accepting Christ by their erroneous conception of a preacher as a prig. He must invite them to be frank with him. He must be light, gay, *human*.

He had arrived opposite the very niche from which drinks were dispensed, when he met Mr. Daly. "Good night, Doctor Arthbutt." "Good night, Mr. Daly." "Want to watch me have a drink, Doctor Arthbutt? Going straight to the dogs, eh?" "Well, I don't approve it entirely, but I wouldn't say that, Mr. Daly."

Mr. Daly's jocular manner was also flatteringly deferential. Doctor Arthbutt, though sensing it wisdom to resist temptation, *could* not resist. To himself he made excuses for the pale, prominent eyes, the mutton-white features, the contrast of large rosy ears that stood at right angles to flaccid cheeks. Mr. Daly was urbane. From the left breast pocket of his greenish-colored lounge suit protruded a bright green handkerchief. He shook it forth fastidiously and brushed imaginary dust from the tan-enamel surface of his shoes. "You know, Doctor, you get me when you talk about religion. I don't know anything about theology. I'm a lost sheep. But I know a real man when I see one—a regular fellow—and that's you. I'm going to have a whiskey straight, but I guess you don't mind. You know the trouble with most missionaries is that they're too hard on us. They don't see that the way that they can get us is to let us take things easy. Why, I expect I'd have joined the Church long ago if I'd ever met a preacher just like you."

Doctor Arthbutt, coughing abstractedly, watched whiskey flow down the lean neck, down the apparent gullet. He noticed, with unwilling aversion, Mr. Daly's neutral hair that was oiled flat to his large scalp. Be charitable, Doctor Arthbutt thought. There are good things in the man. My own people, he was saying to himself absently. My own people. "You know, in my part of the wilderness—up in Minas Geraes—" A look of fatty, weary concentration came on Mr. Daly's face. Doctor Arthbutt's narrative abruptly ceased. A group of women trailed in from the deck—bridge-playing women, poker-playing women! Their appearance produced in the missionary a kind of fierce, didactic nausea. It seemed to him that he was evading some duty. Alarmed by his Moses-like impulse to prophesy, by his Pauline urge to denounce, Doctor Arthbutt, blushing with a wordless anger unfamiliarly wild, bowed nervously to Mr. Daly, swerved on an unsteady heel, and rushed out. "Ta-ta, Doctor," Mr. Daly shouted, as he stared above his tilted glass, and blinked reddened lids.

The missionary, crossing blindly a strip of velvet carpet, circled a rotunda, and descended shallow stairs to the tier of cabins underneath. The lower corridor was dim with a secure glow sprung from the frosted shell of an electric lamp. A door, hooked back against the wall, stood open to the night. In the aperture thus made, and bound about with glittering brass, loomed a chill obscurity. There were no stars whatever, no signs by which to trace the motion of the ship. Save for the reflection cast like a stain from the warm interior, all that was beyond the door, and a port-hole, was black—utterly black. Doctor Arth-

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butt gripped the metal-lined lintel and supported himself. His fingers were icy on a salt-greased, clammy surface. He made another step and lurched forth desperately, over the raised sill. The ship was really active. The jolting told him. Somewhere, a rumble from the screws persisted, in deep, unremitting murmurousness.

But how still everything else! He shuddered. Lagging forward uncertainly, he made the rail. It had become nearly invisible; a faint etching on the churned and windied currents, which he imagined, but was not yet able to divine. He had left his travelling-cap in his berth, and his thin hair, blowing up from his temples, tickled his ears. He was so without sight that his eyes might have been empty holes through which he was gazing backward into his own brain. All at once he was possessed by a kind of unintelligent anguish. It had no sense, no meaning, no explicable significance. He was going *home!* He was ungrateful. He should be happy. But it seemed to him terrible that he had lived so long with the Brazilian people and their problems, and yet lacked the eloquence to convey to others what his work was like. Not a word he had spoken on board the ship had been understood, he thought. Everything he reverenced seemed, here, in this peculiar atmosphere, to be diminished. He had once believed himself a preacher, and now he felt, with every day upon this boat, his awful muteness growing. It was as though, when the train had pulled out from the station at Santa Luiza, his clear apprehension of the Truth by which he lived had been left behind. It was not that he feared ridicule. It was that he could not, in this mood, make real to others that—that "touching" scene on the dêpot platform, say! It was important that they know that moment with him. But *why* was it important? The certainty was steadfast. The reasons he would give for it eluded him.

Doctor Arthbutt's clawing fingers, supporting him against the rail, quivered tensely. New York! The United States! The reward of faith was out there *somewhere!* Yet he felt only a sudden disbelief and bitterness. His mind, as his body that was racked by chill, gave in to black, black, black. He was like a child, needing substance for touch to reassure him—and there was nothing here that he could touch! Here in the ship he sped—forlorn, frail shape of flesh within another mortally constructed shape. Beyond the ephemeral cage that held him lay a no-world, formless. There was a salt taste in his mustache. The very air was acrid, heavy, as a breeze caressed him with wet indecisions. The living, O God, were not those in the smoking-room; but the air, the wind, the machine below, that boiled with such deep, laden breaths. *Thump, thump,* steadily—like a strong, exhausted pulse. *Chug, chug, chug, chug,* inhumanly monotonous. The labored thuds wearied Doctor Arthbutt's very soul, that heard the *creeek, cree-eek,* also, from the tortured woodwork. Motion he did, at last, realize fully; but with an even wilder sense of loss. He, Agnes, his sleeping children, were trapped, subject, it seemed forever, to an inexorable, a *mechanistic will.* It was the opposite of the Divine. Yet it was *actual.* And this Will thrust them onward through chaos as if to an empty Destiny. But, no, God, no! It could not be so! He sighed heavily.

Bilge slopped. The monotony of reiterated sound accumulated. The wind, louder than he had heard it first, *hushooed* steadily. A very mountain of staled feelings seemed to pile upon his heart. Repetition added weight to weight. As he was able to see more distinctly he could make out the long flats of something denser than the vaguely shroud-

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ed sky. The flats billowed occasionally, and shelved, from their inscrutable declivities, the frowsied milk-wraiths that had overflowed them. There were flights as of long, silvered wings, shedding a plumage of gauze. There was a scudding, perpetually, in rhythm, down the dead slopes. He was to that extent relieved—the sea, at least, was *there! It* existed, with a name. And there were other names, forbidden to his sight, writ on the darkness—New York Harbor, the Statue of the Land of Liberty, of skyscrapers.

He was ashamed of the ideas that came to him. Just now, when humblest gratitude to God was fitting, he realized —against all the presence of his wife and children—loneliness so deep that a sword seemed to have pierced his bowels. Even righteousness was impotent. It no longer raged. Can the dead be tortured? Yes, the dead suffer. When life and spirit die, thought lives; and little maggot thoughts of suffering feed on the corpse-mind, where hope is dry.

For an instant, vast over the sea, mercurial pinions flapped wide. A sky the color of dark, weeping eyes became apparent. Rain fell on Doctor Arthbutt's hand. It was falling on the water. A distressing *sch-sch-sching* noise began. Thunder, dimly bruising a whole universe, bumped on the bottom of the sea, bumped on the ship. Doctor Arthbutt turned frantically to flee within. This rebuke, as from the Great Creator, brought him to himself. The sky was still running with the lean threads of a chilly blaze, illumining the dun face of those waters on which God had once walked. As the missionary hesitated an instant he felt a compulsion to discover, revealed by the lightning, straggling roads, thatch houses glinting in an eternal sunset, and half-wild figures, each caught in a posture given it by a Painter of Miracles!

The thunder dinned on. The gray sea, in the turbid light, yielded no image but of its own heaving planes. A steward, yelling orders to another steward, was to be seen racing along indoors in the brighter passage. The door was jostled from its hook, and banged. Doctor Arthbutt, the more completely banished, in the darkness of the narrow deck, staggered against an unknown, cursing shape that was a sailor buttoning himself into an oilskin. Oblivion. Violence. The lightning, like a gilt tendon, convulsive, twitched as in a dim loin. Yet the missionary, trembling, hesitated to make his way toward comfort. What had happened to him that he had so lost the gift of prayer? And *now* of all times!—when he was going home—when he should be most grateful—when before him waited—yes, even beyond this elemental bedlam—the laurel crown won by a humble victory! How was it that he needed to remind himself, as if it were a reprimand, of all the wanderers of earth to whom the thought of the lost home is sweet and heart-breaking!

Next month—A complete short novel by Sherwood Anderson. Other contributors—Thomas Beer, Louis Adamic, Charles A. Beard, George Milburn. New selections in the $1,500 Prize Contest.

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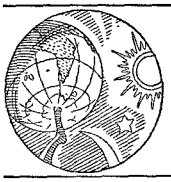
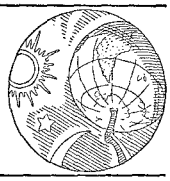


FICTION STRAWS

Short short stories showing the quality of American fiction to-day



The Regiment Defiled Past the Puzzled Priest

By NAHUM SABSAY

"WHAT a strange people are those Roumanians!" mused the regimental musicians, gazing longingly out of the window into the backyard of the priest next door, where, chained to a post, a fat pig was digging in the snow, and a ferocious dog was promenading at full liberty. "They keep their pigs chained and let their dogs run loose." And although the musicians were perfectly aware of the reasons for such an arrangement, they wished it was the other way around. Not that they were afraid of the dogs or did not know how to silence them, but it would sometimes happen that in so doing they would raise a dangerous noise and bring upon themselves the military policemen at a time when the policemen were not wanted at all.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon of December 24. For an hour or so already, the musicians had been discussing the question of getting food for the Christmas celebration. But they had come to no conclusion. All they could be sure of was the pailful of wine and the half-dozen herrings that lay in the corner of the room. And the priest's pig would just satisfy their needs.

But the priest was generally known to be a tight, inflexible, unreasonable man. It is true that now and then he would sell some of his supplies, but only to the ones who bought his wine, and then only at stiff prices. And the musicians had very little money and they seldom paid for their wine. Yet so strongly their stomachs urged them on against hope that they decided to approach the priest, and for that purpose selected Jook, Kalooga, and Shapkov, the three best rustlers in the whole regimental band.

This delegation, with due ceremony and in its best manner, knocked at the door of the priest's house and proceeded to explain its mission. The priest listened attentively, but appeared to understand nothing.

"We'll have to get the interpreter," declared Jook. "You wait here and I'll go fetch him." And he ran out of the house.

Kalooga and Shapkov talked no more. They just stood before the priest, their hats in their hands. Meantime, Jook lost no time in finding, persuading, and bringing the regimental interpreter, Sergeant Nelipa.

"Father," said the interpreter to the priest, "these men want to buy your pig. Are you selling it?"

"The pig?"

"Yes, father, the pig."

"Yes, I'll sell it."

"What do you want for it?"

The priest thought for a while and then answered: "Three hundred francs."

Did any one ever hear of a price like this for an ordinary pig and not a very big one at that? And how could a bunch of men, even if they were the regimental musicians, collect such an amount? All they had at their disposal—counting in the money promised by the first platoon of engineers—was eighty francs.

But the priest would neither listen nor talk.

"They are thick-headed and unbelievers, those Roumanian priests," cried Kalooga. "Tell him that, and tell him also that eighty francs is all we have."

"Well, what does he say?" inquired Jook, after a long silence.

"Not a damn thing," replied Kalooga.

"I guess I'll go," finally said the interpreter, making a move toward the door.

"Wait," the priest stopped him. "Did you say that your soldiers have only eighty francs?"

"Yes, that's all they have."

"I'll give them a lamb for that money."

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Nelipa translated the priest's offer.

"One lamb for forty people is not enough," argued the soldiers. "Ask him to throw in a bag of potatoes."

"Fifteen more francs for potatoes," replied the priest.

"The thief!" exclaimed Kalooga.

"A thief? He is a ——," asserted Jook and Shapkov gravely.

However, there was nothing else to do. They went back to their house, collected the money, went back to the priest, paid him, and returned to their quarters again to wait for the priest's man to return from the next village, where he had been sent in search of the lamb and potatoes.

While they were waiting, a rumor arose and spread among the men that the regiment was to move next morning farther south. But this failed to touch them, for all their thoughts were concentrated on the coming feast. Six o'clock came and passed and so did half past six, and seven, and the priest's man had not returned.

The musicians began to worry and they went to see the priest. From the manner in which he met them they at once realized that something had been wrong. And while Jook went after the interpreter the priest called his man.

It was a plausible yet strange story that the man had to tell. He insisted that when he brought the lamb and potatoes, and before he had had a chance to unload the wagon, several soldiers approached and explained to him that they were the ones to whom the lamb was to be delivered.

The regimental band and the first platoon of the engineers were indignant. Not only the plans for the feast had fallen through, but all the money was ignominiously gone. And every one talking at once, scowling, blamed Jook, Kalooga and Shapkov.

But not for nothing were these three known as the best rustlers of the band, and they were going to prove their worth once more. Together with two engineers they rigged out a pole with a rope noose at its end, and another pole with a different noose, then got a bag, then got hold of a pair of trench shears. Then, when the village was asleep, they silenced the dog, rapped the pig over the head, separated it from the post and, while they were at it, crawled into the priest's cellar and took as much wine as they could carry away. By that time the other men, musicians and engineers, had gathered in the house farthest from the priest's. When the pig arrived they prepared it with astonishing rapidity, broiled it over the fire, and started the celebration by eating herrings as a relish. . . .

Before the stars had quite faded and the sky had turned gray, the bugle sounded the "reveille" and, as the first rays of the sun were shooting across the horizon, it played the "assembly." Then the companies, one after another, appeared from different directions and proceeded toward the market-place, where they placed themselves side by side, the band at the right of the whole formation.

"Regiment, *Attention!*" commanded the senior major when he saw the colonel and his staff galloping toward their place.

"How are you, braves?" shouted the colonel.

"We—wish—you—good—health—Your—High—Well—Born!" responded all four thousand men in disciplined unison.

"To the colors, present *Arms!*" commanded the colonel.

The band exploded with "To the colors"; and the colors, borne by the color sergeant, and guarded by the color squad, separated from the porch of the house in which the colonel lived and marched to the right of the regiment.

"Order *Arms!*" commanded the colonel when the colors took their place. "Squads right, column right, *March!*" he shouted a moment later, and then, "Regiment, left shoulder *Arms!*"

After the companies had executed the command the colonel proceeded to the head of the regiment. Here he found the priest waiting for him.

"What do you want?" he asked, and then turning toward the adjutant he said, "Where is the interpreter?"

"Interpreter!" shouted the adjutant.

Nelipa came running.

"Find out what he wants," ordered the adjutant.

Nelipa turned to the priest and asked, "Father, what do you want?"

"Last night some of your soldiers stole my pig and wine," replied the priest.

While turning from the priest to the adjutant, Nelipa caught sight of Shapkov, who, his face framed in the brass rings of his instrument, and bearing expressions of anxiety or fear, stood with the other musicians behind the adjutant.

"They did it," decided Nelipa.

"I think your musicians are the men," quietly observed the priest behind.

In his imagination, Nelipa saw a narrow

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bench and upon it stretched a man with bared back, crisscrossed with ugly, bleeding lines.

"Well," urged the adjutant impatiently, "what does he say?"

"Sir," began Nelipa in a hesitating voice, "he says that our men stole his—chicken."

"The devil," swore the adjutant, "is he going to hold up the whole regiment for a chicken? Ask him what he wants for it."

"Father," Nelipa addressed the priest again, "how much do you claim for damages?"

"Three hundred francs for the pig and a hundred francs for the wine."

"He wants four hundred francs," translated Nelipa.

"What? Four hundred francs for a chicken?" broke in the colonel himself. "Tell him —" Then, turning to the regiment, he roared in a sing-song, "F-o-r-w-a-r-d, *March!*" And the regiment, to the tune of a clamorous march, began to defile past the puzzled priest.

Alone

By JOHN O'HARA

HAGUE closed the door of his old room. That ought to keep them out. Something had made him do it, and he realized as he sat down that it must have been an instinct of defense, for even as a small boy he always had left the door open. He never closed it, neither did his mother nor his father nor his sister. When in those days he was unhappy or had been punished he did not go to his room; he went to his tent in the back yard, or to the attic, or to the stable-garage. Certainly they all would remember that the door always had been open, and they ought to have grace or tact or sense enough not to disturb him. Even his mother would understand that, no matter how strongly she was impelled to come to him. Now he could be alone for a few minutes.

He went through the motions of lighting a pipe. It was an old Dunhill and it was dated by the silver C that was imbedded in the bowl. He was a little ashamed of having been so collegiate. He had had many pipes since college. . . . Quite suddenly he began to cry. He had cried a lot in the past three days, but now he sought a reason for it, and he realized that it was because Nora's last gift to him had been a pipe. It was queer how he could feel like crying, and cry, and not know until the tears came why he was crying. He laid aside the pipe and employed his handkerchief. Then he thought: Oh, what the hell, I might as well cry—and having thought it he stopped crying.

Hague picked up a magazine. It was *The New Yorker,* which he always had vaguely resented. He tried to remember how Nora felt about it. He reflected now that if he were asked what Nora had liked in the way of reading matter of any kind he would not be able to answer. She bought many books and she seemed to have opinions on the more popular ones. But he felt rather than knew that her taste was good. His memory held no proof of it. In music it was different. He knew what she liked. He could not give the names, but he could recognize her favorite melodies. He could remember the names of her favorite dance tunes. One of them had been "When Hearts Are Young." That came from a show called "The Lady in Ermine." He had taken Sue Colby to that show. If he had married Sue he now would be (all things being equal) the father of two children and the husband of a healthy girl. . . . But even healthy girls drown, and there was no use blaming Nora for drowning.

Well, he could be glad he hadn't been there when it happened. He had had enough of his mother's sympathy as it was, without having been on hand to provoke quiet, vicarious hysterics. That was unkind, but he knew perfectly well that his mother didn't give much of a rap for Nora herself; it was about the effect of her death upon him that his mother cared, and this he resented. He remembered what his mother said when he told her that he was going to marry Nora. "All I want to be told,

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Herbert, is that you love her. People do marry girls older than themselves, and it turns out splendidly in some cases, but if there's the least doubt in your mind, I wish you'd wait a little longer." He knew now that that was as close as his mother dared come to telling him not to marry Nora. Well, he had married her, God damn it, and he had been happy. He would go on being happy, too, in spite of his mother. He admitted that was a little vague, but he told himself that was what he meant.

His mother's shock and grief and the rest of the performance she was putting on were her way of making up to him for her tacit disapproval of Nora. Or else she was afraid that he had seen through the disapproval and wanted to make him believe it never had existed. Bah!

He guessed he ought to take a drink. . . .

That was another thing. He guessed he could get a leave of absence from the office, and it would be a good idea to take a trip somewhere and go on a mild bat. He'd get Phil Casey to go with him. Phil Casey certainly would be the person. Phil was the only other person in the world who had known he and Nora were living together before they were married. Phil was their closest friend. Hague suspected that Phil liked Nora so much because he was so fond of Hague, but he was good to Nora and wanted Hague to be good to her, too. He remembered a night when he had kissed a girl Phil had brought to their apartment. Phil threatened to punch his nose. "Not because I give a damn about that little monkey," Casey had said. "But if you'd seen Nora's face, you'd know why." Which was Casey's way of showing that he knew Nora was the best thing that ever happened to Hague. He wondered how Casey was taking this. He'd bet Casey was good and drunk and showing his grief more than Hague himself was. Yes, Casey was a swell guy and would be good company on a bender —and immediately Hague decided that the last person he wanted to see for the next six months was Phil Casey. Anybody who had known him and Nora so intimately (except for the doctor, Casey was the only other person who knew Nora was pregnant) would be unbearable, and Casey, the maudlin drunkard, most of all. No, by God, he wouldn't sit in a hotel room and drink brandy with Casey. Even if neither of them ever mentioned Nora it would be unbearable, unbearable.

Who else was there? Not his sister. Louise was one of those people who Know When To Stop; a good drinking companion, but she knew when to stop. She wouldn't get so drunk as Hague wanted to get, and besides he didn't really know her. She was almost his own age but he had not seen much of her in the last couple of years. Still . . . maybe that was a recommendation. At least she had had honesty enough not to eulogize Nora. She hadn't known Nora, really, so she might be a good one to go away with. She had her own little unhappiness, too. She'd probably be glad of the chance to get away from home for a month or two. That was it. They'd go to Bermuda. It wouldn't cost much.

Nora had about twenty thousand dollars her father had left her. . . . Oh, God!

Concentrate on a trip with Louise, that was the idea. And try to put up with his mother until they went away. With that decision Hague felt slightly more kindly toward his mother. She was a stupid woman. In another time, five hundred years ago or whenever it was women were more actively predatory (that wasn't the word, exactly, but something like that), his mother would have been the kind that would fight for her young. Now the best she could do was to be overcautious about their marriages and meddlesome in their lives. By God, she certainly had loused up Louise's, just because Louise had wanted to marry a Catholic. He felt suddenly convinced that Louise was not a virgin. He didn't know why he knew it, but he knew it, all right. That small tarnished cup on his desk had been given him for winning the junior boys' singles championship at Camp Idlewild. Hague wondered if he ought to write to the Vassar alumnæ magazine and tell them about Nora. Her mother and father were dead and somebody ought to do it.

He lit a cigarette and his mind was a blank. Then the cigarette began to taste like warm mist in his mouth and he began to cry. The cigarette tasted awful and he dinched it. There was a knock on the door. It was his mother. She looked older and somehow weaker. "It's time, dear," she said. God in heaven! *It's time, dear!* Why couldn't she say the whole thing? How he hated that dodging.

"You mean it's time for the services."

Her lower lip quivered and she looked straight at him, hurt. "Yes, dear," she said. Then he knew that she saw he had been crying and he began to cry again. He put his arms around her, and he knew that in all the world there was nothing he wanted but to hold her like that. He didn't care what she said so long as she wept for him.

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If That's Poetry—

By JAY DU VON

THE Mississippi north of Morrisville was wide and sluggish. On the Illinois side of the river the smoothly rounded hills had been burned to an olive brown by the long, dry summer days. Only the narrow islands close to shore had kept some of their green spring freshness.

All along, the river was marked by black and orange buoys. When a buoy was orange it meant that the channel lay between it and the Illinois side. When a buoy was black the channel lay to the Iowa side. There was no wind and the water was still and shiny.

On the Iowa side the road ran along high bluffs in back of the summer homes of Morrisville people. A car was being driven slowly along the concrete highway by a dark-haired girl. The man beside her had his elbow on the side of the car and was slumped in his seat. It was one of the hottest days of the year and heat waves shimmered like water on the concrete ahead.

"What shall we do?" said the man. "What shall we ever do?"

"What do you mean? Now?" asked the girl.

"Not particularly. I was quoting poetry."

"If that's poetry—" she said.

"It happens to be from a pretty good poem."

"But I don't know anything about poetry. I don't know anything about anything. Don't you remember, you told me so yesterday?"

The man took a package of cigarettes out of his shirt pocket. He held them out to the girl but she refused to notice them. He lighted one for himself.

"I wish you'd go swimming, Ruth. It's hot as hell."

"No," she said, "but I'll take you home and you can go by yourself. Don't you want me to take you home?"

"Of course not. I want to be with you."

"But you want to go swimming," she insisted.

"Yes," he said wearily. "I want to go swimming, but I'd rather be with you and not go swimming than go swimming without you."

She slowed down the car as the road wound down from the bluffs to the river. The water, which from above seemed a light blue, sparkling in the sun, became a dull, opaque brown.

"The water looks dirty," she said.

"It is dirty, but it's cool."

"I haven't been swimming in years."

"It's a stupid idea, this idea of yours that you don't look well in a bathing suit. It's pretty stupid," he said.

"Oh, but I am stupid. Don't you remember telling me so yesterday?"

He threw the cigarette away.

"For God's sake, forget it! I said lots of things I didn't mean."

"You said I had all the mass reactions," the girl went on; "that I got my ideas and opinions and taste from *Vanity Fair* and the movies."

She stopped the car under some trees where the road ran close to the river. The man held a match for her cigarette.

"You said some pretty insulting things," she continued. "You called me a fool."

"I didn't call you a fool."

"Yes, you did. In French. You called me *'folle.'*"

"That doesn't mean exactly fool," he said. "Besides, I didn't call you that. I was quoting poetry. I said *'Folle dont je suis affolé, je te haïe autant que je t'aime.'*"

"Well, you meant it for me," she insisted.

"All right. I meant it for you. But that was yesterday and I was sore. I don't mean it now and I'm sorry I said it. How's that?"

He wiped his forehead with a damp handkerchief. The back of his shirt was soaked through and the upholstery of the car was fuzzy and hot.

The girl looked across the river at the brown baked hills.

"We've been so far apart lately," she said.

"I'm sorry, Ruth. We mustn't be far apart."

He moved over beside her and put his arm around her shoulders. His arm was sticky on her shoulders.

"Don't, Bill," she said. "It's so hot."

He took his arm away and slid back to the other side of the car.

"Of course, you're awfully warm-blooded. That's the reason, isn't it, Ruth?"

"I hope you're having a good time."

"Sure," he said. "I'm having a swell time."

"But really, Bill, these last few days have

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been the hottest of the summer." She fanned herself hopelessly with a handkerchief.

"I know," he said. "It's always the hottest day of the year, or you're stiff from riding, or fagged from golf, like yesterday, or else you're sick."

"Bill!"

"We'll become celibates 'til fall."

"Don't be nasty."

"We don't seem to get on very well, do we?" he said.

"If you'd only be reasonable, Bill."

"How can I?" he said. "Think of the heat."

She turned away from him and looked down the river toward Morrisville.

"There's a boat coming up the river," she said.

"That's fine. The government spends millions dredging the river and now there's a boat coming up the river. I'll bet they'll be pleased. Where's the boat?"

She pointed to a small stern-wheeled steamer pushing two barges loaded with sand.

"Oh, that's a government boat, too. No one ever uses the river but the government boats who are keeping the river dredged for more government boats, bigger and better government boats. It's a vicious circle."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't mean anything," he said. "It's just the heat."

She turned the ignition key and started the car.

"Things aren't getting any better. We'd better go back," she said.

She drove slowly without speaking. Near Morrisville the bluffs were far back from the river and large onion fields stretched across the valley. The faint smell of onion was cool and pleasant.

"I'll take you home, then call for mother. And then I'm going to take a bath. I've never been so warm," she said.

"Yes," said Bill. "'Oh, the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter. And on her daughter. They wash their feet in soda water.'"

"What's that?" she said.

"It's poetry."

"If that's poetry—"

Given Woman

By JOSÉ VILLA

Ponso wanted a woman and asked Flora to come live with him. Ponso was a small, thin man with expressionless black eyes and a thin, quavering voice. He was thirty-five now, but it was now only he felt the desire for a woman. When he asked Flora to live with him he said he would be good to her.

At first Flora resented it and got angry even while she remained silent, but finally she said yes. Flora was a servant woman and she welcomed this chance of having an independent home. Flora was half ashamed but also glad to accept his proposal. When she gave Ponso her acceptance she cried like a little child.

For Flora had had no lover. Flora was ugly, her own name did not fit her. Her body was thin and short, and her face not pleasant to behold. Flora, as a girl, had dreamed of marrying, but no lover came. Even Ponso, who asked her to live with him, did not make love to her, but got to his point at once:

"You come live with me, Flora. I'll be good to you."

Then a slow nod of the head and Flora in childish tears.

Ponso took Flora to the little room that he rented for himself. At first Flora was afraid to go in, but Ponso said if they were to live together she ought not to be afraid of him. Ponso talked seldom, for he was a quiet man, so when he had spoken Flora gathered courage and obeyed him.

In the little dingy room Flora became afraid of Ponso and later ashamed. Ponso gave her an old rattan chair to sit on and Flora wept on it. Later, when she had tired of crying, she looked about the room and saw how crowded the place would be with herself added. She told Ponso it was small. Ponso got embarrassed and Flora regretted she had said it. Ponso said he had some money saved and he would build a house for her.

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"It won't be so big," he said.

Ponso and Flora did not marry, but Flora did not complain. Ponso was satisfied with her and Flora was happy she had a man. Flora prayed for him to be good to her and that she should learn to love this man.

When the dry season set in, Ponso began work on the house. He found a small plot of land which somebody was desirous to sell, and purchased it. Then he began making measurements for the house. Ponso was a carpenter and he understood this sort of thing. To economize he hired a few other carpenters for the beginning of the work only, until the framework was completed. Then he himself undertook the rest of the work. He shingled the roof and the walls with nipa leaves. He split the bamboos for the floor and nailed them to the rafters. He set up the woven-bamboo partitions inside. He worked hard because he wanted to finish the house early. Flora would be happier in her own home.

Ponso overexerted himself in the construction of the house. His health began to fail. He was already thin, but he became thinner still. When the house was finished he trembled with silent joy. He hurried over to Flora to take her to their new home. When Flora saw him trembling with excitement she wept with love for him.

They moved to their new home in haste. It gave them a sense of pride. They owned this house, this home. Flora recalled that first day she had been afraid of Ponso's little room. She would never be afraid of this house. It was *hers*. Ponso had built it *for* her.

Some time later a greater glory was divulged to Ponso. Flora was with child. Ponso felt queer about it, but somehow, although he kept silent, he felt elated within, as though a great white flower was slowly unfolding in him, as though his child was growing in him instead of in Flora. He was ashamed to talk to her about this coming child, but really all his thoughts were concentrated on his approaching paternity. At times he wanted to run over to Flora's side and kneel before her and tell her many tender things.

He could tell her how he loved her . . . which was true . . . now. Forgive him when he simply desired a woman . . .

He could tell her he was . . . reborn . . . through her. . . .

So many things he *could* tell her but which never found expression.

And then the child came. They were exceedingly happy about it like children exultant over a wondrous gift. Flora wanted to call the child Anastacia, but Ponso said it did not sound good. Ponso wanted a short, pretty name but when Flora asked him what was it he could not say it. Flora said they would have some one look into the calendario and find a name there.

The names for that particular day were: Maria, Eulalia, and Gaudencia. Flora asked Ponso if he liked "Gaudencia," and Ponso thought it over for a while and said that the nickname for it, "Dencia," did not please him. Flora said they could call the child "Dening," and Ponso said it was all right.

The child fell sick one day and Flora cried nervously. Ponso himself was much affected but kept silent. He did not go to work as the child got worse but merely sat pensively before a window. Flora said she was afraid for their child, but Ponso did not answer and only looked vacantly at her.

Before a month had passed the child died.

After that Ponso grew moody and became more silent. Days passed without his uttering any word, until at last his silence was a reproach on Flora, as though the child's death were Flora's fault.

One night Ponso told Flora he was going to leave her. He confessed that he was tired of her and that he was leaving the town for the city. He was silent for a long while after, gazing at Flora, who sat motionless on the floor at the opposite end of the room. It was dark where Flora sat and Ponso could not see Flora's face. Flora remained silent, and in Ponso a sudden feeling of compassion rose.

". . . Why am I leaving her . . . why do I want to leave her?" he wanted to know.

"But I will not leave you until after I have found another man for you," Ponso said.

She asked him softly: "Why must you leave me? I have been faithful to you. . . ."

Ponso said he could not explain it but he told her not to feel sad.

"I'll find for you a better man."

In the dark corner Flora listened in reverential trance . . . as if he were a god talking to her.

Then the day came when Ponso told Flora he had found the man for her. He was a widower, this man, and he had three children of whom now he must take care. He was rather old, a man over fifty, but he was still strong and had a kindly disposition.

"You will not be disappointed in him," Ponso said.

Flora cried when she heard him say that. She loved him greatly. She could never love

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another man. In her simple mind this man who would soon leave her had become a great, divine being. All the goodness of humanity was centred in him. All her love was for nobody but him. . . . "He is too good for *me* . . . that is why God has ordained that we should part. . . ."

Then the day of Ponso's departure came.

"This house is for you, so you will always have a home," Ponso said as he packed his few belongings in a cheap rattan suitcase.

Then he waited for the man who would replace him in Flora's life.

When the man came with his three small girls clinging shyly to his hands, Ponso turned to Flora and said:

"He has come. . . ."

She glanced at him blankly with dim eyes.

"I'll be going now," Ponso said.

". . . Good-by . . . good-by," she returned in a cruel daze. "I wish you . . . luck . . . happiness . . . much happiness, Ponso. . . ."

He descended the bamboo stairs silently, but when he was already near the gate he turned to look back at the woman at the window, and remembered a last message he had forgotten to say:

"You be good to him, Flora."

She answered, crying, waving to him a little pathetic hand:

"Yes . . . yes, Ponso, I'll be . . . good . . . to him."

Prevailing Winds

By Bernice Kenyon

I am tired of describing—of saying words . . .
  Let the day fail—
Let the year run out—let the grim birds
Fly south. . . . I will turn back into the winds again, after a while;
  They are the strong winds, and they prevail.

I am tired of trying to find where things begin and end,
  And of putting thoughts together;
But I shall keep on, as you know. I would only bend
My head for a moment against you, before I go out
  Into the world and into the furious weather.

No doubt right now there are ships ready, with their sails set,
  Waiting for the tide
To take them off to sea, to be struck and met
By the trade-winds, strong and sometimes perilous . . .
  Now, whitely on the swelling water they ride

Implacable. Well, I am implacable too.
  I shall go on once more.
There are the winds blowing—but there is you,
Against whom I can lean for a moment and rest,
  Till I set off on this same tide, as always before.

Do not smile, that I seem foolish in what I say.
  Do not move . . .
My dear, how can you tell where I am going, or how long I shall be away?
And how should you know that I wait, that I rest here against you
  Because I love?

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Fun

By HOLGER CAHILL

"How you call in America, fun? Ha?" the driver asked.

"Yes, that's the word, fun," Mac said.

"Vell, not some fun here," the driver said, turning the car into a narrow road through a growth of stunted pine.

The driver had been telling Mac about the country. He did not like it. Mac agreed with him. He was bored. The driver had once been in the United States, working in a steel mill, and he had picked up some lingo. He told Mac about his days in the States, but what was on his mind was the industrial town in south Sweden where he had lived most of his life. There were real doings for a workingman in that town. Cafés and dance halls. Girls too. They had parties every week, and at midsummer the whole place was one big party. The fellows and the girls went out in the woods together and danced and picked flowers and things. There was fun in that town. Here it was all work. The only fun was the cinema with a new show once a week. The driver felt bad about it. There were no girls here, only the engineers' wives, who were too high and mighty, and the Lapp girls who sold things at the station. He couldn't have anything to do with the Lapp girls. They were dirty, like animals.

Mac sat quiet listening to the driver as they bumped over the road. He was a funny duck, this driver. Mostly Swede, but with Finnish and maybe Russian blood too. You couldn't tell.

They had come through a country of gray-green tundra and now they were in what you might call a forest. Probably these birds did call it a forest. The twisted trees hardly came up to the windshield. Over there were the mountains, a wall of faded-out gray above the tree tops. Old-looking. All this country looked old. It was old too, so the engineers back at the mine had said.

The driver spat over his shoulder and bent his head toward the mountains.

"There over you see Kaisepahkte."

Mac looked. So that was Kaisepahkte. The engineers at the mine had spoken about it as if it were the real thing, as mountains went, up here. Mac looked at it again. None of these birds could have seen real mountains. This one didn't look any higher than a good-sized hill in the Adirondacks.

It was August and it was cold. Mac had on two overcoats. The head engineer at the mine had insisted that Mac put a second overcoat on top of his own. It got chilly driving up here in the Arctic, even in August. They were over a hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle. Mac shut his eyes and pictured a globe. Up there, near the top, was the Arctic Circle. That was where he was, up near the top of the world. Mac got a kick out of thinking about it.

They were going to a Lapp village which the head engineer had spoken about.

"It will amuse you more than going through the mine," the head engineer had said to Mac.

It was a famous mine at that. One of

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the farthest north in the world. But when you came to think about it, all iron mines must be alike. This one wouldn't be so different from the mines on the Mesaba Range in Minnesota. Only in Minnesota they scooped the iron right off the earth with steam shovels. Here it was a mountain which they had to break up with dynamite. Mac wasn't so crazy to see it, though he was willing to go with the rest of the crowd. The engineer knew it.

"I'll send my driver with you out to the Lapp village," the engineer had said.

The engineer knew that Mac didn't care about seeing the mine. He had a lot of American engineers to show around anyway. They had come up here to see how the Swedes did things. What the hell had Mac come up here for? He wondered. Just for fun. Well, there was no fun around here. Mac agreed with the driver. The head engineer certainly was a good guy, hospitable and friendly. All these Swedes were like that, hospitable and friendly and polite. The engineer knew that Mac wanted to have some fun and he was willing to play the game with him, sending his car and his driver to take him all the way out here to see this Lapp village, just to show him a good time.

A wonder that engineer didn't get tired being polite to all these tourists. The country was overrun with them. They came up here to see the Santa Claus country, the Lapps and the reindeer. The only reindeer Mac had seen was a dead one lying among scrub pine with its legs stuck up in the air. It looked small. Not much bigger than a greyhound. Foolish-looking dead animal lying out among the stunted brush and hill tarns, and a bunch of tourists running around to get a look at it. Most of them had come all the way from Central Europe, up around the long coast of Norway, and down into Swedish Lapland just to look at things like that. Mac felt a little self-conscious when he thought about it, for that was the way he had come. The thing to do was to keep away from the tourists. You saw them at railroad stations trying to bargain with the Lapps, a quarter for a paper cutter made of reindeer horn, a dollar for a knife, the kind of a knife the Lapps used. The driver was guiding the car along the twisting road between stunted pines and gray rock. It was tough riding, and it was a bore. The country looked uninteresting. A swell idea of a good time, Mac thought. This country looks like some of the cheesiest parts of northern Michigan. What the hell did a fellow become a tourist for anyway? Next time I'll stay home.

They came to a river. As they drove along, the river widened and then it became a little lake about a mile wide. There was a sod house thatched with moss near the lake, and beside it stood a tall man with arms folded. He had yellow skin, like a Chinaman. The man was a Finn. He would row them across the water to the Lapp village. The driver left the car at the sod house. The Finn dragged a flat-bottomed boat down to the water. He pushed the boat out and they got into it, Mac and the driver sitting in the stern. The Finn sat forward. He bent to the oars and swung back, sending the boat out upon the water. His yellow face came up with each pull, up and down, like a pendulum. The wind was blowing hard against him. It made whitecaps on the water. The waves smashed against the bow, throwing sheets of water over the boat. The driver bailed now and then. Mac had nothing to do but watch the tossing whitecaps and think how dangerous it was in a flat-bottomed boat with the waves running so high. He took off one of his overcoats. The weight of two overcoats wouldn't do him any good in the water.

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"You get cold," the driver warned him.

"I feel warm," Mac said.

The Finn rowed as if he were run by clockwork. His yellow face, set like a rock, moved up and down with every stroke. He was tough, that fellow. His calmness irritated Mac. The waters threw the boat around as if they were playing with it. Mac had heard the engineers say that the Lapps believed there were things under the water that tossed boats around and tipped them over if they had a mind to. Hands reached out of the water and pulled men down. Fairy-tale stuff, but this was Lapp country and they knew more about it than other people knew. Mac felt uncomfortable. It was cold as the devil on the water. Mac shivered. He unbuttoned his second overcoat. The driver looked at him and shook his head.

"I don't feel cold," Mac said.

The Finn swung back and forth on his oars working the boat straight into the wind. They were far out on the lake now. There was the Lapp village, half a mile or more ahead, across the water, little huts covered with turf and moss, and a few tents made of bark and skins. That was the way the Lapps lived. Mac wanted to look at the village, but he was worrying about the boat. Why the devil did they use these little flat-bottomed boats to cross stormy water like this? The driver had said these boats were made for shallow waters and for shooting rapids. Mac couldn't understand how the boat could be making headway against such a wind. The Finn swung back and forth wearing away the distance. His face never changed expression. This was old stuff to him. Probably he was a powerful swimmer too. Mac couldn't swim so well. He wanted to argue with the Finn. It's all right for you, you can swim like an otter, but I'm a bum in the water and with these heavy duds on too. All the time the Finn was making headway, pulling the village nearer. Now it was quite close. The boat made a few tricky lurches as they neared the land, but soon they had tied up and were climbing out on a wooden jetty.

They walked toward the village. The houses made a semicircle around a meadow where the Lapps were making hay. There were a lot of Lapp girls in short skirts and with their legs wrapped in red bands above the ankle, raking the hay, following the men with the scythes. They were shy creatures. They scampered away to a corner of the field, as if a wind had suddenly blown them, and looked at the strange men with their bright little dark eyes. Shy animals, Mac thought. They didn't give much of themselves to the stranger, not soon anyway. They were part of this shy, distant northern country.

Behind the girls and over the roofs of the village he could see the mountains. Looked as if some one had set them down a long time ago and forgotten about them. They looked like mountains some one had forgotten, as if you really didn't see them. You just remembered about them, and they came up to your eye, dim-gray, like something 'way back that you had almost forgotten. It was funny thinking about the mountains that way. It gave you a different kind of feeling about them. Made you like them in a way. Though they weren't much for mountains, just a kind of high roll in the tundra. You'd think they were wild, with waterfalls, and dense forest filled with wolves and bears to hear them talk about it back at the mine. And all they were was a high roll in the tundra stuck with a few scrub pine.

The Lapp girls looked at Mac shyly, standing in a group at the edge of the meadow. They were like the country, distant and shy, but they got you. Forest creatures, and he was like them. He was

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stalking them in the woods. Something was passing between him and the Lapp girls. He stood there looking at them. The driver was pulling him by the sleeve.

"What you looking? Come," he said.

Mac followed him into a house reluctantly.

"We go Mrs. Papa," said the driver.

"Mrs. Papa. That's a funny one. Where did she get that name?"

"She work for the papa," the driver said.

The driver explained it. The papa was the priest. That's what the Lapps called the priest, the papa. People said they got the name from the Pope, the great Papa, who was the papa of all the priests and they were little papas. This woman had worked many years as housekeeper for a priest and she had come to be known as the woman who worked by the papa, Mrs. Papa. Even after she was married she had kept that name. Her husband had taken it too. He was Mr. Papa. Mrs. Papa was a jolly woman, larger than the Lapp women Mac had seen in the meadow. She had Finn blood in her and the Finns were bigger people. She could speak a few words of English and was very free with it. She was a very sociable woman. Mac asked her why she didn't invite some of the Lapp girls in for coffee. She had never thought of it before, but it seemed a good idea to her. She sent her son out to call them in. The driver did not like it. His racial superiority was hurt. The son came back without the Lapp girls. They would not come. Mac had known it. They're shy, they won't come. I'll have to get at them some other way. He asked Mrs. Papa if there were any way for them to visit the homes of the Lapps who lived in tents. She said there was a party of people from the big world coming to see the tent Lapps this very day. They had gone over to see the village church now but they would be back soon. They could all go together. Mac sat, drank coffee, and chatted with Mrs. Papa, fitting together the few words they both knew. They got along very well.

The party came back from the church. It was a German and his wife and daughter. They had seen everything there was to be seen and it was not easy to make an impression on them. They were tourists of the professional type, worked at it. Baedeker was their book of rules. This place was not in Baedeker and so they did not like it. Baedeker had not admired it yet and so they did not have to admire it. They spoke with each other in German. They found the village not very interesting, and so primitive, so dirty. These Lapps lived in barbarism, and a very dirty kind of barbarism too.

Mac sat quiet and did not let on that he understood their talk. He laughed to himself. The poor boobs. It was hard enough for them to admire all the places Baedeker told them to admire without ringing in any unorthodox places, like this one. They talked about it very freely, among themselves. Mac grinned to hear them talk. The driver understood a little German too and he nodded his head in agreement from time to time, though he did not venture to speak to them. That would have been too bold. These were people from the big world, proud people. They knew what to despise. They could make you feel very small if they wanted to. The driver knew that. One spoke to such people with ceremony. Gee, they're funny, these ducks, Mac thought. Well-fed German tourists going around feeling superior to people like these Lapps. How did they get that way?

The Lapps would not be fooled by people like that. They knew people. Once Mac had seen a tourist woman buying a coat of reindeer hide from the

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Lapps. You slipped it over your head like a sweater. "This will stop them on the avenue," she had said. She was an American. The Lapps did not understand her talk. She had to talk with them through an interpreter. But they understood her all right. They smiled with their sharp little black eyes and looked at each other in a funny way. They knew. They knew a lot of things, those Lapps. Their smile had a way of going over you to one of their own kind, as if they had a secret about you that they wouldn't give away. Sometimes you felt there was a sly meanness in their smiles, as if they were up to some kind of a dirty trick. Sometimes you felt it was a kind of politeness, as if they had the goods on you but wouldn't do anything about it. They'd look at you and smile as if to say: "I know you all right. But don't worry. I won't say anything. I'll keep it to myself."

They were deep, these people. Primitive and simple the Swedes called them. Not so simple. They knew a lot. One of the engineers at the mine had been talking about it. They knew the things that lived in the mountains and the forests and under the water. They knew how to get at them. They had secrets between themselves and the wild things, and maybe with the things you couldn't see, like the powers that make blizzards and send storms on people and pull them down in the water and make them drown. The engineer said the Lapps knew these things, and they had been known to use them too. Their sly smiles meant a lot, he said. Mac didn't take much stock in all that stuff, but the look of these Lapp people sure got you. It had a kind of magic in it.

Mrs. Papa was feeding the German tourists coffee and bread and jabbering to them in Swedish. They understood her. These Germans were devils for catching on to languages. They had a way of getting in on things. They were the kind of people who got by. It's the people who make nuisances of themselves who get away with murder. Other people let them get away with it because it is too much trouble to fight them. They had made these village folk promise to take them to see the tent Lapps, and Mac would be able to see the tents just on their account. It made him mad.

The son of Mrs. Papa was to take them to the tent Lapps. These Lapps would not live in houses. Even when they came to stay in towns like this one they lived in tents made of birch bark. The Germans went ahead with Mrs. Papa's son, and Mac and the driver came after them. When they got to the tent the Germans were inside. Mrs. Papa's son stood outside waiting for Mac and the driver to come up. They went in and found seats prepared for them next to the German tourists. Mac stood in the middle of the tent. There were seats on both sides. On one side were the tourists. The driver sat down beside them. On the other side was the Lapp family. There were the father and the mother and four young children. They all wore clothes of bluish cloth, blue caps with red tufts on the top, and their legs were wound with the peculiar red tape which Mac had noticed on the Lapp girls in the village meadow. Mac stood in the middle of the tent. He wanted to sit with the Lapp family. There were seats beside them, but the son of Mrs. Papa was motioning him to sit beside the tourists. It seemed there was some very strict ceremony about it. There was a seat at one side of the tent for the family and for Lapp visitors, and a seat at the other side for the stranger. That was the way the Lapps did it. The etiquette about it was very strict. The Lapps would think it a bad break if Mac tried to sit with them. Mrs. Papa's son told him that.

The driver laughed. The idea that anybody wanted to sit with these Lapps

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was funny to him. Mac wanted to very much but he said nothing about it. He sat down beside the driver. The son of Mrs. Papa was half Lapp and a member of the village community and he sat down beside the family. The Lapps smiled and looked friendly. They nodded to the visitors and said something in their language.

The German tourists were talking to each other. They thought it dull to come all the way up to this country to see a thing like this. The woman said the Lapps looked barbaric, not fierce and barbaric, only dirty. One would almost be afraid of them only they were so little, a dwarf people, and so ugly. Mac looked at the Lapp family. The older people had worn faces, but their eyes were bright. The young Lapps were handsome in a wild, strange way. They had curious pert faces, like young squirrels. A lively people they must be among themselves. Mac heard the German woman speaking again. It was a funny thing, she said, the dividing line was a very small one. She drew a line down the centre of the tent with her cane, making a mark in the dirt floor with the sharp point of the stick. There, she said, is the dividing line. On one side is civilization and on the other is barbarism. Her husband and daughter were struck with the idea. Yes, they agreed, that was it exactly. It was a line dividing two kinds of people, the civilized from the barbaric. The tourists looked at Mac and the driver as if they were rather dubious about including them among the civilized people.

Mac listened to their talk. It made him want to laugh in their faces. The German woman looked at him, and before he knew it he had spoken to her. "It's hard to say which side," he said to the German woman.

"What do you mean?" she said. She said it a little haughtily.

"It's hard to say on which side it is," said Mac.

"What?" said the German woman.

"The civilization," Mac answered. "I mean you've made a line through the middle of the tent and you've said that on one side is civilization and on the other barbarism. It's not so easy to say on which side the civilization lies."

The Germans looked at Mac. The husband adjusted his spectacles to look at him better. They had not taken in what he said. Anyway, that's how it seemed to Mac. They were surprised that a man up in this country understood German. That was the only wonder to them.

After a little while they all went out of the tent. The tourists insisted on taking a photograph, though the Lapps were bashful about it. Mac cursed them under his breath. Damned German tourist trash! It's not especially because they're Germans, he thought. Germans are good guys in their own country. They're just tourists.

Mac went back with the driver to Mrs. Papa's. The rower was there, waiting for them, and the Lapp girls were still in the meadow, raking hay. They moved away as soon as the men came. Hold themselves away from you, Mac thought. Their shyness made them fascinating to him. He fell to thinking what there was about them that women of the civilized world did not have. The driver had been telling Mac about the Lapp girls on their way to the village. They were stupid, he said; had no intelligence at all. Just like animals. Mac got a great kick out of that. Just like animals. Well, animals were pretty damn wonderful. There was something between the male and female of animals that made human beings look silly. There was adventure in it. A kind of beautiful fierceness. That was what was between him and the Lapp girls. They

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were animals stalking each other in the woods. Shy animals drawn to each other, looking at each other from behind trees, coming closer, withdrawing, coming closer again.

If he could only come close to them, get to know them. How could he do it? He didn't have time. If only he didn't have to leave this country. Perhaps he could find some way to stay. He would get to know a Lapp girl. His mind worked in vague pictures warm with emotion. He could see it all. She would be in a birch tent when he found her. They would be lovers, going together into the misty northern mountains. They would live like the wild things. He would hunt wolves and bears in the forest, and she would build a fire and cook reindeer meat. She would teach him the Lapp magic and tell him about the secret things her people knew. He would tell her about life in the great world outside and she would listen with the silence of wonder to his stories.

How sad they would be at parting, for they would have to part. He would go back to the south, to the life of the cities. Couldn't he take her with him? she pleaded. He shook his head sadly. She wept. And then the pride and the distance of her northern country came back to her and she left him, went over the mountains to the tents of her people. He could see her going over the hills, and as she slipped into the mist he called to her. She did not turn back. Sadness filled him, but he was proud of her strength. She was a daughter of the northern mountains.

The Lapp girl had gone over the mountain. It made him want to remember it. He would remember the Lapp girl and her northern mountains. The driver said it was time to go. God, Mac thought, do I have to leave this country? Can't I just stay here and become part of this life? Stay in the mountains with these people and become one of them? The Lapp girls were raking hay. He looked at them sadly and tenderly, and a little proudly too. You loved me, he thought, but we had to part.

"Come," said the driver.

The Finn was unfastening the boat. Mac and the driver walked toward the jetty. The Lapp girls looked at Mac with their shy dark eyes as he passed but they made no sign. Now he had passed them and was at the jetty again. He got into the boat and sat beside the driver in the stern. They pushed off. Mac looked back as the Finn settled down to his steady swing of rowing. The girls in the meadow had stopped raking hay and were looking at the boat. Do you have to go away? they seemed to be saying. Mac wanted to shout to them, to wave his hand. He wanted to say that he was not going away. I'll come back. Wait for me. But they would not understand his words. He would come back though, he would. He wouldn't leave.

The Finn rower wore away the distance. He had the wind behind him, and soon the Lapp girls were no more than dots on the far shore. Mac left his overcoats on. He had no fear now of the powers that lived under the water. I know you, he thought. The rower was already poling the boat in through the shallows. The village looked small on the other side. The people had gone from the meadow. Mac got out of the boat and shook hands with the Finn rower. He had not spoken a word during the whole trip and he did not speak now as Mac and the driver said good-by to him. The driver knew how much to pay him. The head engineer back at the mine had told the driver to take care of all that. Mac was to pay for nothing. The hospitality of these Swedes. It was immense.

The driver went back by another road

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so they could see more of the country. The lake narrowed and became a river again. They were going down hill. The river grew narrower and narrower, the water going faster, rushing down as if something were pulling it.

"Soon we see big water," the driver said.

"What water?" Mac asked.

A big fjord cut in between the mountains here, the driver told him. Soon they would see it, as soon as they were out of the scrub-pine wood. Mac sat and looked at the mountains. They didn't look much bigger than good-sized sheds, covered with mist, gray-like.

"There," the driver said.

The car jolted over a rock. Mac and the driver bounced against each other. Mac followed the turn of the driver's head and looked around. There was the water. God! Mac took hold of the side of the car. Just outside the car the earth fell away, the mountainside went suddenly down to the fjord that looked as if it were miles below. The earth leaned down to the distant water.

"It looks as if it was a mile down," Mac said to the driver.

"In English, one mile," the driver said.

Mac knew what he meant. He meant that it was an English mile. A mile in this country was about seven English miles, and as these people counted it the water was not a mile down. But in the English and American way it was.

The whole country had turned around for Mac, as in a kaleidoscope when you give it a turn and everything comes different. He looked at Kaisepahkte again. Now he could see how it stood up from the water, miles up, a gray old mountain that some one had forgotten, but now it came back and it was tremendous. He felt like taking off his hat and waving it in the air. Good old Kaisepahkte! My hat's off to you. What a mountain! And what a country! All of it way up in the sky. He had been riding over mountains without knowing it. Now the country had shown itself to him. Now he had seen it. That was the way things were up here. They kept themselves away from you and you had to go find out about them. They acted shy, but when you got close to them you could see they had the real stuff in them. They were worth knowing. These mountains. These people. God, what a country! It got you. The engineers back at the mine had been talking about it, the way the country got you. Mac could believe it now. He had smiled when he heard them talking about it. Just trying to sell this place to themselves. Now he believed them. What a country! Why do I ever have to leave it? By God, I won't! I'll stay here and do something. Something. Mac did not know what. What could he do in this country? He would have to think it over.

The driver was talking. They had come back to the town.

"Fella need some, like you say in America, fun."

"Yes," Mac said. "Why, sure. He does."

"We see," the driver said, "maybe fun in kino."

Mac was not listening.

"I go see in kino," the driver said.

He drove away from the mine streets and came to a street of shops. There was the cinema, a wooden shack with billboards advertising an American movie. Mac glanced at the poster. Some kind of a Hollywood queen, he said to himself, and his thought left her and returned to the Lapp girls in the meadow.

"Something in kino," the driver said. "Make fun, ha?"

"Sure," Mac said. He did not know what the driver was talking about.

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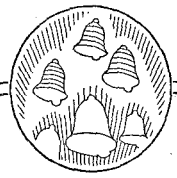

Miss Ella

By ZELDA SAYRE FITZGERALD

Bitter things dried behind the eyes of Miss Ella like garlic on a string before an open fire. The acrid fumes of sweet memories had gradually reddened their rims until at times they shone like the used places in copper saucepans. Withal she was not a kitchen sort of person, nor even a person whom life had found much use in preserving. She was elegant, looking exactly like one of the ladies in a two-tone print on the top of a fancy glove box. Her red hair stuck out of a choir cap on Sundays in a tentative attempt to color the etching of her personality.

When I was young I loved Miss Ella. Her fine high instep curved into her white canvas shoes in summer with the voluptuous smoothness of a winter snow-bank. She had a lace parasol and was so full of birdlike animation that she teetered on her feet when she spoke to you—sometimes she had meals with us and I remember her twittering about on our hearth after supper, dodging the popping bits of blue flame from our bituminous coal, believing ardently that "one" could keep fit by standing up twenty minutes after eating.

All the people in the world who were not her blood relations were impersonally "one" to Miss Ella. She was severe with the world and had she ordered the universe she would have kept it at runners' tension toeing the chalk starting-mark forever. I don't know which would have upset her equanimity more: the materialization of a race or the realization that there wasn't going to be any. In any case, "one" must keep fit for all problematical developments.

Even her moments of relaxation were arduous, so much so as to provoke her few outbursts of very feminine temper and considerable nervous agitation. She was essentially Victorian. Passing along the sidewalk in the heat of the afternoon and seeing Miss Ella far away in her hammock in the shade of the big elms by the house, her white skirt dusting a white flutter off the snowball bushes as she rocked herself back and forth, you would never have guessed how uncomfortable she was or how intensely she disliked hammocks. It always took at least three tries before she was tolerably ensconced: the first invariably loosened the big silver buckle that held her white-duck skirt in place; the second was wasted because it might result in immodest exposure of her fragile legs, by furling too tightly around her the white canvas lengths. After that she simply climbed into the hammock and did her arranging afterward, which is about as easy as dressing in a Pullman berth. The hammock fanned its red and yellow fringe in a triumphant crescent motion that discomfited Miss Ella. By holding tightly to the strings at one end and desperately straining her foot against the worn patch of clay in the grass underneath, she managed to preserve a more or less static position. With her free hand she opened letters and held her book and brushed away things that fell from

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the trees and scratched the itchings that always commence when stillness is imperative.

These were Miss Ella's hours of daytime rest. She never allowed herself to be disturbed until the sun had got well to the west and down behind the big house, its last light pulsing through the square hall-ways in the back windows and out the front, vivisected by the cold iron tracery of the upstairs balcony, to fall in shimmering splinters on the banana-shrubs below. At five a decisive old lady rolled up the drive in a delicate carriage, high and springy, with a beige parasol top. Her hair was snow-white and her face was white and pink with ante-bellum cosmetics. Even from far away they emanated the pleasant smell of oris root and iris. She held the reins absent-mindedly in one hand, the big diamonds in their old-fashioned settings poking up through her beige silk gloves. Her other arm made a formal, impersonal nest for a powdered spitz. When she called to Miss Ella the words slid along the sun rays with the sound of a softly drawn curtain on brass rings. "Ella! It's time to cool off, my child. The dust is settled by now. And oh, Ella, be a good girl and find Aunt Ella's fan, will you?"

So Miss Ella and Aunt Ella and the white dog went for their afternoon drive leaving the sweet cool of the old garden to the aromatic shrubs, the fireflies and the spiders who made their webs in the box-wood, to the locusts tuning the air for night vibrations and to three romantic children who waited every day for the carriage to roll out of sight before scaling the highest bit of wall that surrounded the grounds.

We loved that garden. Under two mulberry trees where the earth was slippery beneath our bare feet there stood a wooden play-house, relic of Miss Ella's youth. To me it never seemed an actual play-house but to represent the houses associated with childhood in homely stories; it was in my imagination the little red schoolhouse, the farmhouse, the kindly orphan asylum, literary locales that never materialized in my own life. I never went inside but once, because of a horror of the fat summer worms that fell squashing from the mulberry trees. It was dry and dusty, scattered traces of a frieze of apple-blossoms still sticking to the walls where Miss Ella had pasted them long ago.

No one but us ever went near the play-house, not even the grand-nieces of Aunt Ella when they came occasionally to visit. Almost buried in a tangle of jonquils and hyacinths dried brown from the summer heat, its roof strewn with the bruised purple bells of a hibiscus overhanging its tiny gables, the house stood like a forgotten sarcophagus, guarding with the reticent dignity that lies in all abandoned things a paintless, rusty shotgun. Here was a rough oasis apart from the rest of the orderly garden. From out of the delicate concision there foamed and billowed feathery shell-colored bushes that effervesced in the spring like a strawberry soda; there were round beds of elephants-ears with leaves that held the water after a rain and changed it to silver balls of mercury running over the flat surface. There were pink storm-lilies on their rubbery stems, and snowdrops, and shrubs with bottle-green leaves that ripped like stitching when you tore them. Japonicas dropped brown flowers into the damp about the steps of the square, sombre house, and wistaria vines leaned in heavy plaits against the square columns. In the early morning Miss Ella came with a flat Mexican basket and picked the freshest flowers for the church. She said she tended the garden, but it was really Time and a Negro contemporary of his, who did that. In front

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of the kitchen door, the old black man had a star-shaped bed of giant yellow cannas covered with brown spots and in a crescent were purple pansies. He scolded appallingly when he caught us on the grounds: he was most proprietary about the place and guarded the play-house like some cherished shrine.

That was the atmosphere that enveloped the life of Miss Ella. Nobody knew why she found it sufficient; why she did not follow the path of the doctor's coupé that divided its time between the downtown club and the curb in front of her shadowy lawn. The reason was Miss Ella's story, which like all women's stories was a love story and like most love stories took place in the past. Love is for most people as elusive as the jam in "Alice in Wonderland"—jam yesterday, jam to-morrow, but no jam to-day. Anyhow, that was how it was with Miss Ella, living titularly on the jam of some time ago, skimming over life's emotions like a bird flying low over the water detaching bright sprays into the air with its wings.

In her youth she was as slim and smooth as a figure in blown glass. Compact in long organdies that buoyed themselves out on the bars of a waltz, she stood firm in the angular aloof arm of her fiancé.

He pyramided above her, two deep lines from the corners of his eyes, his mouth closed tight over many unuttered words, a deep triangle about the bridge of his nose. In the autumn he stood for hours up to his knees in the greasy backwash from the river, the long barrel of his gun trained skyward on wide files of green-backed ducks flying south over the marshes. He brought his loot to Miss Ella in bunches and she had them cooked in her white-pine kitchen, steeped in port and bitters and orange peel, till the brown delicious odor warmed the whole house. They sat together over an enormous table, eating shyly in the dim rings of light that splattered the silver and crept softly over the heavy frames of the dark still-lifes that lined the wall. They were formally in love. There was a passive dignity in the currents that passed between them that quieted the air like a summer Sunday morning. The enveloping consideration of him, the luminous fragility of her, they made a harmonious pair.

In those days the town was small, and elegant ladies agitated their rockers with pleasure back of box-wood gardens as Miss Ella and her beau whipped past in his springy carriage, the light pouring over the polished spokes of the wheels like the flowing glint of water over a mill.

He called her "dear"; she never called him anything but Mr. Hendrix. In the soft chasm of the old hall after a late party, he reverently held her hands, hands filled with a dance card, a butterfly pin, a doll in feathers, trinkets of the dance, souvenirs of dreamy rhythms that wavered in her head with the fluctuations of watered silk propelled by the warmth of quiet happiness. They poured the plans for their life together into the moulds of the thick tree shadows and turned them out on the midnight air marked with the delicate tracings of the leaves—modest stable plans of two in love. He told her how things were to be, and she acquiesced, pleased with his quiet voice piling up in mid-air like smoke in an airless room.

They were both religious to a fashionable restrained extent, and it was the church which drew Andy Bronson across the strings of their devotion, to saw them and haggle them and finally leave the broken ends twisting upward, frayed and ruined, dangling loose in tragedy with the resonance of twisted catgut. Miss Ella and Mr. Hendrix planned to be married in the square

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white church in the spring. Entering from the back where the iron banisters led to the balcony, they planned to walk in solemnity through the misty gusts of face powder, the green smell of lilies, the holiness of candles, to barter with God at the altar; toil and amiability for emotional sanctity. He said that there would be beauty and peace forever after and she said "Yes."

Sorting their dreams absent-mindedly, like putting clean linen in a cupboard, they stood side by side dreaming of that at Christmas time. A church festival was going on and there were egg-nog and lemonade and silver cake-baskets filled with sliced fruit cake and bonbonnières of nuts and candy in the Sunday-school room. The church was hot, and young men drifted out and in again, bringing with them the odor of overcoats and cigarettes smoked in the cold, and fumes of Bourbon. There in the smoky feminine confusion stood Andy Bronson, the excitement of Christmas hanging bright wreaths about his cheek bones, a mysterious quiet certitude proclaiming nefarious motives.

Miss Ella was conscious of him in a still world beyond reality, even as she talked with animation of all the years that would churn behind the honeymoon boat that plied between Savannah and New York. From that tremulous duality she shivered into the confusion that followed the bang of the giant firecracker that Andy had lit beneath the steps that led to the balcony. A spark caught in her flimsy Dolly Varden and Ella's dress was in flames. Through the slow split groups laughing, disapproving, explaining, not knowing what had happened, Andy was the first to reach her burning skirts, clapping the blaze between his palms until only a black, charred fringe was left.

The day after Christmas, hid in an enormous box of roses so deep in red and remorse that their petals shone like the purple wings of an insect, he sent her yards and yards of silk from Persia, and then he sent her ivory beads, a fan with Dresden ladies swinging between mother-of-pearl sticks, a Phi Beta Kappa key, an exquisite miniature of himself when his face was smaller than his great soft eyes—treasures. Finally he brought her a star-sapphire (which she tied about her neck in a chamois bag lest Mr. Hendrix should know) and she loved him with desperate suppression. One night he kissed her far into the pink behind her ears and she folded herself in his arms, a flag without a breeze about its staff.

For weeks she could not tell Mr. Hendrix, saving and perfecting dramatically the scene she hopefully dreaded. When she did tell him, his eyes swung back in his head with the distant pendulousness of a sea-captain's. Looking over her small head through far horizons with the infinite sadness of a general surrendering his sword, finding no words or thoughts with which to fill her expectant pathos, he turned and slowly rolled the delicate air of early spring down the gravel path before him and out into the open road. Afterward he came to call one Sunday and sat stiffly in a bulbous mahogany chair, gulping a frosted mint julep. The depression about him made holes in the air, and Miss Ella was glad when he left her free to laugh again.

The southern spring passed, the violets and the yellow white pear trees and the jonquils and cape jasmine gave up their tenderness to the deep green lullaby of early May. Ella and Andy were being married that afternoon in her long living-room framed by the velvet portières and empire mirrors encasing the aroma of lives long past. The house had been cleaned and polished, and shadows and memories each put in their proper

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place. The bride cake nested on southern smilax in the dining-room and decanters of port studded the long sideboard mirrors with garnets. Between the parlor and the dining-room calla lilies and babies'-breath climbed about a white tulle trellis and came to a flowery end on either side of the improvised altar.

Upstairs, Miss Ella was deep in the cedar and lavender of a new trunk; fine linen night-gowns and drawn-work chemises were lifted preciously into the corners and little silk puffs of sachet perched tentatively over the newness. A Negress enamoured of the confusion stood in the window drinking in the disorder from behind dotted Swiss curtains, looking this way and that, stirring the trees with the excitement of her big black eyes and quieting the room with the peace they stole from the garden.

Miss Ella heard the curtains rip as the strong black hands tore them from the fragile pole. "O Lawd—O Lawd—O Lawd." She lay in a heap of fright. By the time Ella reached the heavy mass, the woman could only gesticulate toward the window and hide her face. Ella rushed to the window in terror.

The bushes swished softly in the warmth. On the left there was nothing remarkable; a carriage crawling away far down the road, and plants growing in quiet now that their flowers were shed. Reassurance of the coming summer pushed her leaping heart back into place. Ella looked across the drive. There on the play-house steps lay Mr. Hendrix, his brains falling over the earth in a bloody mess. His hands were clinched firmly about his old shotgun, and he as dead as a door nail.

Years passed but Miss Ella had no more hope for love. She fixed her hair more lightly about her head and every year her white skirts and peek-a-boo waists were more stiffly starched. She drove with Auntie Ella in the afternoons, took an interest in the tiny church, and all the time the rims about her eyes grew redder and redder, like those of a person leaning over a hot fire, but she was not a kitchen sort of person, withal.

This Was Her Country

By Lawrence Lee

This was her country. She returns.
O, gentle clay,
Receive a heart which never yearns
To go away.

Make of this body now some green
And graceful thing
To grow and flourish and be seen
When it is spring.

Since death must change her anywhere,
In this red loam
What wakes of her will be aware
That she is home.

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Psychoanalysis—The Inward Eye

By GEORGE DRAPER

The real value of psychoanalysis has, in the minds of most people, been lost sight of because of the battles of the schools of Freud, Jung, and Adler. What it really is, how it adds to the sum of human knowledge, how it works to banish fears and to make more complete fusion with the spiritual universe is here told by an eminent physician.

During the past few years Psychoanalysis has been so vigorously discussed through a wide gamut of praise and damnation that the staggering public, like a battered and groggy prize-fighter, is seen either doggedly holding to the ropes of standard experience or frankly fleeing from the ring. There are certain excellent reasons, however, for this attitude of confused scepticism which exists in many quarters toward the subject of analytical psychology. The mere fact that there are three "schools" of thought dealing with the problem is perplexing enough if only because each employs a different name.

The first of these, originated by Sigmund Freud, used the term Psychoanalysis; another started by Freud's pupil, Alfred Adler, speaks of the subject as Individual Psychology; while C. G. Jung designates the whole field of the new movement as Analytical Psychology. This situation naturally has offered the opportunity for the conservatives to argue that so long as such differences of interpretation existed, the subject must still be so doubtful and formless as to justify its exclusion from serious academic consideration. But this declaration unhappily has not been of great constructive value. Furthermore, perhaps owing to lack of precise information, various portions of the thinking public have entertained different ideas about the nature of the present movement in psychology. Some people look upon it as a mystic cult, some as a new religion. Still others think of it as a quack method of treatment, "something like Coué." Others again shun it as black magic, or a process devised by filthy-minded professional curiosity seekers who wallow in sex and Rabelaisian phantasies. Then there are those who sincerely believe that in its analytical form psychology has entered into a new phase of development, just as medicine did with the introduction of the experimental method. It may be that Man, recognizing intuitively the relationship between emotional maladjustment and physical illness, is seeking a new light to guide him through the valley of the shadows. Possibly this explains why, despite the various doubts and fears about the matter which fill the minds of many earnest people, the movement known as Analytical Psychology is clearly growing. Perhaps also it is growing because

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the new psychology is a fearless, honest attempt to investigate scientifically the most amazing of nature's mysteries, that elemental composite of irrational and rational energy: the mind of man.

In their resistance to Psychoanalysis, human beings have merely shown again their ancient tendency to resist any attempt either to investigate the dark phantoms of the mind, or to alter those magic formulæ by which they have always been held in partial subjugation. The latter pronouncements, starting as primitive incantations, have developed with the passage of time, through endless holy ritual, into the elaborate symbolism of the Roman Catholic Church or the unadorned law of the Protestant. But whatever ritual and dogma have served, or still serve, the religious needs of man, they are all based on the belief that the management of those dark phantom problems had best be left to God. Nevertheless, as Man's rationalizing power has developed, natural phenomena which previously were classed as occult and dangerous have been logically explained and managed. Consequently with each increase in security achieved by reason, his need of divine assistance has diminished. But these gains in self-sufficiency are chiefly in relation to external matters which can be met with eye and hand. There still remain to plague him, however, the perils which germinate in the unexplored depths of his emotional reservoirs. Thus, there exists a split in his consciousness. For as with growing knowledge he leans increasingly upon the support of rational thinking, so he shrinks more and more from the irrational forces of phantasy and emotion.

History provides numerous examples of this paradoxical cleavage, of this two-compartment arrangement of the mind, in which the finest kind of rational thinking parallels the most cruel and devastating irrationalism. As early as the time of King Zoser, in the 30th Egyptian Dynasty (2980–2900 B. C.), the great architect and physician Imhotep was executing engineering feats of magnitude and developing certain principles of medicine which are still valid to-day. Yet the fanatical cruelty of the priesthood in that era is common knowledge, as well as the practice of human sacrifice to the Gods, and the burial of slaves alive with their dead masters. Whether or not human sacrifice occurred in Greece as late as 400 B. C. is not certain; at any rate it had ceased not long before. Yet the mysteries of the oracles and the jealous insistence upon prescribed forms of worship of the extensive Pantheon held the populace in a grip of uncanny fear. But at the same moment Aristotle, Plato, Hippocrates, Euclid, and Socrates were teaching in the Academy and the Lyceum. Again the violence born of irrationalism is encountered in the burning of witches in the seventeenth century. That fervid expression of fears, arising in the primitive levels of consciousness, is all the more remarkable because it occurred at a time when intellectual development in the most modern sense had reached a pinnacle. Galileo, Keppler, and William Harvey appear at the beginning of this period; Isaac Newton, John Locke, Voltaire, and Leibnitz further distinguish its course and termination.

These examples of irrationalism likewise display Man's readiness to suspect and condemn the adventurous individual who has dared to grapple bare-handed with uncanny forces. Such persons, apparently able to handle dangerous mysteries unaided by divine assistance, must surely be allies of the Devil. They are the necromancers of all time, the magicians concerned with black magic. In the folds of their cloaks something macabre and fearsome hangs, from

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which good people must draw aside, making the sign of the cross or holding up the "cornu" hand. Both of these are powerful defensive measures, yet quite as irrational as the supposed menace of the sorcerer. In the minds of many today a similar attitude exists toward the new Psychology. Because it works with hidden and often terrifying elements of the subconscious mind it is reminiscent of black magic. Psychology, so long as it was limited to the study of the behavior of the masses under varying social, economic and religious conditions, or to the investigation of physiological changes produced by different emotional states, has been acceptable to the public generally. Consequently in this form it has been taught in our universities. But the moment a psychology appeared which exposed the actual content of the individual psyche, that psychology was vigorously repudiated by the general public. Very quickly did the workers in every field of organized human endeavor—in the church, in commerce, in sociology and pedagogy, in the law and in medicine—intuitively sense the fact that the new so-called dynamic or analytical psychology might necessitate a complete revision of their existing ideas and methods. Consequently the early workers in this new form of psychological investigation were either bitterly attacked by a fear-driven opposition or championed by ardent followers.

From the foregoing remarks it should be evident why the new movement of thought known generally as Psychoanalysis should be so strongly resisted. It deals with the deep and vaguely apprehended energies of the emotional and phantasy life. Many of these are terrifying to highly intellectual modern man just as they have been to his primitive ancestors; many are the source of all the beauty and inspiration which he has found in the world about him. The latter he has accepted and their inspiring values he has expressed in painting and sculpture, in song and poetry; the former, the terrors and the devils he has either denied, or imprisoned by stern suppression, creating the Gods to aid him in this difficult task. It is of course conceivable that rules of behavior, supported by fear of punishment, and the help of orthodox deities, may still satisfy Man as a means of controlling these dangerous components of his nature. Possibly it may finally turn out that there is no other way to manage his destructive emotions except through a live or creative religion. But there are indications that his existing prescriptions are no longer generally adequate to this end. The unrest among the nations, the breaking down of well-tried social customs, the desperate efforts of the Protestant Churches to hold or retrieve their waning congregations, and, above all, the increasing amount of neurotic disease, provide evidence that the strength of the old order is diminishing. On the other hand, new attempts at religious expression have been appearing. For example, within the last fifty years, New Thought, Christian Science, and Theosophy have developed. In medicine many new cults and charlatans have come forward as substitutes or adjuvants to the existing regular school. Indeed these appear to be flourishing more actively than at any previous period in the world's history. But besides the unimportant or false attempts at change are likewise those which have sound and healthy roots.

One of the most significant indications that the new psychology is one of these is the appearance of psychoanalytical workers in several medical clinics. Indeed a not infrequent scene today in the ward dramas of one of our great hospitals is enacted by four characters: the priest, the doctor, the psycho-

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analyst and the patient. The first two are familiar figures; the values and limitations of the parts they play are well known. But the beneficent power of the third is still not fully disclosed. There is, however, only one way to determine what his value to the patient may be. Even in this modern moment wherein mathematical predictions are possible in so many fields, there are still phases of life experience in which the primitive method of trial and error is the only one. Perhaps it will be found that the true healer, the great physician of the future, must represent a fusion of those three who now pass separately from the bedside, each looking a little doubtfully at the other.

Although there has been a great extension of interest in the subject of analytical psychology among scientific workers during the past few years, ardent sceptics may still be found among the sincerest searchers after truths for the healing art. Many still of those who labor in the halls and laboratories of medicine are disinclined to accept the definition given above, that analytical psychology is an attempt to investigate "scientifically" the mind of man. To use the term scientific in connection with the existing methods of analytical psychology at once arouses controversy. It is stoutly maintained by some that science being really a matter of numerical measurement cannot possibly concern itself with imponderables. Of necessity dreams and phantasies and the emotions of fear, love, and hate, for example, can only be dealt with by words or graphic symbols. Fear or the murderous or sexual passions were expressed by primitive man in the form of devils or wild animals, and we of to-day seem to have made little improvement over their technic. But clearly for the other highly trained rational slice of the mind such poetic or artistic methods are quite unacceptable. Yet if a scientific method in the laboratory sense is perhaps momentarily lacking, it can fairly be said that the point of view offered by analytical psychology is scientific. It would seem that thought processes, being brain product, so far as we know, properly form a part of all natural phenomena. They are fair game, therefore, for the student of nature. For such an investigator there are roughly three stages in the development of every new science: First, the dawning of the idea, the vision, born of empirical experience. Then follows the period of orderly logical cogitation of the factors and their arrangement in a rational or scientific concept. Finally, a dependable mechanistic technic is devised which proves—if anything can be proved—the truth of the vision to the point of intellectual satisfaction. One is reminded at this point of a saying of the French physiologist Claude Bernard: "Un naturaliste qui observe des animaux dans toutes les conditions de leur existence et qui tire de ces observations des conséquences qui se trouvent vérifiées et contrôlées par d'autres observations, ce naturaliste emploiera la méthode expérimentale, quoiqu'il ne fasse pas de l'expérimentation proprement dite."

Analytical psychology, which indeed might be considered to be an exploration of an individual's actual life purpose and adaptations, provides an opportunity for such controlled observations as that suggested by the great French physiologist. Stimulated perhaps by Pope's famous advice that "the proper study of mankind is man," certain so-called "Institutes for the study of man" or "for Human Biology" have recently been established in several universities. It is proposed to investigate the creature Man from every conceivable angle. His heredity, social adaptations, talents, endurance, comparability with apes and other animals, and many other expres-

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sions of his being will be observed. Just to what extent the processes of his dream and phantasy life will be correlated with these other characteristics remains to be seen. Still the establishment of such institutes is a hopeful sign, because it shows that Man is reaching the point of readiness to advance toward an understanding of the dark side of his nature. Ultimately to gain full knowledge of himself is the really important goal, for "ripeness is all."

Of course, it is a very old idea that there are at least two parts of the mind. One is the conscious part whence develops that clear-cut, almost tangible kind of thought which deals chiefly with materials brought to us in the waking state by our five senses. It enables us to recognize objects and situations in our environment and from that recognition to proceed to certain action or inaction in respect of them. Thus we can say "that is a chair, I shall sit on it." It is a safe and satisfactory form of thought, for it is simple, direct, obvious and, above all, can be understood by some one else. The other part of the mind, however, we do not manage very well. It is the source of dreams, phantasies and sudden unexpected and quite incongruous and embarrassing ideas. Out of this mysterious reservoir come the terrors and the graces of life, the devils and the angels, destruction and creation, death and life. The poets have known about it:

Macbeth: ". . . how does your patient, Doctor?"

Doctor: "Not so sick, my lord, as she is troubled with thick coming fancies, that keep her from her rest."

In the whole preceding scene of Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking is disclosed the destructive power of that department of the mind now called unconscious. And from the pen of Shelley comes an equally significant illustration of magical creative forces which move in the phantasy wells of the mind:

"While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead,
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed;
I was not heard, I saw them not,—
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,—
Sudden their shadow fell on me;
I shrieked and clasped my hands in ecstasy.

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine,—have I not kept that vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the envious night—
They know that never joy illumed my brow
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery,
That thou—Oh awful loveliness
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express."

Dealing with the subject purely intellectually or from a scientific point of view, if you will, C. G. Jung writes:

"Thus we have two forms of thinking—directed thinking and dream or phantasy thinking. The first, working for communication with speech elements, is troublesome and exhausting; the latter, on the contrary, goes on without trouble, working spontaneously, so to speak, with reminiscences. The first creates innovations, adaptations; imitates reality and seeks to act upon it. The latter, on the contrary, turns away from reality, sets free subjective wishes, and is in regard to adaptation wholly unproductive."

External reality, the palpable universe,

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offers itself easily and lavishly to the mechanistic technics devised by directed thinking. But the inward realities—"the daggers of the mind, the false creations proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain," or yet those soft pipes, "piping to the spirit ditties of no tone," are jealous of their mystery. So far a crisp, infallible technic which satisfies the scientific requirements of the day does not exist for their study and demonstration. Perhaps the contents of the unconscious mind belong to the perfections of Walt Whitman: "Only themselves understand themselves and the like of themselves, as souls only understand souls." Nevertheless, although lacking a scientific technic, it is still possible to cogitate the problem scientifically, and advance with reason and not mystic incantations in the attempt to understand it.

Obviously the so-called "unconscious" portion of the mind is not a geographic territory of the brain. It is merely a term used in a way of thinking about all those thought processes which are not found definitely and sharply in the forefront of conscious thought. It is the place of oblivion into which a name or telephone number suddenly drops just when it is most wanted, and whence it emerges to conscious thought again quite as absurdly. In the unconscious mind arise the phantasies of times and characters we never knew, and there also are built the airy castles of our hopes and ambitions. The dragons and devils lurk within this province ready to come forward, disguised as our respectable selves, and amaze our friends or delight our enemies with unseemly behavior. Poetry is born there; bridges and skyscrapers germinate; laughter comes and Eros sets the arrow in his bow. All time and space are contained within its limitless sphere, and every life throb of every living thing which has gone before in the heritage of each one of us contributes to its essence. Again, Walt Whitman sings as though he knew:

> "Locations and times—what is it in me that meets them all whenever and wherever and makes me at home?
> Forms, colours, densities. odours—what is it in me that corresponds with them?"

Perhaps the poets with word symbols, the painters and sculptors with symbols in color and form, and the musicians striking melody from imagination's lyre still possess the best technic for rendering conscious the vast confusion of subtle and tremendous implications in the unconscious mind. But the scientific point of view has now been turned upon the difficult problem of the relationship or lack of it which exists between the conscious and unconscious phases of the psyche. Slowly and with laborious, time-consuming method the intellectual approach is gaining headway. Dream and phantasy material is being dealt with today precisely as the laboratory scientist studies new and unknown animal species. The dream content is classified and recorded. Correlations of the dream figures and episodes are made with the dreamer's own conscious life experience, and with the symbolism of all ages and races, and with mythology and folklore. As the work proceeds, man becomes the central figure in the study of the universe. But he is seen as he is, composed of good and bad, and accepted as he is without blame or praise or intolerance. Many strange and as yet inexplicable facts in his psychology appear. In the face of these, the analytical psychologists say what every laboratory scientist does in a similar situation—"We do not know what it means but we shall wait and study and find out." In some respects the present revival of interest in the "whole man," by methods lacking in the drastic precision of laboratory machines, recalls the Humanist movement led by Petrarch, Colet and Eras-

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mus in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. This new Humanism, questioning perhaps the over-intellectualization and absolutism of modern science, does not seek to displace or overthrow the methods of the laboratory. But it is a withdrawal from complete subservience to the God of numbers, in order to use other forms of knowledge in an equally intellectual way. Rational thought under the influence of laboratory science to-day has tended perhaps to consider irrational thought as a collateral or secondary form. But from the psychological standpoint it can be held that the irrational transcends the rational.

It is no wonder that the public, reading and hearing much of Psychoanalysis should be confused and doubtful. In the welter of argument as to whether this or that method of psychotherapeutic technic is the best or the right one, people may well become groggy. The discussion of the relative merits of Freudian, Adlerian or Jungian tenets from the point of view of their healing value is really not the main issue. There is, of course, something good and something bad in them all. None is wholly right, none is wholly wrong. As time goes on those parts of each which, as in the curate's egg, are excellent, will survive. The real difficulty which must be faced by those who view the subject with doubt lies in the nature of the problem itself; for Analytical Psychology holds up a mirror which reveals the actual content and structure of man's soul. Dare he look in this reflecting glass? In doing so he will see as with an inward eye the evil with the good, the hypocrisies and the truths, the devils and the gods. The great question is, will the knowledge and honest understanding which that vision brings, help him surely to negotiate the tempests and sunshine of life more successfully than he has done heretofore in his fear and blindness? The experience of those who have sincerely explored the unconscious mind dictates an affirmative reply. It is an adventure, perhaps more difficult and perilous than any which has lured Man to overcome the physical universe. To those who strive to penetrate the secret mysteries of the irrational depths, Tradition, Religion, Science cry "Beware!"

But there can be no turning back now. The reality of the forces in the unconscious portions of the mind has been established by human experience through the ages. Their destructive power is measured by the strength of the church and the law; the wonder of their fertility is found in poetry, music, painting, sculpture and the dance. Analytical Psychology using a new weapon, forged of equal faith in the logic and emotions of life, is advancing undismayed to free mankind from fears and to gain for it completer fusion with the spiritual universe.

In coming numbers—"European Morals and Our Own," by Albert Jay Nock; "Man—The Unwilling Master," by Wells Wells; "The Fine Art of Letting Go," by Lewis Gaston Leary; "Living Alone," by Doctor Frank Payne and Florence Brobeck.

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As I Like It

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

"WILLIAM ARCHER—LIFE, WORK, AND FRIENDSHIPS," by his brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Archer, is much more than an interesting story of an interesting man. It is a contribution to the history of the British theatre during its finest florescence since the death of Shakespeare. From the year 1590 to the year 1630 the English drama not only attained its greatest height as literature, but the greatest height in any country or in any age. When the Puritans closed the theatres in 1642, they did not stifle creative genius; they buried a corpse.

It was not until the last decade of the nineteenth century that the English drama and the English theatre were once more happily united. In the whole eighteenth century—a golden age of acting—only three plays survived, because only three plays had vitality. These three came all together; and were of course "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Rivals," and "The School for Scandal."

In his old age, Tennyson, with admirable courage and energy, having conquered every other field of poetry, set out to win eternal renown as a dramatist. From the age of sixty-six to the age of eighty-three the indomitable veteran produced play after play; and in the month of his death, October, 1892, Ada Rehan and John Drew were acting in his last drama, "The Foresters." Tennyson failed; he never wrote a good play; but the year of his death ushered in a new and glorious epoch. In that very year, 1892, appeared "Walker, London," by Barrie; "Widowers' Houses," by Shaw; "Lady Windermere's Fan," by Wilde; and Pinero was writing "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which was produced in 1893.

The next forty years were to see plays by Jones, Pinero, Barrie, Shaw, Galsworthy, Granville-Barker, Synge, Yeats, Lady Gregory, Ervine, Dunsany, Bennett, Besier, Maugham, Lonsdale, Milne, Parker, Hankin, Houghton, Phillpotts, Sherriff, Coward, while men of literary genius such as Hardy, Stevenson, Henley, George Moore, Meredith, Conrad, Masefield, Phillips, contributed original dramas to the theatre.

The life of William Archer covered the best part of this period. He was born in 1856 and died in 1924. In 1913 Barrie wrote to Archer, "I consider you have done more for the English stage than any man living."

The recognition of Ibsen among English-speaking people was due more to Archer than to any other man; in spite of ridicule and obloquy—Max Beerbohm's cartoon was almost annihilating—Archer insisted that Ibsen was the greatest genius of the theatre since Shakespeare. He translated all his plays and was instrumental in getting them produced in England. Ibsen never ceased to be grateful; his letters to Archer, and Archer's accounts of his interviews and conversations with Ibsen, form some of the most interesting pages in this biography.

Archer spent his life as a drama critic; he always insisted that he could not possibly write a play himself, and he would probably have died in that conviction had he not *dreamed* the plot of "The Green Goddess." I was with him on the first night in New York of Winthrop Ames's splendid production; and the

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most puzzled man in the audience was the author. He could not believe he had written a successful play. Let it be added that he was under no illusion about it; he knew it was merely an entertaining bit of fluff. But he would have been more than human if he had not been pleased with its tremendous vogue, with Mr. Arliss's subtle art, and with the cash that it gave him for his old age—for I suppose he made more money out of this play than out of many years of drama criticism.

Archer was a modest man with a fine sense of humor. He never took himself too seriously, but no man ever took his work as a critic more seriously, more conscientiously than he. He represented the highest standards of journalism, and was proud to be a newspaper man.

He described his own attitude as a drama critic as follows: "The faculty for making the best of the actual without losing sight of the ideal."

In 1894 he wrote:

I was born with an instinctive, unreasoning, unreasonable love for the theatre, simply *as* the theatre, the place of light and sound, of mystery and magic, where, at the stroke of the prompter's bell, a new world is revealed to the delighted sense. That unreasoning love is still strong within me. If all the germs of progress were stamped out, and the stage declined entirely upon spectacle and buffoonery, I should still, I believe, find a melancholy fascination in the glare of the footlights. But close upon the heels of this mania for the theatre came another and still more absorbing passion—the passion for high thoughts and beautiful words, for things delicately seen, and subtly felt, and marvellously imagined—in short, for that divinest emanation of the human spirit which we call literature. These two things have I loved, sometimes blindly and foolishly, sometimes, I hope, with understanding; and it has been the instinctive, inevitable effort of my life to make these two one flesh.

This happy union Archer detected immediately when he saw on the English stage in 1895 Edmond Rostand's *La Princesse Lointaine*. This was two years before Rostand produced "Cyrano." Archer wrote a long criticism of "La Princesse," in which he expressed his towering admiration for the comparatively unknown author; and the letter he received from Rostand (page 216), must have been reread many times by Archer in later years. Rostand said:

Cette défense si fine et si spirituelle de ma pièce, ce commentaire délicat de mes plus secrètes intentions, cette analyse qui est assurément la plus complète qui ait été faite de mon oeuvre, je la dois à un étranger? Comment avez vous fait, Anglais, pour comprendre des choses que tant de Français n'ont pas comprises?

Although Archer had something of the typical Scotsman's reserve, and was not given to superlatives, he took no pleasure in ironical or destructive criticism.

The worst sort of criticism is sterilizing criticism. I would rather see columns of fatuous gush about a foolish play than a brilliant but discouraging and sterilizing criticism of a play with any germs of good in it.

Such a remark is all the more interesting coming from a man who never wrote or spoke a sentence that could be called gush.

The letters in this volume are of absorbing interest; letters are printed from Ibsen, Hardy, Stevenson, Barrie, Shaw, Granville-Barker, Henry James, Howells, Roosevelt, Francis Thompson, William Watson, Pinero, and others. The finest and wittiest letter is from Barrie in 1896; it must be read as a whole.

The lifelong friendship between Shaw and Archer was marked by extreme frankness on both sides; the numerous letters back and forth are a commentary on the contemporary stage, and a revelation of the characters of both men. In 1921 Archer wrote to his friend:

I doubt if there is any case of a man so widely read, heard, seen, and known as your-

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self, who has produced so little practical effect on his generation. I am strongly under the impression (I may be wrong) that you have less of a following to-day than you had twenty years ago. . . . You have no serious competitor; but your public (small blame to them) declines to take you seriously.

Yet on December 17, 1924, just before he underwent the operation from which he did not recover, he wrote to Shaw:

This episode gives me an excuse for saying, what I hope you don't doubt—namely, that though I may sometimes have played the part of the all-too-candid mentor, I have never wavered in my admiration and affection for you, or ceased to feel that the Fates had treated me kindly in making me your contemporary and friend. I thank you from my heart for forty years of good comradeship.

Shaw was naturally deeply affected by this, and responded in a Foreword to Archer's "Three Plays" (1927), the most warm-hearted tribute Shaw ever wrote about anybody or anything.

I am glad to see also in this biography a good account of Archer's only son, Tom, who was killed in the war. He was a fine young man, and I am glad I knew him. One day in New Haven, Archer and his son and I took a long walk and I got to know Tom fairly well. As a child, he must have been irresistible; some of his conversations with his father, as reported in this book, are diverting. When he was six, the following dialogue took place:

T. "What did King Lear die of, father?"
W. "Well, you see, he was a very old man —and his daughters had been very cruel to him—and he had been out all night in a terrible storm——"
T. "That's the worst of old people—the least thing upsets them!"

Americans should remember Archer with gratitude, for he was a lifelong, devoted friend to America.

Although it is not a matter of the highest importance, I wish to record the fact that never have I heard any one speak the English language more correctly, more clearly, and more winningly than Archer.

I shall always remember the last meal we had together, because it was only a few weeks before his death, in the autumn of 1924. He invited me to dinner at a London club, and tried in vain to persuade me not to take the airplane to Paris on the next day. He said there were many accidents. Then he told me the best play in Paris was "Knock," and he was right. I never saw a man in better apparent health than Archer was on that evening.

Those interested in modern drama will find it interesting and profitable to read in connection with the biography of Archer, "The Contemporary Drama of England," by Thomas H. Dickinson, a new and completely revised edition of his earlier work on the same theme. It has an excellent bibliography.

I am glad to see that the Oxford Press has issued in the World's Classics Series "Wuthering Heights"—a reprint of the original edition of 1847, without the delicacy-improvements made by Charlotte.

"Reflections of a Resident Expatriate," by Gerald Chittenden, Instructor in English at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., is a meditative essay extremely well written. Such books are needed in America, and this one will give pleasure as well as food for thought.

The Honorable Robert Underwood Johnson has collected his poems in one attractive volume, "Poems of Fifty Years, 1880–1930, Seven Volumes in One." The Introduction is interesting as a confession of faith, as an exposition of the theory of poetry, and as a defiance to heresies. As a matter of fact, Doctor Johnson has been privileged to see the decline and fall of "free verse";

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it never had any favor in England; and the four most important and most significant volumes of poems published in America this year are in conventional metres—I mean "Fatal Interview," by Edna St. Vincent Millay, "Death and Taxes," by Dorothy Parker, "Matthias at the Door," by Edwin Arlington Robinson, and "The Signature of Pain," by a new American poet, Alan Porter. Let me suggest that it will be a good idea to secure *now* copies of the first edition of any one of these works.

And speaking of collecting first editions or other book-jewels, let me recommend to all interested Barton Currie's beguiling volume, "Fishers of Books." It is copiously illustrated. Mr. Currie has the religious fervor of the elect collector; his stories of his captures are told with gusto. Every lover of books who reads this one is going to break the tenth commandment to smithereens. By the way, is there any such thing as a *smithereen,* or do they come not in single spies but only in battalions?

One of the best anthologies of poetry for the awakening of boys and girls is "The Open Door to Poetry," by Anne Stokes. It has the merit of small size, light weight, and an all but infallible taste in selection.

An original and powerful novel is "The Grass Roof," by a Korean, Younghill Kang. It is an autobiographical romance, in which he describes his childhood, the customs of his native land, his determination to become an educated man, his escape, his journey to America. His religion is like that of millions of others—Nationalism. Judging from this book, the Koreans have in addition to a plentiful supply of native wit and virtue, the wisdom and honesty of the Chinese, the cleverness of the Japanese, and the enterprise of the Anglo-Saxon.

Mr. Kang is a brilliant writer, and knows how to tell an exciting story. It is indeed an extraordinary book. It is significant that when, like Adam, he was driven out of his native land, with all the world before him where to choose, he chose the United States of America. Now that so many tell us Russia is the best-governed and most-enlightened country in the world, why did he not go thither?

Frederick Edwards, who was born in England and spends his winters in Florida, has written many charming books of verse, of which I particularly recommend "The Natural Year." The First Series contains single volumes called respectively "January," "April," "June," "July," "September," "December." Since then they have been collected. I like best the volume (illustrated) called "The Natural Year—November and December." The sonnet "Is this November?" expresses the natural amazement of an Englishman at a Florida November, and expresses it poetically.

Professor R. D. Jameson, of Tsing Hua University, Peiping, China, has published through the Commercial Press, Ltd., at Shanghai, a volume of fifteen hundred pages, called "A Short History of European Literature." It is interesting to see the method of presentation of so vast a field to Chinese students. On the whole, the author has succeeded very well. Those who expect this manual to be impersonal will be surprised to find it is extremely dogmatic. Professor Jameson must be an inspiring teacher. For he conceives of this book as "an attempt to tell Chinese students the whole dramatic and complicated story of our adventures with literature" and comments on "the changed perspective which results from looking at Occidental literature from Peking."

Another excellent book from a foreigner is "Theology in Augustan Liter-

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ature," by A. A. Perdeck, of Amsterdam, published at The Hague. This is an inquiry into orthodox Protestant thought in the literature of Pope's time, and is interesting and valuable.

A new book of importance is "A History of the Popes," by Fernand Hayward, translated from the French by the monks of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate, with sixteen illustrations. This is a history of all the Popes from the beginning to the year 1930. I wonder if the greatest of them all was not Leo XIII?

Books of travel in supposedly familiar lands continue to multiply. The first prize should go to H. V. Morton for his three volumes, "In Search of England," "In Search of Scotland," and "In Search of Ireland." I am told that last summer, owing wholly to Mr. Morton, the inns in the Hebrides were so plentifully besieged by Americans, that many could not get in at all. I have never read any pilgrim-monologues that compare with these three books. Mr. Morton loves the countryside; his head and heart are filled with poetry; he has a genius for interviewing the natives; he has irrepressible high spirits. Perhaps he is the only man in the world who drives an automobile with sufficient deliberation.

The best novel in verse that I have read since "Aurora Leigh" is "Forsaking All Others," by our accomplished American, Mrs. Alice Duer Miller. This is original, powerful, thrilling, profound; it is true to the deepest elements in human nature. Completely free from any taint of moralizing, it is going to convict many men of sin. Religion may be abolished, like drinking, by law; but who is going to abolish conscience?

I am glad the craft of pamphleteering has been revived by the John Day Company. They make a brave beginning with "Arnold Bennett Himself," by Rebecca West; "Out of the Depression—and After," by Stuart Chase; "The New Russian Policy," a speech delivered by Dictator Stalin, which is of the keenest interest to the millions of foreigners who are watching the Russian experiment.

In these days of specialists, it is good to come across a book of wide and general culture, old-fashioned in theme, new-fashioned in thought and style. This is "The Golden Thread," by Professor Philo M. Buck. It traces the golden thread of human intelligence as expressed in literature, art, and philosophy from the dawn of history to 1931. It is an inspiring work.

A brief, dramatic novel of the sea, reminding one here and there of Conrad, is "S. S. San Pedro," by James Cozzens. It differs from the time-honored sea-story in not being an objective romance, but psychological. It is a shipwreck as seen from the minds of the sufferers, rather than as described by an invisible spectator.

Through the kindness of my friend Alexander Petroff, professor of aeronautics at Wichita University, Kansas, I am able to print an interesting set of answers to a questionnaire by the great Russian novelist Turgenev. The original is in the possession of the grandchildren of Pauline Viardot in Paris. You will observe that Turgenev first answered the questions in 1869, when he was fifty-one years old; and answered the same questions in 1880, when he was sixty-two, three years before his death.

During the eleven years that elapsed between the two sets of answers, the change in his attitude is at once less serious and far more serious.

Turgenev filled in his answers in

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French. Professor Petroff has translated them into English, from the Russian translation as it appeared in *Red Panorama,* a weekly Russian magazine published in Leningrad.

Question	*Answer in 1869*	*Answer in 1880*
Your favorite virtue?	Sincerity.	Youth.
Your favorite quality in man?	Kindness.	Age of 25.
Your favorite quality in woman?	Kindness.	Age of 18.
Your favorite recreation?	Hunting.	To sniff tobacco.
Characteristic feature of your personality?	Laziness.	Laziness.
Your idea of happiness?	Excellent health.	To have nothing to do.
Your idea of unhappiness?	To be blind.	To work.
Your favorite color?	Indigo.	Gray.
Your favorite flower?	Narcissus.	Cauliflower.
Your favorite writer?	Cervantes.	I do not read any more.
Your favorite poets?	Homer, Shakespeare, Goethe, Pushkin.	I do not read any more.
Your favorite artists and composers?	Rembrandt, Mozart, Schubert.	I do not go to concerts or exhibitions.
Your favorite heroes in history?	Washington, Pericles.	The man who discovered oysters.
Your favorite heroines?	Madame Roland.	Any dark complexioned maidens.
Your favorite heroes of romance?	King Lear, Prometheus.	Falstaff, Gargantua.
Your favorite dishes and drinks?	Meat, champagne.	What my stomach can digest.
Upon what vice do you look most leniently?	Drunkenness.	All.
Your favorite motto?	(None.)	Good night.
If you were not what you are, what would you like to be?	My dog, Pegasus.	Nothing.

I remember reading somewhere that Turgenev on another occasion defined happiness as "remorseless laziness."

Paul Griswold Huston, instructor in English at Westminster School, Simsbury, Conn., writes:

There is a passage in Donald Grant Mitchell's "English Lands, Letters, and Kings" (Vol. 1, p. 219), which, written in his leisurely, browsing way, is altogether delightful—anent "The Faery Queen." Though he acknowledges that "there are many who enjoy it intensely and continuously" and mentions Saintsbury as having said "that it is the only long poem he honestly wishes were longer," this, nevertheless, is what he says:

"I will not ask if you have read the 'Faery Queen': I fear that a great many dishonest speeches are made on that score; I am afraid that I equivocated myself in youngish days; but now I will be honest in saying I never read it through continuously and of set purpose; I have tried it—on winter nights, and gone to sleep in my chair: I have tried it, under trees in summer, and have gone to sleep on the turf: I have tried it, in the first blush of a spring morning, and have gone—to breakfast."

I had the honor of knowing Mr. Mitchell very well, and I shall never forget his eloquent lectures at Yale and the charm of his conversation. One should read his Life, by Professor Waldo Dunn.

George L. Bradlee, of Providence, R. I.:

COOPER WAS A CATIST.

This fact is not *cat*alogued among the virtues or foibles of Fenimore by either Lounsbury, Clymer or Boynton, in their lives of the

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Pioneer American Novelist. To one who cares for both Cooper and cats, this biographical omission seems a catastrophe.

The Reverend Ralph Birdsall, Rector of Christ Church, recorded the evidence for Cooper's catism in his charming "Story of Cooperstown" (SCRIBNERS), p. 268:

"No company was permitted in the room while he (Cooper) was writing except an Angora cat, who was allowed to bound upon the desk without rebuke, or even to perch upon the author's shoulder. Here the cat settled down contentedly, and with half-shut eyes watched the steady driving of the quill across the paper."

WORDS NEW TO ME

Mrs. W. E. Sheldon, of Sebastopol, Calif., sends me a clipping from the San Francisco *Chronicle,* explaining the meaning of the word *quaddle,* in answer to a question.

> The word "quaddle" means to cook very slowly or to simmer . . . it is used so constantly at home in England, being a very old word originating from the "quaddling" sound emitted by the air forcing itself up through the mass of fruit.—*Faith, Burlingame.*

The only dictionaries I have in my summer home are the Century, the Pocket Oxford, Everyman's, and Fowler's "Modern English Usage." *"Quaddle"* is in none of these.

A very useful word of whose existence I learned only a few weeks ago is *siblings,* a noun, meaning relatives. His sisters, cousins, and aunts would all be siblings. This also is in none of my summer dictionaries. Captain and Mrs. Louis Ludington, who live only fifteen miles from me, are surrounded by their sons, daughters, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, and grandchildren. The Ludingtons and their siblings.

Mr. Wayland Wells Williams, of New Haven, suggests that the English language is in sore need of a word like the German *Geschwister,* which means "brothers and sisters." Well, we haven't got it. Suppose we invent it. *Bristers* would be horrible.

On my summer golf links there are two apple trees that bear magnificent and winy fruit. The farmers call them "sheep nose," but I have always called them "gillyflowers," which word, as applied to apples in America, seems obsolescent.

Mr. Karl Haartz, of North Scituate, Mass., makes a good suggestion concerning the present and coming difficulties of our country. He believes that the moral character and intelligence of our people have not risen proportionally to cope with the enormous power that scientific discoveries have placed in our hands. We all want something for nothing; and any plausible prophet who promises that, will have hordes of followers. We say glibly that might does not make right, but we act as if we thought it did. "Every day this country runs 24,000,000 automobiles which develop easily 50 H.P. each, or about 1,200,000,000 H.P. and what is this immense, extravagant, recklessly spent power producing? Nothing! Too much power in the hands of the foolish many is, it seems to me, just as bad as too much in the hands of a selfish few."

Henry Tetlow, Yale 1914, comments as follows on the Naturists:

> Another hate I have on the naturists is their lust for the catalog style. The only man I recall who employed it successfully—if you don't count Ophelia's scene—is Lord Verulam in his essay on Gardens. It takes a first-rate man to do as he did, and I doubt if most of the naturists are first rate—well, I'll except Thoreau.

Speaking of the flicker, Mr. Tetlow says:

> But it has at least twelve other names, col-

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loquial names . . . were he to call it by any of its other eleven names I should have no idea what he was talking about. I believe about nine-tenths of the things the nature writers talk about over my head are things with which I am perfectly familiar but cannot identify because of the vagaries of colloquial nomenclature.

I was always brought up to call that showy bird the yellowhammer; but Mr. Tetlow is correct in saying he has many names.

Professor Edwin Barton Evans, of Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala., is also aroused by my comments on the two classes—botanists and sportsmen.

Your twofold rough and ready division of those who breathe the airs of heaven has stirred up antagonisms and memories throughout my cerebro-spinal processes. . . . I admire your special pleading for the golfers and the skilful manner, I dare not call it intemperate (let me reserve that for your defense of the nightgown) in which you ruled the botanists out of court.

In the strictest sense golfing is not an outdoor activity. . . . If forty to sixty acres of the earth's surface could be roofed over . . . it would delight the golf enthusiast; for then he could play golf when the snow is waist deep. . . .

The Reverend Doctor Eliot White, of New York, sends me the following newspaper headlines:

STOCKS FLARE UP ON GAS DECISION
COP NABS YEGG IN ROOF CHASE
DOG PARTS BONAPARTES

and he adds, "From the New York Italian paper, *Corriere della Sera,* a veritable five-word lyric headlined an announcement of William Beebe's expedition to the mysterious Sargasso Sea. And you should not say it over several times to yourself unless you wish to have its dulcet charm inextricably fasten itself upon your memory."

NEL FAVOLOSO MARE DI SARGASSO

The latest member to join the Fano Club is Louis Stern, 2d, a Yale undergraduate. He writes:

The Church of Sant' Agostino—was partially destroyed, Oct. 1930, by earthquake. They have removed the picture to the Palazzo Malatesta where I have just seen it, partially marred by the catastrophe, but now quite safe from further damage. I also asked for a post card of it, but they tell me at three shops that the city's last 320 copies were mailed on order to a literary society in San Francisco.

This must be the Browning Society, which I visited in 1908. Viva Fano!

One of the literary events of the year 1931 was the public dinner at Pasadena, Calif., on June 22, given in honor to the distinguished guest, Julian Hawthorne, in honor of his eighty-fifth birthday. There was an admirable account of the banquet in the Pasadena *Star-News* for June 23, which I received with a letter from Harold D. Carew, literary critic of that excellent newspaper. There were 125 persons present, and Mr. Hawthorne made a speech, full of vigor, cheerfulness, and wit. "I don't know whether all of you want to live to be eighty-five, for I don't know whether you will enjoy it as much as I have." He gave many interesting reminiscences of his father. Mr. Carew presented to Mr. Hawthorne a portrait of Nathaniel, which had been received from the novelist sixty-eight years ago by Mrs. James T. Fields. Among those who sent letters of congratulation were George Bernard Shaw, Montague Glass, Hamlin Garland, H. L. Mencken, Irving Bacheller, William Allen White, Ellen Glasgow, Lincoln Steffens, Sinclair Lewis, Bliss Perry, Robinson Jeffers, etc.

I well remember as a boy reading Julian Hawthorne's brilliant and terrifying novel "Archibald Malmaison." It made a permanent impression.

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Through the kindness of Mrs. Paul Penfield of Detroit, I have had an opportunity to examine two volumes of "Sermons to Young Women," by the Reverend James Fordyce, D.D., published at Boston, England, in 1767, by which it appears that the manners of the female half of the younger generation were the cause of as much concern in the eighteenth century as they seem to be in the twentieth. I commend the first sentence in the first volume:

The corruption of the age is a complaint with many men who contribute to increase it.

I do not know whether there are many teachers whose experience is similar to mine; but it is certain that I have been happier as a member of a college Faculty than I ever was as an undergraduate.

New books and their publishers.

"William Archer," by C. Archer. Yale. $5.
"The Contemporary Drama of England," by T. H. Dickinson. Little, Brown. $2.50.
"Wuthering Heights," by Emily Brontë. Oxford.
"Reflections of a Resident Expatriate," by G. Chittenden. Longmans. $1.50.
"Poems of Fifty Years," by R. U. Johnson. Published by the Author.
"Fishers of Books," by Barton Currie. Little, Brown. $4.
"The Open Door to Poetry," by Anne Stokes. Scribners. $1.
"The Grass Roof," by Younghill Kang. Scribners. $3.
"The Natural Year," by F. Edwards. Schulte's Bookstore, New York. $2.
"A Short History of European Literature," by R. D. Jameson. Commercial Press, Shanghai. $2.
"Theology in Augustan Literature," by A. A. Perdeck. The Hague.
"A History of the Popes," by Fernand Hayward. Translated. Dutton. $5.
"In Search of England," by H. V. Morton. Dodd, Mead. $3.
"In Search of Scotland," by H. V. Morton. Dodd, Mead. $3.
"In Search of Ireland," by H. V. Morton. Dodd, Mead. $3.
"Forsaking All Others," by Alice Duer Miller. Simon and Schuster. $1.50.
"Arnold Bennett Himself," by Rebecca West. John Day. 25 cents.
"Out of the Depression," by Stuart Chase. John Day. 25 cents.
"The New Russian Policy," by Stalin. John Day. 25 cents.
"The Golden Thread," by Philo M. Buck. Macmillan. $3.
"S. S. San Pedro," by J. Cozzens. Harcourt, Brace. $1.50.
"Fatal Interview," by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harpers. $2.
"Death and Taxes," by Dorothy Parker. Viking. $1.75.
"Matthias at the Door," by E. A. Robinson. Macmillan. $1.75.
"The Signature of Pain," by Alan Porter. John Day. $1.75.

The attitude of Americans toward culture and the arts will be presented in an interesting group of articles beginning in an early number of SCRIBNER'S. *Among the contributors will be Roy Harris, one of the most accomplished of the young American composers; Thomas Craven, author of "Men of Art"; and V. F. Calverton, literary critic. These articles form a part of the portrait of American life which began with Struthers Burt's "This Subtle Land" in the August* SCRIBNER'S, *André Maurois's "Three Ghosts of America" in September, R. L. Duffus's "Civilization in American Cities" in October, and Margaret Mead's "Standardized America vs. Romantic South Seas" in November.*

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BEHIND THE SCENES

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

Charles A. Beard, distinguished social historian, writes: "From my watch-tower here in the Connecticut hills, I have been studying the eddying currents of the world." "Toward Civilization" is his latest book, but better known is "The Rise of American Civilization," a collaboration with his wife Mary, whose book, "On Understanding Women," appeared in November.

Anne Hard's refutation of the myth of Washington's social lobby is based on an intimate knowledge of political and social Washington. She is the wife of William Hard, liberal commentator on politics, and has done a good deal of writing herself.

Christian Gauss, dean of the College, Princeton University, is too well known for comment.

Earl Sparling supplements his exciting work as special writer on the New York *World-Telegram* by searching out curious facts and people and writing articles about them. He is a "Southwesterner" and has been a newspaperman since he finished college in Oklahoma and Louisiana ten years ago.

Sister Mary Francis lives in Texas. Her biography recalls the Continental conception of religion as a joyous force as against our more solemn tradition.

Before the urge to write was fostered in Owen Francis during his hospital days in the war, he had worked with the Hunkies in the steel mills of Pennsylvania. He is at work on a novel.

Since Anthony Autumn's first eventful dive with the Japanese abalone divers he has come to know them well and often makes a trip south with them. "It is strictly not a tourist trip and few white men have ever made it." He lives in Pacific Grove, Calif.

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' story, "Jacob's Ladder," proved to be one of the most popular of the novelette contest stories. Her home is in Hawthorn, Fla.

Isaac Don Levine, born in Russia, managed to be one of the first correspondents on the scene after the downfall of the Romanoffs. The famous "Willy-Nicky" letters in the Russian archives were his discovery. His new book, "Stalingrad," will appear in the spring. He is now on a lecture tour which has taken him to the West Coas

Evelyn Scott spent six years of her restless lif in Brazil learning, among other things, thos weird words in "Home" which she fails to tran late. Miss Scott (or Mrs. John Metcalfe) has wri ten novels, short stories, poetry and juveniles. He latest work is "A Calendar of Sin," a novel c America in the seventies and eighties.

Holger Cahill has published articles in man magazines, but "Fun" is his first short story. It a result of a trip to Swedish Lapland in 1922, sort of returning, for he is of North Sea stock Icelandic, Irish, English. He is connected wit the Newark Museum.

Nahum Sabsay served with both the Russia and the Belgian armies during the war. "In 191 I was commissioned ensign in the Russian army To America I came at the age of 28. . . . Fo the last few years, till recently, I did geologica work and wrote on the side." His novel, "Hurr cane," published this fall, has been a great su cess. He is now living in New York and is work on a second novel.

John O'Hara came up to New York from h home in Pottsville, Pa., and worked on variou metropolitan newspapers. His voluntary contr butions to F. P. A.'s column in *The World* star ed him on his literary career. During the summe he was in Bermuda working on his first nove He is now back in New York, even confessing t a residence in Brooklyn.

Jay du Von is editor of *Left,* a young radica magazine.

José Garcia Villa is a native of the Philippine and his stories, with that country as a settin have made an impression on many critics. He now attending the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, and editing *Clay,* a new magazin He will come to New York after the first of th year for post-graduate work at Columbia.

Zelda Fitzgerald and her husband, F. Scot Fitzgerald, are back in the country after severa years' residence in France.

Doctor George Draper was fortunate enoug to be out of New York in one of the hottest c summers. He spent the time in Europe on in tensive study of psychoanalysis, a subject whic is belabored and praised, but seems to continue.

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